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One half the income from this Legacy, which was received in 1880 under the will of

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of Waltham, Massachusetts, is to be expended for books for the College Library. The other half of the income is devoted to scholarships in Harvard University for the benefit of descendants of

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THE

MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

WITH

NOTES AND QUERIES

VOL. XXI

JULY-DECEMBER, 1915

WILLIAM ABBATT

20 LIBERTY ST., POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

AND

28 WEST ELIZABETH ST., TARRYTOWN, N. Y.

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BRIDGER DISCOVERING THE GREAT SALT LAKE. 1824

Mural painting by A. B. Foringer of New York, for the new Utah State Capitol, Salt Lake City

Brig. St fund

THE MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

WITH NOTES AND QUERIES

VOL. XXI JULY 1915 No. 1

JAMES BRIDGER

Though none of the Encyclopedias mention this veteran frontiersman, we have been furnished by the Public Library of Kansas City with the following story of his romantic career, originally published in the Kansas City *Times* of December 12, 1904.—[ED.]

THE bones of James Bridger, hunter, trapper, fur trader, explorer, guide, scout and Indian fighter, which for twenty-three years rested in obscurity under a modest slab hidden in a thicket on a farm south of Westport, now lie under a massive, bowlder-like monument which was unveiled yesterday afternoon in Mt. Washington cemetery.

The stone that marked the first resting-place of the old pioneer was simple, and it was modestly inscribed with the name, date of birth and death of the man who lay beneath it and a verse that recorded that he was missed by those he left behind. But the years that have passed since "Jim" Bridger gave up his active, roaming life and retired to the farm south of Westport, where he died, have placed a new and wonderfully augmented value upon his services to the great West, and so the monument that was unveiled yesterday records deeds that will link for generations the name of "Jim" Bridger with the history of the part of the United States where he spent his life.

GENERAL DODGE'S DEBT TO BRIDGER

Among the achievements recorded upon his monument which will perpetuate his name are the discovery of Great Salt Lake, the exploration of the Yellowstone Park region and the revelation to the world of its wonders and, greatest of all, the discovery of South Pass that made possible the building of the first trans-continental railroad.

It was this last achievement that won him the monument thatnow stands above the casket that holds his bones. General Grenville M.

—For our frontispiece we are indebted to the Boston *Evening Transcript*.

Dodge, of New York, was the engineer for the road, and to him was delegated the task of finding a route through the mountains over which a railroad could be built. For so long that it seemed that the enterprise must fail, the search was unavailing. Then General Dodge heard of "Jim" Bridger, whose wonderful knowledge of the plains and mountains had made him noted through the West, and sent for him. To Bridger, a man of little education, was put the question of a practicable route for a great engineering feat like a railroad through the mountains. Without a moment's hesitation Bridger said that the road could be built through South Pass, an opening through the mountains that he had discovered. From that day until the completion of the road "Jim" Bridger was General Dodge's constant companion and adviser.

COLONEL COLTON'S PART

General Dodge did not forget the frontiersman's services, and a year ago at the unveiling of the monument to General W. T. Sherman in Washington he conveyed to Colonel John B. Colton, of Kansas City, his desire to erect a monument to Bridger. To Colonel Colton was left the task of finding where Bridger was buried and of designing the monument which it was decided should be erected in Mt. Washington cemetery. The unveiling of the monument yesterday was the result. The bones of the trapper had been removed a week ago to the cemetery from the grave on the old Bridger farm near Dallas, a little town south of Westport.

At Mt. Washington the shaft was set on the slope of the hill on the east side of the lake. It looks to the west, towards which the eyes of "Jim" Bridger were ever irresistibly turned, and if the long sightless eyes of the old pioneer could see again they would look out across hills that he trod in his youth before the threatened fetters of advancing civilization drove him toward the setting sun.

THE UNVEILING CEREMONY

The inclement weather kept all but a few determined persons from the unveiling ceremony, but the exercises were gone through with as planned. A tent had been erected over the shaft, and this afforded some protection from the wind and snow. The canvas covering that hid the stone was pulled aside by 8-year-old Marie Louise Lightle, the great-granddaughter of "Jim" Bridger, who is the daughter of Edward

Lightle, the electrician at the Willis Wood theater. Mrs. Virginia K. Hahn, a daughter of "Jim" Bridger, also attended the ceremony. She is the grandmother of Marie Louise Lightle.

When those who were to take part in the ceremony had gathered around the grave the invocation was pronounced by the Rev. Mr. U. V. Wyatt, pastor of the Mt. Washington Methodist Church (South). Colonel John B. Colton, who was for many years a friend of "Jim" Bridger then told the story of the monument and how he made the acquaintance of "Jim" Bridger.

General Dodge had intended to be present at the unveiling exercises and deliver an address, but he was kept in New York by illness. He had prepared his address, however, and this was read by W. N. Jones, A.M., who came here from New York for that purpose. Little Marie Lightle then drew aside the veil which hid the monument, and the services ended with the pronouncing of the benediction by the Rev. Mr. Wyatt.

THE MONUMENT AND ITS INSCRIPTION

The shaft is a massive bowlder, as rugged and typical of the mountains as was the man whose last resting-place it marks. It is of gray granite and was brought from the quarries at Barre, Vt. The stone weighs 16,000 pounds and is eight feet high, four feet wide and two feet thick. It rests on ten tons of concrete.

One side of the bowlder has been smoothed away and on this has been carved in relief a picture of the pioneer and the inscription. Those who knew "Jim" Bridger say that the picture is a splendid likeness of him. It was taken from an old daguerreotype. The inscription on the stone reads:

JAMES BRIDGER

1804 1881

Celebrated as a Hunter, Trapper, Fur Trader and Guide. Discovered Great Salt Lake 1824, the South Pass 1827. Visited Yellowstone Lake and Geysers 1830. Founded Fort Bridger 1843. Opened Overland Route by Bridger's Pass to Great Salt Lake. Was Guide for United States Exploring Expeditions, Albert Sidney Johnston's Army in 1857, and G. M. Dodge in Union Pacific Surveys and Indian Campaigns 1865-66.

This Monument is Erected as a Tribute to His Pioneer Work by Major General G. M. Dodge.

BRIDGER'S LIFE AND SERVICES

The address of General Grenville M. Dodge, of New York, who was prevented by illness from delivering it in person, was read by W. N. Jones, of New York. The address follows:

At this late day it is a very difficult undertaking to attempt to write a connected history of a man who spent a long life on the plains and in the mountains, performing deeds and rendering services of inestimable value to this country, but who, withal, was so modest that he has not bequeathed to his descendants one written word concerning the stirring events which filled his active and useful life.

It is both a duty and pleasure to make public such information as I possess and have been able to gather concerning James Bridger, and it is eminently proper and appropriate that this information should be published at the time when his remains are removed to the beautiful spot where they will forever rest and a simple monument erected that posterity may know something of the remarkable man whose body lies beside it.

James Bridger was born in Richmond, Va., March 17, 1804. He was the son of James and Schloe Bridger. The father at one time kept a hotel in Richmond and also had a large farm in Virginia. In 1812 he emigrated to St. Louis and settled on Six Mile prairie. He was a surveyor, working in St. Louis and Illinois. His business kept him continually from home, and when his wife died in 1816 he was away from home at the time, and three little children were left alone. One, a son, soon died. The second was a daughter and the third the subject of this sketch. The father had a sister who took charge of the children and farm. In the fall of 1817 the father died, leaving the two children entirely alone with their aunt on the farm. They were of Scotch descent. Their father's sister married John Tyler, who was afterwards President of the United States and was, therefore, uncle by marriage to James Bridger.

BEGAN HIS EXPLORATIONS IN 1822

After the death of his father and mother Bridger had to support himself and sister. He got money enough together to buy a flatboat ferry and when ten years of age made a living by running that ferry at St. Louis. When he was thirteen years old he was apprenticed to Phil Cromer to learn the blacksmith's trade. Becoming tired of this, in 1822

he hired out to a party of trappers under General Ashley who were *en route* to the mountains. As a boy he was shrewd, had keen faculties of observation and said when he went with the trappers that the money he earned would go to his sister.

The Rocky Mountain Fur Company was organized by General W. H. Ashley in 1822, and commanded by Andrew Henry. It left St. Louis in April, 1822, and it was with this party that Bridger enlisted. Andrew Henry moved to the mouth of the Yellowstone, going by the Missouri River. They lost one of their boats which was loaded with goods worth $10,000, and while his land force was moving up parallel with his boats, the Indians, under the guise of friendship, obtained his horses. This forced him to halt and build a fort for the winter at the mouth of the Yellowstone, and they trapped and explored in this locality until the spring of 1823.

Ashley, having returned to St. Louis in the fall of 1822, arrived with his second expedition in front of the Aricara villages on May 10, 1823, where he was defeated in battle by the Indians, losing one-half his men, his horses and baggage. He then sent a courier across country to Henry, who went down the Missouri River with his force, and joined Ashley near the mouth of the Cheyenne. The United States forces under General Atkinson were then coming up the Missouri valley to quell the Indian troubles, and Ashley and Henry expected to remain and meet them, and their party joined this force under Colonel Leavenworth.

DISCOVERED THE SOUTH PASS

After this campaign was over Henry, with eighty men, including Bridger, moved in August, 1823, to his fort at the mouth of the Yellowstone, and in crossing the country lost two men in a fight with the Indians. He arrived at the fort, August 23, 1823, and found that twenty-two of his horses had been stolen by the Indians. He abandoned the fort and moved by the Yellowstone to near the mouth of the Powder River. Meeting a band of Crows he purchased forty-seven horses. He then divided his party, and in the autumn of 1823 dispatched the new party under Etienne Prevost, a noted trapper and trader. They moved by the Big Horn and Wind Rivers to Green River. With this party was Bridger, and no doubt it was this party that late in the fall of 1823 discovered the South Pass. The South Pass is the southern end of the Wind River mountains, and all the country there

gives down into a level valley until the Medicine Bow range is reached, some 150 miles southeast. It forms a natural depression through the continent, and it is through this depression that the Union Pacific railroad was built. In those days the Pass was known to the trappers in the Wind River valley as the Southern route. This depression is a basin, smaller than Salt Lake, but has no water in it. It is known as the Red Desert, and extends about 100 miles east and west and sixty or seventy miles north and south. The east and west rims of this basin make two divides of the continent.

This party trapped on Wind, Green and other rivers, and in 1823 to 1824 wintered in Cache Valley on Bear River. So far as we have any proof, Bridger was the first man positively known to see Salt Lake. It is claimed that a Spanish missionary, Friar Escalante of Santa Fé, visited the lake in 1776. To settle a wager as to the course of Bear River, Bridger followed the stream to Great Salt Lake and found the water salt. He returned to his party and reported what he had learned, and they concluded it was an arm of the Pacific Ocean. In the spring of 1825, four men in skin boats explored the shore line and found it had no outlet.

Andrew Henry was in charge of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company until the fall of 1824, when Jedediah S. Smith took the place, and remained Ashley's partner until 1826. Ashley sold the Rocky Mountain Fur Company to Smith, Jackson and Sublette in July, 1826. Bridger trapped in the interest of these men until 1829, Christopher Carson being with him this year. The winter of 1829-30 Bridger spent on Powder River with Smith and Jackson, and in April, 1830, went with Smith by the way of the Yellowstone to the upper Missouri and to the Judith basin, and then to the yearly rendezvous on Wind River, near the mouth of the Porpoise.

Sublette left St. Louis April 10, 1830, with eighty-one men and ten wagons, with five mules to each wagon, and these were the first wagons to be used over what was known as the Oregon trail. They reached the Wind River rendezvous on July 16.

EXPLORED YELLOWSTONE PARK

On August 4, 1830, Smith, Jackson and Sublette sold out the company to Milton G. Sublette, Henry Frack, John B. Gervais and James Bridger. The new firm was called the Rocky Mountain Fur Company,

and under these people was the only time the company operated under its own name. These trappers divided and occupied different sections of the country. Bridger, with Fitzpatrick and Sublette, took 200 men, went into the Big Horn basin, crossed the Yellowstone, then north to the great falls of the Missouri, ascended the Missouri to the three forks, went by the Jefferson to the divide, then south several hundred miles to Salt Lake. Here they obtained the furs collected by Peter Skeen Ogden of the Hudson Bay Company. Then they covered the country to the eastward, and reached the valley of Powder River by the first of winter, traveling in all about 1200 miles. Here they spent the winter. It is probable that during this trip Bridger first saw Yellowstone Lake and geysers, and he was probably the first fur trader to make known the wonders of Yellowstone Park. He talked to me a great deal about it in the '50s, and his description of it was of such a nature that it was considered to be a great exaggeration, but the development of the park in later years shows that he did not exaggerate its beauties and wonders. Bridger was evidently well acquainted with its wonderful features. Captain Chittenden, in his "The Yellowstone National Park," quotes from Gunnison's "History of the Mormons," giving Bridger's description of the park as follows:

A lake, sixty miles long, cold and pellucid, lies embosomed among high, precipitous mountains. On the west side is a sloping plain, several miles wide, with clumps of trees and groves of pines. The ground resounds with the tread of horses. Geysers spout up seventy feet high, with a terrific, hissing noise, at regular intervals. Waterfalls are sparkling, leaping and thundering down the precipices and collect in the pools below. The river issued from this lake, and for fifteen miles roars through the perpendicular canyon at the outlet. In this section are the "Great Springs," so hot that meat is readily cooked in them, and as they descend on the successive terraces, afford at length delightful baths. On the other side is an acid spring, which gushes out in a river torrent; and below is a cave, which supplies vermillion for the savages in abundance.

In the admirable summary we readily discover the Yellowstone Lake, the Grand Canyon, the falls, the geyser basins, the mammoth springs and Cinnabar mountain.

A LAKE NAMED AFTER HIM

Bridger talked about the Yellowstone Lake and its surroundings to everyone he met, and it was not his fault that the country was not explored and better known until in the '60s.

A small lake near the head waters of the Yellowstone has been named Bridger Lake.

In the spring of 1831, Bridger and Sublette started for the Blackfoot country, where they met a band of Crows who stole all their horses. Bridger led a party of his men in pursuit and recaptured all these horses as well as taking all the ponies of the Crows.

Fitzpatrick had gone to St. Louis to bring out the winter supplies. Bridger and Sublette followed nearly their previous year's route in their hunting, and in the fall reached the rendezvous on Green River, where they met Gervais and Frack, who were at the head of another party of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company.

After leaving St. Louis Fitzpatrick came out with his supplies by the way of Santa Fé and was so long in reaching the rendezvous on Green River that Sublette and Bridger returned to the Powder River to winter, and here they first met the competition of the American Fur Company, which finally drove the Rocky Mountain Fur Company out of the business. Fitzpatrick and Frack joined Bridger here on Powder River, but, becoming disgusted with the movements of the American Fur Company, under Vandenburg and Dripps, Fitzpatrick and Bridger, with their entire outfit, moved west some 400 miles to Pierre's Hole, near the forks of the Snake River. In the spring of 1832 they moved up Snake to Salt, up that stream and across to John Day River, up that river to its head and across to Bear River in the Great Salt Lake basin. Here they again met the American Fur Company, with Vandenburg and Dripps. They struck off into a different country and finally rendezvoused again at Pierre's Hole, waiting for the supplies from the states being brought out by William L. Sublette. At their rendezvous concentrated this summer the Rocky Mountain Fur Company, the American Fur Company, under Vandenburg and Dripps, Arthur J. Wyeth, with a new party coming mostly from the New England states, a large number of fur traders and trappers and numerous bands of Indians, and here occurred the celebrated battle of Pierre's Hole, with the Gros Ventre Indians, which was one of the hardest battles fought in an early day on the plains, the losses being very heavy.

THE BATTLE OF PIERRE'S HOLE

The battle of Pierre's Hole, or the Teton basin, was fought July 13, 1832. Of the different fur companies and fur traders there were present there some 300 men and several hundred Indians of the Nez Percès and Flathead tribes. The Gros Ventres, about 150 strong, always

hostile to the whites, were returning from a visit to their kindred, the Arapahoes. They carried a British flag, captured from the Hudson Bay Company trappers.

When the Indians saw the band of trappers, who were some eight miles from the main rendezvous at Pierre's Hole, the Indians made signs of peace, but they were known to be so treacherous that no confidence was placed in their signs. However, Antoine Godin, whose father had been killed by this tribe, and a Flathead chief, whose nation had suffered untold wrongs from them, advanced to meet them. The Gros Ventre chief came forward and when Godin grasped his hand as in friendship the Flathead shot him dead. The Gros Ventres immediately retired to a grove of timber and commenced piling up logs and intrenching. The trappers sent word to the rendezvous, and when Sublette and Campbell brought reinforcements the battle opened, the trappers charging the Indians, and finally tried to burn them out, but did not succeed. The Gros Ventres, through their interpreter, made the trappers believe that a large portion of their tribe, some 800, were attacking the rendezvous. Upon learning this the trappers immediately left for its defense and found the story was a lie, but by this ruse the Indians were able to escape. The whites lost five killed and six wounded. The loss of the Gros Ventres was never fully known. They left nine killed, with twenty-five horses and all their baggage, and admitted a loss of twenty-six warriors. The Indians escaped during the night and effected a junction with their tribe.

THE WOUNDING OF BRIDGER

In 1832 the American Fur Company, operated by Vandenburg and Dripps, came into the territory of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company, which was under Fitzpatrick and Bridger, and undertook to follow their parties, knowing that their trapping grounds yielded a great many furs. They followed them to the headwaters of the Missouri and down the Jefferson. Fitzpatrick and Bridger thought they would get rid of them by going right into the Blackfoot nation, which was very hostile. Finally Vandenburg and Dripps located at the Madison fork on October 14, 1832, and near this place the Blackfeet killed Vandenburg and two of his men and drove his party out. The Blackfeet also attacked Bridger and his party, and in his "American Fur Traders" Chittenden gives this account of the wounding of Bridger:

One day they saw a body of Blackfeet in the open plain, though near some rocks which could be resorted to in case of need. They made pacific overtures, which were reciprocated by the whites. A few men advanced from each party, a circle was formed and the pipe of peace was smoked. It is related by Irving that while the ceremony was going on a young Mexican named Loretto, a fur trapper accompanying Bridger's band, who had previously ransomed from the Crows a beautiful Blackfoot girl, and had made her his wife, was then present looking on. The girl recognized her brother among the Indians. Instantly leaving her infant with Loretto she rushed into her brother's arms, and was recognized with the greatest warmth and affection.

Bridger now rode forward to where the peace ceremonies were enacting. His rifle lay across his saddle. The Blackfoot chief came forward to meet him. Through some apparent distrust Bridger cocked his rifle as if about to fire. The chief seized the barrel and pushed it downward so that its contents were discharged into the ground. This precipitated a *mêlée*. Bridger received two arrow shots in the back, and the chief felled him to the earth with a blow from the gun which he had wrenched from Bridger's hand. The chief then leaped into Bridger's saddle, and the whole party made for the cover of the rocks, where a desultory fire was kept up for some time. The Indian girl had been carried along with her people, and in spite of her pitiful entreaties was not allowed to return. Loretto, witnessing her grief, seized the child and ran to her, greatly to the amazement of the Indians. He was cautioned to depart if he wanted to save his life, and at his wife's earnest insistence he did so. Sometime afterwards he closed his account with the Rocky Mountain Fur Company and rejoined his wife among her own people. It is said that he was later employed as an interpreter at the fort below the falls of the Missouri.

One of the arrow heads which Bridger received in his back on this occasion remained there for nearly three years, or until the middle of August, 1835.

At that time Dr. Marcus Whitman was at the rendezvous on Green River *en route* to Oregon. Bridger was also there and Dr. Whitman extracted the arrow from his back. The operation was a difficult one because the arrow was hooked at the point by striking a large bone and a cartilaginous substance had grown around it. The doctor pursued the operation with great self-possession and perseverance and his patient manifested equal firmness. The Indians looked on meantime with countenances indicating wonder, and in their own peculiar manner expressed great astonishment when it was extracted. The arrow was of iron and about three inches long.

THE TWO OCEANS PASS

In the early '30s Bridger discovered the Two Oceans Pass, the most remarkable pass probably in the world. It is 8150 feet above the level of the sea. Its length is about one mile, and width nearly the same. From the north a stream comes from the canyon and divides in the pass, part following to the Atlantic waters by the Yellowstone and part to the Pacific by the Snake River, the two minor streams bearing the names of Atlantic and Pacific creeks. A stream also comes from the south and makes the same divergence. Fish by these streams pass from one water to the other. Bridger used to tell the story of this river

and fish passing through it, but no one believed it until in later years it was discovered to be true, and it is now one of the curiosities of Yellowstone Park.

The first great highway across the plains was no doubt developed by Bridger and his trappers and traders in their travels as the most feasible route to obtain wood, water and grass. Its avoidance of mountains and difficult streams to cross was soon made patent to them. It was known in an early day as the Overland trail and later on as the Oregon trail. It was established by the natural formation of the country. It was first used by the wild animals, who followed the present trail very closely in their wanderings, especially the buffalo. Next came the Indians, who in their travels followed it as being the most feasible method of crossing from the Missouri River to the mountains. Following them came the trappers and hunters, then their supply trains, first by pack and later by wagons. The first wheeled vehicle known to have passed over the trails was a six-pound cannon taken out by General Ashley to his posts on Utah Lake in the summer of 1826, and the first carts to pass over it were those taken out by Bonneville. Then came the immigration to Oregon, which gave the route the name of the Oregon trail. Next came the Mormons and following them the great immigration to California from 1849 on.

THE OVERLAND TRAIL

In his "American Fur Trade" Captain Chittenden gives this description of the Overland trail:

> As a highway of travel the Oregon trail is the most remarkable known to history. Considering that it originated with the spontaneous use of travelers; that no transit ever located a foot of it; that no level established its grades; that no engineer sought out the fords or built any bridges, or surveyed the mountain passes; that there was no grading to speak of, nor any attempt at metaling the roadbed and the general good quality of this 2000 miles of highway will seem most extraordinary. Father DeSmet, who was born in Belgium, the home of good roads, pronounced the Oregon trail one of the finest highways in the world. At the proper seas on of the year this was undoubtedly true. Before the prairies became too dry, the natural turf formed the best roadway for horses to travel on that has probably ever been known. It was amply hard to sustain traffic, yet soft enough to be easier to the feet even than the most perfect asphalt pavement. Over such road, winding ribbon-like through the verdant prairies, amid the profusion of spring flowers, with grass so plentiful that the animal reveled on its abundance, and game everywhere greeted the hunter's rifle, and, finally, with pure water in the streams, the traveler sped his way with a feeling of joy and exhilaration. But not so when the prairies became dry and parched, the road filled with stifling dust, the stream beds mere dry ravines or carrying only alkaline waters which could not be used, the game all gone to more

hospitable sections and the summer sun pouring down its heat with torrid intensity. It was then that the trail became a highway of desolation, strewn with abandoned property, the skeletons of horses, mules and oxen, and, alas! too often, with freshly-made mounds and head boards that told the pitiful tale of sufferings too great to be endured. If the trail was the scene of romance, adventure, pleasure and excitement, so it was marked in every mile of its course by human misery, tragedy and death.

The immense travel which in later years passed over the trail carved it into a deep furrow, often with several wide parallel tracks, making a total width of 100 feet or more. It was an astonishing spectacle even to white men when seen for the first time.

Captain Reynolds of the Corps of Engineers, United States Army, tells a good story on himself in this connection. In the fall of 1859 he came south from the Yellowstone River along the eastern base of the Big Horn mountains and struck the trail somewhere above the first ford of the North Platte. Before reaching it he innocently asked his guide, Bridger, if there was any danger of their crossing the trail "without seeing it." Bridger answered him with only a look of contemptuous amazement.

It may be easily imagined how great an impression the sight of this road must have made upon the minds of the Indians. Father DeSmet has recorded some interesting observations upon this point. In 1851 he traveled in company with a large number of Indians from the Missouri and Yellowstone River to Fort Laramie, where a great council was held in that year to form treaties with the several tribes. Most of these Indians had not been in that section before, and were quite unprepared for what they saw. "Our Indian companions," says Father DeSmet, "who had never seen but the narrow hunting paths by which they transport themselves and their lodges, were filled with admiration on seeing this noble highway, which is as smooth as a bare floor swept by the winds, and not a blade of grass can shoot up on it on account of the continual passing. They conceived a high idea of the countless white nation, as they express it. They fancied that all had gone over that road, and that an immense void must exist in the land of the rising sun. Their countenances testified evident incredulity when I told them that their exit was in no wise perceived in the land of the whites. They styled the route the "Great Medicine Road of the Whites."

MANY FIGHTS WITH INDIANS

From 1833 to 1840 Bridger conducted trapping parties in the interest of the American Fur Company through the country west of the Big Horn River, reaching to the Snake, and had many fights with and hairbreadth escapes from hostile Indians.

In 1840 he was associated with Benito Vasquez, in charge of an extensive outfit, which they conducted in person until 1843, when Bridger and Vasquez built Fort Bridger, which seems to have terminated Bridger's individual trapping and his experience as the head of trapping outfits.

In 1842 the Cheyennes and other Indians attacked the Shoshones near the site of Bridger's fort and got away with the stock. Bridger

at the head of the trappers and Snakes followed them, killing many of the Indians and recapturing part of the stock. However, the Indians got away with several of the horses. On July 8, Mr. Preuss of Fremont's expedition met Bridger's party on the North Platte, near the mouth of the Medicine Bow. Writing of this meeting he says:

July 8—Our road to-day was a solitary one. No game made its appearance—not even a buffalo or stray antelope—and nothing occurred to break the monotony until about five o'clock, when the caravan made a sudden halt. There was a galloping in of scouts and horsemen from every side, a hurrying to and fro in noisy confusion; rifles were taken from their cover; bullet pouches examined; in short, there was a cry of "Indians" heard again. I had become so accustomed to these alarms that now they made but little impression on me, and before I had time to become excited the newcomers were ascertained to be whites. It was a large party of traders and trappers, conducted by Mr. Bridger, a man well known in the history of the country. As the sun was low and there was a fine grass patch not far ahead, they turned back and encamped for the night with us.

Mr. Bridger was invited to supper, and after the tablecloth was removed we listened with eager interest to an account of their adventures. What they had met we would be likely to encounter; the chances which had fallen them would likely happen to us, and we looked upon their life as a picture of our own. He informed us that the condition of the country had become exceedingly dangerous. The Sioux, who had been badly disposed, had broken out into open hostility, and in the preceding autumn his party had encountered them in a severe engagement, in which a number of lives had been lost on both sides. United with the Cheyenne and Gros Ventres Indians they were scouring the upper country in war parties of great force, and were at this time in the neighborhood of the Red Buttes, a famous landmark which was directly on our path. They had declared war upon every living thing which should be found westward of that point, though their main object was to attack a large camp of whites and Snake Indians who had a rendezvous in the Sweetwater valley. Availing himself of his intimate knowledge of the country, he had reached Laramie by an unusual route through the Black Hills and avoided coming in contact with any of the scattered parties.

This gentleman offered his services to accompany us so far as the head of the Sweetwater, but in the absence of our leader, which was deeply regretted by us all, it was impossible for us to enter upon such an arrangement.

THE HISTORY OF FORT BRIDGER

Fort Bridger, located in latitude 41 degrees, 18 minutes, 12 seconds and longitude 110 degrees, 18 minutes, 38 seconds, is 1070 miles west of the Missouri River by wagon road and 886 miles by railroad. Bridger selected this spot on account of its being on the overland immigrant and Mormon trail, whether by the North or South Platte routes, as both came together at or near Bridger.

The land on which Fort Bridger is located was obtained by Bridger from the Mexican government before any of the country was ceded by

Mexico to the United States. He lived there in undisputed possession until he leased the property in 1857 to the United States by formal written lease signed by Albert Sidney Johnston's quartermaster. The rental value was $600 per year, which was never paid by the Government. After thirty years the Government finally paid Bridger $6,000 for the improvements on the land, but nothing for the land. A bill is now pending in Congress to pay his estate for the value of the land. The improvements were worth a great deal more money, but after the Government took possession it seemed to have virtually ignored the rights of Bridger.

The fort occupied a space of perhaps two acres, surrounded by a stockade. Timbers were set in the ground and elevated eight or ten feet above the surface. Inside this stockade Bridger had his residence on one side and his trading-post in the corner directly across from it. It had swinging gates in the center of the front, through which teams and cattle could be driven safe from Indians and renegade white thieves. He owned a large number of cattle, horses and mules, and his place was so situated that he enjoyed a large trade with the Mormons, gold hunters, mountaineers and Indians.

In a letter Bridger wrote to Pierre Choteau of St. Louis, on December 10, 1843, he says:

> I have established a small fort with blacksmith shop, and a supply of iron, in the road of the immigrants on Black fork of Green River, which promises fairly. In coming out here they are generally well supplied with money, but by the time they get here they are in need of all kinds of supplies, horses, provisions, smith work, etc. They bring ready cash from the states, and should I receive the goods ordered will have considerable business in that way with them, and establish trade with the Indians in the neighborhood, who have a good number of beaver among them. The fort is a beautiful location in the Black fork of Green River, receiving fine, fresh water from the snow on the Uintah range. The streams are alive with mountain trout. It passes through the fort in several channels, each lined with trees, kept alive by the moisture of the soil.

It was a veritable oasis, in the desert, and its selection showed good judgment on the part of the founder.

HIS TROUBLE WITH THE MORMONS

In 1856 Bridger had trouble with the Mormons. They threatened him with death and the confiscation of all his property at Fort Bridger, and he was robbed of all his stock, merchandise and, in fact, of everything he possessed, which he claimed was worth $100,000. The build-

ings at the fort were destroyed by fire and Bridger barely escaped with his life. This brought on what was known as the Utah expedition, under Albert Sidney Johnston. Bridger piloted the army out there, taking it through by what is known as the Southern route, which he had discovered, which runs by South Platte, up the Lodge Pole, over Cheyenne Pass, by old Fort Halleck and across the continental divide at Bridger's Pass at the head of the Muddy, follows down Bitter Creek to Green River, crosses that river and then up Black Fork to Fort Bridger.

As the troops had made no arrangements for winter, and shelter for the stock was not to be found in the vicinity of Salt Lake, Bridger tendered to them the use of Fort Bridger and the adjoining property, which offer was accepted by Johnston, who wintered his army there. It was at this time that the Government purchased from Bridger his Mexican grant of Fort Bridger, but, as heretofore mentioned, never paid him for the property, merely paying the rental, and claiming that Bridger's title was not perfect. This was a great injustice to Bridger. His title was one of possession. He had established here a trading-post that had been of great benefit to the Government and the overland immigration, and he was entitled to all he claimed. The fort was the rendezvous of all the trade and travel, of the Indians, trappers and voyagers of all that section of the country.

HIS CLAIM AGAINST THE UNITED STATES

Concerning his claim against the Government, under date of October 27, 1873, Bridger wrote to General B. F. Butler, United States Senator, as follows:

. . . You are probably aware that I am one of the earliest and oldest explorers and trappers of the Great West now alive. Many years prior to the Mexican war, the time Fort Bridger and adjoining territories became the property of the United States, and for ten years thereafter (1857) I was in peaceable possession of my old trading-post, Fort Bridger, occupied it as such, and resided thereat, a fact well known to the Government, as well as the public in general.

Shortly before the so-called Utah expedition, and before the Government troops, under General A. S. Johnston, arrived near Salt Lake City, I was robbed and threatened with death by the Mormons, by the direction of Brigham Young, of all my merchandise, stock—in fact, everything I possessed, amounting to more than $100,000 worth—the buildings in the fort practically destroyed by fire and I barely escaped with my life.

I was with and piloted the army under said General Johnston out there and since the approach of winter no convenient shelter for the troops and stock could be found in the vicinity

of Salt Lake, I tendered to them my so-called fort (Fort Bridger), with the adjoining shelter, affording rally for winter quarters. My offer being accepted, a written contract was entered into between myself and Captain Dickerson of the quartermaster's department, in behalf of the United States, approved by General A. S. Johnston, and more, signed by various officers on the general's staff, such as Major Fitz-John Porter, Drs. Madison, Mills and Bailey, Lieutenant Rich, Colonel Weight and others, a copy of which is now on file in the War department at Washington. I also was furnished with a copy thereof, which was unfortunately destroyed during the war.

I am now getting old and feeble, and am a poor man, and consequently unable to prosecute my claim as it probably should be done. For that reason I respectfully apply to you, with the desire of intrusting the matter into your hands, authorizing you for me to use such means as you may deem proper for the successful prosecution of this claim. I would further state that I have been strictly loyal during the later Rebellion and during the most of the time in the war in the employment of the Government.

Trusting confidently that you will do me the favor of taking the matter in hand or furnish me with your advice in the matter, I have the honor, etc.

MOVED TO JACKSON COUNTY

On July 4, 1849, Bridger's second wife, a Ute, died. He had been for some time considering the movement of his family to the states, where his children could be educated, intending to devote his own time to the trading-post at Fort Bridger. He went to the states in 1850, taking with him his third wife, a Snake woman, and settled upon a little farm near Little Santa Fé, Jackson County, Mo. Bridger usually spent the summers on the plains and went home winters.

In the spring of 1862 Bridger was at his home in Little Santa Fé, when the Government called him onto the plains to guide the troops in the Indian campaigns. I found him there when I took charge of that country in January, 1865, and placed him as guide of the Eleventh Ohio Cavalry in its march from Fort Riley to Fort Laramie. Bridger remained with them at Fort Laramie as their guide, and took part with them in the many encounters they had with the Indians, and his services to them were invaluable.

In the Indian campaign of 1865-6 Bridger guided General Connor's column that marched from Fort Laramie to Tongue River, and took part in the battle on Tongue River.

Captain H. E. Palmer, Eleventh Kansas Cavalry, acting assistant adjutant general to General P. E. Connor, gives this description of the Indian camp on Tongue River, August 26, 1865:

Left Piney Fork at 6:45 A. M. Traveled north over a beautiful country until about 8 A. M., when our advance reached the top of the ridge dividing the waters of the Powder from that of the Tongue River. I was riding in the extreme advance in company with Major Bridger. We were 2000 yards at least ahead of the general and his staff; our Pawnee scouts were on each flank and a little in advance; at that time there was no advance guard immediately in front. As the major and myself reached the top of the hill we involuntarily halted our steeds. I raised my field glass to my eyes and took in the grandest view that I had ever seen. I could see north end of the Big Horn range, and away beyond the faint outline of the mountains beyond the Yellowstone. Away to the northeast the Wolf mountain range was distinctly visible. Immediately before us lay the valley of Peneau Creek, now called Prairie Dog Creek, and beyond, the Little Goose, Big Goose and Tongue River valleys, and many other tributary streams. The morning was clear and bright, with not a breath of air stirring. The old Major, sitting upon his horse with his eyes shaded with his hands, had been telling me for an hour or more about his Indian life—his forty years' experience on the plains, telling me how to trail Indians and distinguish the tracks of different tribes how every spear of grass, every tree and shrub and stone was a compass to the experienced trapper and hunter—a subject that I had discussed with him nearly every day. During the winter of 1863 I had contributed to help Mrs. Bridger and the rest of the family, all of which facts the Major had been acquainted with, which induced him to treat me as an old-time friend.

As I lowered my glass the Major said: "Do you see those 'ere columns of smoke over yonder?" I replied: "Where, Major?" to which he answered: "Over there by that 'ere saddle," meaning a depression in the hills not unlike the shape of a saddle, pointing at the same time to a point nearly fifty miles away. I again raised my glass to my eyes and took a long, earnest look, and for the life of me could not see any column of smoke, even with a strong field glass. The Major was looking without any artificial help. The atmosphere appeared to be slightly hazy in the long distance, like smoke, but there were no distinct columns of smoke in sight. As soon as the general with his staff arrived I called his attention to Major Bridger's discovery. The general raised his field glass and scanned the horizon closely. After a long look he remarked that there were no columns of smoke to be seen. The Major quietly mounted his horse and rode on. I asked the general to look again; that the Major was very confident that he could see columns of smoke, which, of course, indicated an Indian village. The general made another examination and again asserted that there was no column of smoke. However, to satisfy curiosity and to give our guides no chance to claim that they had shown us an Indian village and we would not attack it, he suggested to Captain Frank North, who was riding with his staff, that he go with seven of his Indians in the direction indicated to reconnoiter and to report to us on Peneau Creek or Tongue River, down which we were to march. I galloped on and overtook the Major, and as I came up to him overheard him remark about "these damn paper-collar soldiers" telling him there were no columns of smoke. The old man was very indignant at our doubting his ability to outsee us, with the aid of field glasses even. Just after sunset on August 27, two of the Pawnees who went out with Captain North towards Bridger's column of smoke two days previously came into camp with the information that Captain North had discovered an Indian village.

It was this village that Connor captured the next day, the fight being known as the battle of Tongue River.

In May, 1869, Captain Reynolds was assigned to the exploration

of the country surrounding Yellowstone Park, and I have no doubt it was from hearing of Bridger's knowledge of that park and its surroundings that caused him to engage Bridger for his guide. Bridger was with him about a year and a half, but they failed on this trip to enter the park, being stopped by the heavy snows in the passes, but they explored and mapped the country surrounding the park.

NED BUNTLINE MADE HIM FAMOUS

In 1860 Ned Buntline, the great short story romance writer, hunted up Bridger at his home in Weston, and Bridger gave him enough adventures to keep him writing the balance of his life. Bridger took a liking to Buntline and took him across the plains with him on a scouting trip. After a while Buntline returned to the East, and not long afterwards the Jim Bridger stories commenced to be published. One of these was printed every week, and Bridger's companions used to save them up and read them to him. Buntline made Bridger famous. and carried him through more hairbreadth escapes than any man ever had.

Bridger's first wife was the daughter of a Flathead chief. She died in 1846. Her children were Felix and Josephine, both of whom were sent to school at St. Louis. Felix enlisted in the spring of 1863 in Company L, Second Missouri Artillery, under General Totten. He served throughout the Civil War and later was with Custer in his Indian Territory. He died in 1876 on the farm near Little Santa Fé, Mo., having returned there from Dallas, Tex.

Bridger's second wife was a Ute, who died July 4, 1849, at the birth of her first child, now Mrs. Virginia K. Waschman. Bridger brought this child up on buffalo's milk. When she was five years old she was sent to Robert Campbell in St. Louis and two years later joined her sister Josephine in the convent.

When Virginia was about ten years old she obtained from Mrs. Robert Campbell a daguerreotype of her father which was taken in 1843. She colored, or painted, this picture, and in 1902 presented it to me, saying: "I am most sure you will be pleased with it as a gift from me, and it will remind you of the great old times that you and father had when you were out in the mountains, among the wild Indians. I have often heard my father speak of you, and have wanted to see you and tell you a great many things that happened when I was

a child at Fort Bridger. Before my father's death he was very anxious to see you regarding old Fort Bridger, but could not find you."

In 1850 Bridger took as his third wife a Snake woman. He bought a little farm near Santa Fé, Mo., and moved his family there from Fort Bridger that year. Mary was born in 1853. William was born in 1857, and died from consumption in 1892. In 1858 his wife died and was buried in Boone cemetery, near Waldo Station, Mo. Bridger was on the plains at the time of her death, but returned to Missouri in the spring of 1859, soon after he heard of her death, and remained on the farm until 1862. This year he rented the farm to a man named Brooks and bought the Colonel A. G. Boone house in Westport. He left his family there in charge of a Mr. London and his wife, and on the call of the Government in the spring of 1862 he left for the mountains to guide the troops on the plains. He remained on the plains until late in 1869 or 1870. In the spring of 1871 he moved back to his farm near Little Santa Fé.

HIS LAST DAYS DESCRIBED BY HIS DAUGHTER

Of his life from this time until his death his daughter, Mrs. Waschman, writes me the following:

In 1873 father's health began to fail him and his eyes were very bad, so that he could not see good, and the only way that father could distinguish any person was by the sound of their voices, but all who had the privilege of knowing him were aware of his wonderful state of health at that time, but later, in 1874, father's eyesight was leaving him very fast, and this worried him so much. He has oftentimes wished that he could see you. At times father would get very nervous and wanted to be on the go. I had to watch after him and lead him around to please him, never still one moment.

I got father a good old gentle horse, so that he could ride around and have something to pass away the time, so one day he named his old horse "Ruff." We also had a dog that went with father; he named this old, faithful dog "Sultan." Sometimes Father would call me and say: "I wish you would go and saddle old Ruff for me; I feel like riding around the farm"; and the faithful old dog would go along. Father could not see very well, but the old faithful horse would guide him along, but at times father would draw the lines wrong, and the horse would go wrong, and then they would get lost in the woods. The strange part of it was the old faithful dog, Sultan, would come home and let us know that father was lost. The dog would bark and whine until I would go out and look for him, and lead him and the old horse home on the main road. Sometimes father wanted to take a walk out to the fields with old Sultan by his side and cane in hand to guide his way out to the wheatfield; would want to know how high the wheat was, and then father would go down on his knees and reach out his hands and feel for the wheat, and that was the way he passed away his time.

Father at times wished he could see, and only have his eyesight back again, so that he could go back out to see the mountains. I know he at times would feel lonesome, and long to

see some of his old mountain friends to have a good chat of olden times away back in the '50s. Father often spoke of you, and would say, "I wonder if General Dodge is alive or not; I would give anything in the world if I could see some of the old army officers once more to have a talk with them of olden times, but I know I will not be able to see any of my old-time mountain friends any more. I know that my time is near. I feel that my health is failing me very fast, and see that I am not the same man I used to be."

Bridger was 77 years old when he died, and was buried on the Stubbins Watts farm, a mile north of Dallas, not far south of Westport. His two sons, William and Felix, were buried beside him.

On Bridger's gravestone is the following:

James Bridger, born March 17, 1804, died July 17, 1881.
We miss thee in the circle around the fireside.
We miss thee in devotion at peaceful eventide.
The memory of your nature, so full of truth and love.
Shall lead our thoughts to seek thee among the best above.

At the time of his death Bridger's home was a long, two-story house, not far from where he was buried, with big chimneys at each end. It is now abandoned and dilapidated, with windows all broken. It is about one mile south of Dallas. He had 160 acres of land. No one has lived in the house for years. The neighbors say it is haunted, and will not go near it. One of his wives is buried in a graveyard several miles east of his grave.

THE MAN, AS GENERAL DODGE FOUND HIM

I found Bridger a very companionable man. In person he was over six feet tall, spare, straight as an arrow, agile, rawboned and of powerful frame, eyes gray, hair brown and abundant even in old age, expression mild and manners agreeable. He was hospitable and generous, and was always trusted and respected. He possessed in a high degree the confidence of the Indians. He was one of the most noted hunters and trappers on the plains. Naturally shrewd, and possessing keen faculties of observation, he carefully studied the habits of all the animals, especially the beaver, and profiting from the knowledge obtained from the Indians, with whom he chiefly associated, and with whom he became a great favorite, he soon became one of the most expert hunters and trappers in the mountains. The beaver at first abounded in every mountain stream in the country, but, at length, by being constantly pursued, they began to grow more wary and diminish in numbers, until it became necessary for trappers to extend their re-

searches to more distant streams. Eager to gratify his curiosity, and with a natural fondness for mountain scenery, he traversed the country in every direction, sometimes accompanied by an Indian, but oftener alone. He familiarized himself with every mountain peak, every deep gorge, every hill and every landmark in the country. Having arrived upon the banks of some before undiscovered stream, and finding signs of his favorite game, he would immediately proceed to set his traps, and then take his gun and wander over the hills in quest of game, the meat of which formed the only diet of the trapper at that early day. When a stream afforded game it was trapped to its source, and never left as long as beaver could be caught.

While engaged in this thorough system of trapping no object of interest escaped his scrutiny, and when once known it was ever after remembered. He could describe with the minutest accuracy places that perhaps he had visited but once, and that many years before, and he could travel in almost a direct line from one point to another in the greatest distances with certainty of always making his goal. He pursued his trapping expeditions north to the British possessions, south far into New Mexico and west to the Pacific Ocean, and in this way became acquainted with all the Indian tribes in the country, and by long intercourse with them learned their languages and became familiar with all their signs. He adopted their habits, conformed to their customs, became imbued with all their superstitions and at length excelled them in strategy.

He was a great favorite with the Crow nation, and was at one time elected and became their chief.

Bridger was also a great Indian fighter, and I have heard two things said of him by the best plainsmen of his time: That he did not know what fear was, and that he never once lost his bearings, either on the plains or in the mountains.

In those days Bridger was rich. He was at the head of great trapping parties, and two great fur companies, the Rocky Mountain Fur Company and the Northwestern Fur Company. When he became older he spent his winters in Westport, and in the summer was a scout and guide for Government troops, getting $10 a day in gold.

HIS CLAIM TO REMEMBRANCE

Unquestionably Bridger's claims to remembrance rest upon the

extraordinary part he bore in the explorations of the West. As a guide he was without an equal, and this is the testimony of everyone who ever employed him. He was a born topographer; the whole West was mapped out in his mind, and such was his instinctive sense of locality and direction that it used to be said of him that he could smell his way where he could not see it. He was a complete master of plains and woodcraft, equal to any emergency, full of resources to overcome any obstacle, and I came to learn gradually how it was that for months such men could live without food except what the country afforded in that wild region. In a few hours they would put together a bull boat and put us across any stream. Nothing escaped their vision, the cropping of a stick or breaking of a twig, the turning of the growing grass, all brought knowledge to them, and they could tell who or what had done it. A single horse or Indian could not cross the trail but that they discovered it, and could tell how long since they passed. Their methods of hunting game were perfect, and we were never out of meat. Herbs, roots, berries, bark of trees and everything that was edible they knew. They could minister to the sick, dress wounds—in fact, in all my experience I never saw Bridger or other such voyagers of the plains and mountains meet any obstacle they could not overcome.

While Bridger was not an educated man, still any country that he had ever seen he could fully and intelligently describe, and could make a very correct estimate of the country surrounding it. He could make a map of any country he had ever traveled over, mark out its streams and mountains and the obstacles in it correctly, so that there was no trouble in following it and fully understanding it. He never claimed knowledge that he did not have of the country or its history and surroundings, and was positive in his statements in relation to it. He was a good judge of human nature. His comments upon people that he had met and been with were always intelligent and seldom critical. He always spoke of their good parts, and was universally respected by the mountain men and looked upon as a leader, also, by all the Indians. He was careful to never give his word without fulfilling it. He understood thoroughly the Indian character, their peculiarities and superstitions. He felt very keenly any loss of confidence in him or his judgment, especially when acting as guide, and when he struck a country or trail he was not familiar with he would frankly say so, but would often say he could take our party up to the point we wanted to reach. As a guide I do not think he had his equal upon the plains.

So remarkable a man should not be lost to history and the country and his work allowed to be forgotten, and for this reason I have compiled this sketch and raised a simple monument to his memory, reciting upon it briefly the principal facts of his life and work.

The address of Colonel John B. Colton, who knew Bridger and who carried out General Dodge's wishes in regard to the removal of the bones and the erection of the monument, was as follows:

My Friends: We have assembled here to-day to unveil a monument to preserve the memory of the acts performed in life by James Bridger, whose knowledge of the vast territory west of the Missouri River, through which he had roamed commencing in the year 1822, had fitted him to guide exploring and military expeditions that brought to public knowledge that great empire with its mineral wealth and natural advantages for the new settlements since located within its borders.

Nearly fifty-six years ago I, with my companions, ferried our animals and wagons across the Missouri River to a point on the west side, where the city of Omaha now stands. When we landed the only inhabitants we met were a few Indians of the Omaha and Otoe tribes, with their squaws and papooses. At this date the great territory west of the Missouri River was marked upon the maps as the "Great American Desert," the eastern border line being the river.

We were voyagers to the newly discovered gold mines on the Pacific slope. At Fort Bridger we camped for a week to recuperate our animals, and here for the first time I met Jim Bridger, and a great friendship sprung up between us and all my time was spent at the fort. At our departure I made him promise to meet me again in Salt Lake, which he did and remained a week.

Bridger was the king of mountaineers, trappers and guides. It was born in him and he maintained that position and reputation until the influx of civilization that eliminated the Indian and the buffalo forced him from that life.

This monument has been erected here in this beautiful cemeterv by Major General Grenville M. Dodge as a public mark of his appreciation of the great services rendered him by Bridger. General Dodge was a conspicuous figure in the Civil war, especially in the Army of the Tennessee. His acts and deeds are recorded and preserved in the history of that period.

At the close of the war General Dodge was selected by the authorities to locate the route of the great Union Pacific Railway. As chief engineer he was given full power to locate the line through the then great wilderness. How well he succeeded the world knows. It was at a trying time, when he had successfully located the line up to the base of the Rocky Mountain range, and great and new difficulties were presented that Bridger's name and mountain knowledge were made known to him, and he immediately sent for him, and for a long time after Bridger was his assistant and adviser in the selection of the line through the mountain range, and then the Union Pacific Railway was an accomplished fact. The final success was to the great credit of General Dodge and for the great assistance rendered bv Bridger he places this monument to preserve that recognition for all time.

Immediately upon the commencement of the building of the Union Pacific immigration poured in from east of the Missouri River and the building of the vast empire commenced which to-day is possessed of such wonderful wealth and improvements, and which in the near

future years will surpass in wealth and prominence the wildest dreams and predictions of its first discoveries and builders.

I regret that sickness prevents the presence of General Dodge, as he had intended to address you in person, but the address that he had prepared for this occasion will be delivered by his representative, Mr. W. N. Jones, of New York city. whom I now have the pleasure of introducing to you.

THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN OF FORT ST. ANTHONY, LATER NAMED FORT SNELLING

THE first white women in Minnesota were three, with their children, in the expedition of Colonel Henry Leavenworth and his soldiers, when they came in August, 1819, to build Fort St. Anthony. Other women came during the next five years before the fort received its present name, Fort Snelling. One of its officers in 1823 or before the end of 1824, previous to the change of name, drafted a map of the fort and the surrounding country within five to ten miles, which manuscript map, found among the papers of General Henry Hastings Sibley, has been reproduced by Mr. Edward A. Bromley as a blue-print. This map is framed and hung in the Sibley House, Mendota, among many relics of the beginnings of Minnesota, collected by the Daughters of the American Revolution; and another copy is similarly displayed in the Museum of the Hennepin County Territorial Pioneers, in the Ard Godfrey House, Richard Chute Square, Minneapolis. Seven names on this map, given to lakes, and one to an island of the Mississippi, commemorate pioneer women of Fort St. Anthony, these eight Christian names being Harriet, Charlotte, Lucy, Abigail, Ann, Amelia, Adeline, and Eliza. In my studies of the origin, dates, and meanings of Minnesota geographic names, I have endeavored to identify the persons mentioned and honored by these and other personal names on this earliest detailed map of any part of this state. It is entitled "A Topographical View of the Site of Fort St. Anthony at the Confluence of the Mississippi and St. Peter's Rivers."

Lake Harriet was named for the wife of Colonel Leavenworth. In 1824 he received the brevet rank of brigadier general, and died at the age of fifty-one, July 21, 1834, in an expedition against the Pawnees and Comanches. Mrs. Leavenworth's maiden name was Harriet Lovejoy, her home being in Blenheim, Schoharie county, N. Y. She was born in 1791; was married to Leavenworth in the winter of 1813-14; and died at Barrytown, N. Y., September 7, 1854. Their daughter, Alida Yates Leavenworth, came with them to Fort St. Anthony, her age in 1819 being about four years. The Leavenworth Genealogy, published in 1873, records the death of Alida at Newburgh, N. Y., January 21, 1839. In the "History of Delaware County and Border

Wars of New York," by Jay Gould, published in 1856, a daughter of E. B. Fenn, Esq., of Delhi, N. Y., contributed a chapter (pages 344-356) on the life of Mrs. Harriet Leavenworth, in which it is stated that she had four children, of whom the three younger, after Alida had died, were living in 1849 with their mother in Florida.

Reading the partly idealized sketch of Harriet, the pioneer, thus supplied by her fellow townswoman of Delhi, we see her as a heroine, a most devoted wife, and an earnest Christian, while her husband appears as a widely beloved and profoundly honored military hero.

Colonel Leavenworth had two other children, Eunice Eliza and Jesse Henry, by his first wife, from whom he obtained a divorce. These children, born in 1806 and 1807, probably remained with their mother in Danville, Vt., whence Leavenworth removed about the year 1809 or earlier, to Delhi, N. Y. For his oldest child, Eunice Eliza, he may have given the name of Eliza's island, noted on the map. It is delineated as about three quarters of a mile long and lies in the Mississippi river a mile below (northeast of) Pike island, which latter is well shown on this map but is unnamed. In the ninety years since this map was made, the alluvial Eliza's island has been diminished to a present length of a third of a mile, and at the lowest stage of water it is connected with the north shore.

Eunice Eliza Leavenworth lived at Danville, Vt., until her marriage to Duncan McNab in 1825. Then they removed to Canada, and later to Illinois. He died about 1867-8, and she died in April, 1872, "on her farm at Half Day near Dunton, Illinois." Her brother, Jesse Henry Leavenworth, was educated at West Point and served in the army from 1830 to 1836. Later he was a civil engineer, directing improvements of Chicago harbor. In the civil war he was colonel of a regiment raised by him at Denver, Colorado, called "the Rocky Mountain Rangers," who defended the frontier against the incursions of Indians. These notes are from the Leavenworth Genealogy (pages 150-154, 236-7).

Another and perhaps a more likely suggestion for the origin of the name of Eliza's island is that it was given by Mrs. Snelling for her youngest sister, Eliza M. Hunt, who, as Mrs. Ellet relates, was married in the winter of 1819-20, at Belle Fontaine, Mo., to "Mr. Soulard, a French gentleman of great worth." This was James Gustav Soulard,

merchant and fruit grower, of Galena, Ill., of whom a biographic sketch is given by Richard Edwards and Dr. M. Hopewell, in their "Great West and . . . . . History of St. Louis," 1860. He was for a short time a resident of this fort, probably being accompanied by his wife. We learn from the manuscript Taliaferro Letters in the Library of the Minnesota Historical Society, (in No. 55,) that Soulard's commission as sub-agent for the Indians there, under Taliaferro, on whose recommendation and request he was appointed, bore the date of March 1, 1825. He probably had come to the fort the preceding summer.

With the coming of Colonel Josiah Snelling and his family in the summer of 1820, taking the place of the depaiting Leavenworth family at the head of the garrison and for direction of the construction of the fort, there yet remained three women, the wives of Lieutenant Nathan Clark, Captain George Gooding, and Colonel Snelling. They are honored on the map by the names of a group of three lakes about one to two miles southeast of the "Cantonment St. Peters" and the site of Mendota. These are Lakes Charlotte, Lucy, and Abigail.

Charlotte Ann Seymour was born in Hartford, Conn., October 19, 1794, being the fourth child of Thomas Young Seymour, who served with distinction in the Revolutionary War and afterward was a prominent lawyer (as noted in "A Record of the Seymour Family in the Revolution," 1912, pages 33-34). She was married in 1816 to Lieutenant Clark, who was promoted captain in 1824, breveted major in 1834, and died February 18, 1836.

Their first child and only son, Malcolm Clark, was born at Fort Wayne, Ind., July 22, 1817, came with his parents to the Northwest in 1819, and spent his early boyhood at this fort; was a cadet at West Point in 1834; served in the war for the independence of Texas, 1835-6; was a trader after 1841 with the Blackfeet Indians of Montana, and became identified with them by marriage; was killed at his trading post in an outbreak of these Indians, August 17, 1869. Biographic sketches of Malcolm Clark are published in the Contributions to the Historical Society of Montana, Volumes I and II, 1876 and 1896, written respectively by his sister and his daughter, with his portrait in Volume II.

The first daughter of Nathan and Charlotte Clark was born at Fort Crawford, adjoining Prairie du Chien, Wis., July 1, 1819, and was "named Charlotte for her mother, to which was added by the officers

'Ouisconsin'," this being the original French spelling of the river which there joins the Mississippi; was at Fort St. Anthony, 1819-27; was married to Lieutenant (afterward Major General) Horatio Phillips Van Cleve, March 22, 1836; resided in Long Prairie, Minn., 1856-61, and later in Minneapolis, being greatly honored and beloved; and died there April 1, 1907. Mrs. Van Cleve wrote an autobiography, "Three Score Years and Ten, Life-long memories of Fort Snelling, Minnesota, and other Parts of the West" (1888, 176 pages, with her portrait).

Mrs. Nathan Clark had three other daughters, the youngest being three years old when the father died. For many years thereafter the widow made her home in Cincinnati, where some years before, as Rev. Edward D. Neill wrote in a Memorial, her husband had purchased a home for his family. During her last twenty years she lived in turn with her three married daughters, spending much of her time with Mrs. Van Cleve; and she died July 13, 1873, at Glen Eyrie, the beautiful home of a grandchild, Mrs. General William J. Palmer, near Colorado Springs. Mrs. Ann Adams, who knew her during their several years together at Fort Snelling, wrote: "Mrs. Major Clark . . . was an amiable and lovely woman." Her Christian and spiritual character, always very evident, became gradually more remarkable in her latest years.

Glimpses of the excellent qualities of kindness, perseverance and courage of Mrs. Gooding are given in Mrs. Elizabeth F. Ellet's book, "Pioneer Women of the West," published in 1852. In her sketch of Abigail Snelling, a very notable instance is related of Mrs. Gooding's obtaining needed food for famishing and sick prisoners of war in 1812. Eight years later, when Colonel and Mrs. Snelling arrived at the site of this new fort, the same sketch says that they "received a hearty welcome from friends they had never seen before, and from Captain Gooding and his wife, whom they were again delighted to meet," adding that "their daughter had been married a few days previous to the Adjutant of the regiment." The first names of Mrs. Gooding and her daughter, who thus in the summer of 1820 became Mrs. Platt Rogers Green, are believed to have been respectively Lucy and Amelia, since it seems certain that they would be commemorated in the list of names on our map, where these are the only names remaining otherwise unidentified. The adventurous disposition of Mrs. Gooding is indicated by her being the first white woman to view the falls of St. Anthony on

August 28, 1819, going with several officers on Major Forsyth's boat and walking the last mile because of the strong rapids below the falls. In 1821 Captain Gooding resigned, to become the sutler of Fort Crawford at Prairie du Chien.

Abigail Hunt was born in Watertown, Mass., January 23, 1797, being the second daughter and sixth child in a family of twelve children of Colonel Thomas Hunt, First Regiment of Infantry, U. S. Army; was married in Detroit, Mich., to Captain Josiah Snelling, August 13, 1812, and they had three children when in the summer of 1819 they left Plattsburgh, N. Y., for St. Louis, whence in the summer of 1820 they came to Fort St. Anthony. The youngest child had been named Thomas, for his grandfather, but this child died at the age of fifteen months in the autumn of 1819, while the family were visiting at Belle Fontaine, Missouri.

June 1, 1819, Snelling was promoted to be Colonel of the Fifth Infantry, and in 1820 he was ordered to this fort. Of the life of Mrs. Snelling there, Mrs. Ellet wrote: "There were three ladies besides her in the garrison, and they were like one family, spending their time instructing their children, and receiving instruction in the French language from a soldier who, it was said, had been an officer in Bonaparte's army. Mrs. Snelling, Mrs. Clark, and an officer, comprised the class." Two years were spent in building the fort so that the troops could occupy it, in the late autumn of 1822. Their quarters had previously been at Camp Cold Water, about a mile northwest from the fort, where they lived in tents during the summers, and at the Cantonment St. Peters, also called New Hope, on the lowland at the east side of the Minnesota river, about a third of a mile southeast of the fort, where they spent the winters in log houses.

Just before Colonel and Mrs. Snelling moved into the fort, probably in October, 1821, a year earlier than the troops, their baby daughter died at the age of thirteen months, and was buried in the little cemetery of the garrison. Her grave was marked by a stone bearing only the letters "E. R. S.", which, since the removal a few years ago of all the bodies and gravestones to the new cemetery, is now to be seen there, close southwest of the entrance.

This was the first white child born in the area of Minnesota. In a log-built low room of New Hope, made as homelike as the means at

hand would permit, and on the flowery and far-viewing high prairie topping the wooded bluff of the Mississippi, above the clear and copious springs of Cold Water, the little life of one winter and one summer had passed. Though history has not more definitely recorded her name, I fancy that the first initial was for Eliza, as the namesake of Mrs. Soulard, the youngest and favorite sister of Mrs. Snelling. If this thought be true, it indicates another or double reason for the name Eliza's Island, previously considered.

Only one other gravestone closely relating to the period of Fort St. Anthony was in the old cemetery and transferred to the new. This is about three feet high and nearly two feet wide, of the same yellowish gray limestone as the other, and it is set at the southeast corner of the rows of stones, close to the front fence. It is inscribed, "To Memory of Melanctoun S. Green, March 21, 1826," doubtless for the little son of Adjutant Platt R. Green, a boy of perhaps five years. The adjutant's marriage in the summer of 1820 to the daughter of Captain Gooding has been noted on a preceding page. The Christian name seems to have been given for the husband of Adjutant Green's next older sister Anna, Colonel Melancthon Smith, to whom she was married in 1816, and who died August 28, 1818, at Plattsburg, N. Y. My identification is derived from a large and excellent family history, "The Greenes of Rhode Island," published in 1903. Mrs. Ellet and Mrs. Adams supply testimony of the marriage and of the death of the son, so that the statement in this book of genealogies, that this Platt Rogers Green died unmarried, is an error. His own death followed only two years afterward, on June 30, 1828, at Jefferson Barracks, St. Louis. He had provided this gravestone before the regiment removed there in the autumn of 1827.

Colonel Snelling was in command of the fort seven years, excepting that in the summer and autumn of 1825 he and his family were absent on a long visit with their kindred and friends in Detroit. Mrs. Ellet's very interesting sketch of Abigail Snelling (pages 305-349, in "Pioneer Women of the West," 1852) states that in the fall of 1827 Colonel Snelling and his regiment were ordered to Jefferson Barracks, at St. Louis; that when the family arrived in St. Louis, they took lodgings for the winter, and the colonel proceeded to the city of Washington, where Mary and Henry Hunt, their first two children, had been spending a year for education, by invitation of Captain Thomas Hunt, Mrs. Snelling's brother; that in February, 1828, Mary died there, from a cold

and brain fever, after a winter of many social pleasures; and that Mrs. Snelling left St. Louis in May and journeyed to Washington with three children, and found her husband and the son Henry well. Only about two months later Colonel Snelling "was seized with inflammation of the brain and died in three weeks," on August 20, 1828.

In 1841 Mrs. Snelling was married to Rev. Jonathan Edwards Chaplin, a great-grandson and namesake of President Edwards, and they lived very happily five years at White Pigeon, Mich., until he "died in 1846, much beloved and lamented." Afterward she resided with her daughter Marion, who was born at Fort Snelling early in 1825, and was married to William S. Hazard, of Cincinnati; and on her ninetieth birthday in 1887, Mrs. Van Cleve sent kind greetings to her in Newport, Kentucky.

In Mrs. Van Cleve's "Three Score Years and Ten," some of her most vivid references to the early years at the fort are as follows: "Soon after we took possession of the fort, a post school was established, and some will remember the old school house just beyond the main entrance . . . It was there we children assembled day after day to learn to spell in Webster's spelling book, and to read in that time-honored volume. . . . Our teacher was considered very competent for his work, but was a violent tempered man and only maintained his position a few years.

"Another of my earliest recollections is the Sunday School established by Mrs. Colonel Snelling and my mother. There was no Chaplain allowed us then, no Sabbath service, and these Christian women felt they could not live or bring up their children in that way. They therefore gathered the children together on Sabbath afternoons in the basement room of the commanding officer's quarters, and held a service, with the aid of the Episcopal prayer book, both of them being devout members of that branch of the church, and taught the little ones from the Bible. . . . They had the Word of God in their hands, and His love in their hearts, and were marvellously helped in their work of love, which grew and broadened out, till it took in the parents as well as the children, and a Bible class was formed in which all felt a deep interest."

Other word pictures of life at the fort in 1823 and 1824 are given by Mrs. Ellet. Referring to the coming of the first steamboat, the

Virginia, and its passengers, arriving May 10, 1823, she wrote: "Additions were made to the society of the garrison; several officers who had been absent returned to their regiment, bringing wives and sisters, so that at one time the company numbered ten ladies. There were six companies, which, fully officered, would have given eighteen or twenty officers, but there were seldom or never that number present at one time."

The same writer says of the year 1824: "During that year the commandant was visited by General [Winfield] Scott and suite, and the fort was completed. Heretofore it had been called Fort St. Anthony, but General Scott issued an order giving it the name of Fort Snelling. He expressed his approbation of the construction and site of the fort, etc., spent a week with his friends, and visited the falls and a chain of lakes where they were used to amuse themselves fishing, and where the water was so clear that they could see the fish playing about the hook. One of the lakes Mrs. Snelling named Scott Lake." This appears to be our Cedar Lake, at the north end of the series, which the earlier map had omitted.

Continuing with reference to Mrs. Snelling's accomplishments as a sportswoman, this sketch says: "Another of her amusements was riding on horseback. When a child she had been accustomed to ride every morning with her father, and acquired great confidence in the management of a horse. Her husband seldom would ride with her, but Captain Martin Scott was in the regiment, and often accompanied her. One day they saw a wolf; the dogs gave chase, and they followed until they ran down the poor creature, the bonnet of the fair huntress having fallen back, and her hair streaming loose in the wind."

Lake Ann was probably named for Barbara Ann Shadecker, a bright Swiss girl from the Selkirk Settlement, who lived in the family of the Snellings from 1823 to 1827, aiding in care of their children. She was born in the Canton of Bern, Switzerland, December 18, 1810; was married in 1827 to Sergeant Joseph Adams, of the Ordnance department at Fort Snelling; and they went later in that year with the Fifth Regiment to St. Louis. They were next transferred to Detroit, thence to Sault Ste. Marie, and in 1833 to Fort Dearborn, Chicago. In 1835 her husband left the army, afterward was a farmer in Chicago, and lived to the age of ninety years. In the winter of 1886-7, Mrs. Ann Adams, while visiting a grandchild in West St. Paul, was interviewed

by John Fletcher Williams, Secretary of the Minnesota Historical Society, and her very interesting narration of "Early Days at Red River Settlement and Fort Snelling" is published in this Society's Historical Collections, Volume VI, pages 75-115. From her testimony we learn much about the earliest Selkirk refugees settling in the area of Minnesota, the Snelling children, and the conditions of society at the fort.

As told by Mrs. Adams, after the early Selkirk colonists had endured several years of great hardships and privations, "five families got away in the fall of 1821, and reached Fort Snelling in safety, where they were permitted to settle on the militaıy reservation." . . . "In the spring of 1823, as soon as the grass was grown sufficiently, father and his family, with twelve other Swiss families, started for Fort Snelling. There were twelve men and a boy in the party, who were generally well armed; all the rest were women and children, one or two of the latter being infants in arms. We had hired several 'Red River carts,' drawn by oxen, which carried our provisions, etc., and of course everybody had to walk, except perhaps some of the younger children, who rode occasionally, and one or two men, who had horses."

After arriving at the trading post on Lake Traverse, "the families who were with us," says the narration, "the Moniers, the Chetlains, Schirmers, Langets, and others, being anxious to reach Fort Snelling before navigation should close, so that they could go on down the river, hurried on ahead, leaving father and his family to finish the rest of the voyage alone." At another trading house on the upper part of the Minnesota river, Ann's father and oldest brother made a big dug-out boat, of a cottonwood log, in which the family embarked, with their provisions and other baggage, to come down to the fort. "Such was the slowness of our progress that it was quite late in the season when we reached Fort Snelling. In fact, ice was already floating in the river before we concluded our trip. The other party of refugees had, after a brief stay at Fort Snelling, been provided by Col. Snelling with provisions and boats, in which they started off as soon as possible, down the Mississippi."

"Col. Snelling, to whom my father applied for permission to remain on the Military Reservation, very kindly acceded to our request, and expressed much sympathy for us, ordering that provisions should be issued to us, although there was a scarcity in the garrison at that time.

. . . A part of the old barracks at 'Coldwater,' as it was called, was assigned for our occupancy, and we installed ourselves there, and made ourselves as comfortable as possible, under the circumstances. Father got some employment on the reservation, and Mrs. Snelling, a kind and benevolent lady, gave me a home in her family, where I aided her in the care of her little children, a task for which I was well fitted, as I was now thirteen years of age, and very strong and active. Thus, again, fortune smiled on us, and we began to take fresh hope, after all our trials and losses. I had a comfortable and pleasant home in Mrs. Snelling's family. Both she and the Colonel treated me with the greatest kindness, and the children soon became greatly attached to me, so that my position in the Snelling family was a really enviable one. I think of those days as among the happiest of my life, and feel thankful for my good fortune."

Excepting Mary Snelling, the oldest of the children, Mrs. Adams remembered Henry, James, Josiah, and Marion. "Mrs. Snelling was a very fond and indulgent mother, and spared no pains or sacrifices to make her children happy. As there were no schools at the Fort, she taught them herself, as well as she could. I taught them the prayers which my parents had taught me. Col. Snelling also had a son, by a first wife, who lived with us a part of the time. He was then (1823) about twenty years old. His name was William Joseph . . . they called him 'Jo' usually. Mrs. Snelling did not seem to have any great fondness or respect for him, and perhaps with good reasons; but the Colonel was greatly attached to him, and would do anything for him . . Jo. somewhat resembled the Colonel in peison, but his hair was darker. The Colonel's hair was quite red. He was also slightly bald."

William Joseph Snelling's books of frontier tales contain pen portrayals of Indian life and character which George Catlin very highly praised. His death at forty-four years, when editor of the Boston *Herald*, was partly hastened, as that of his father may have been, by habits of intemperance. Henry Hunt Snelling, born in 1816, attained to much success as an author and editor, continuing his editorial work to the age of seventy years. He was a specialist in photography, and resided many years in New York City, and afterward in Cornwall, N. Y. James G. Soulard Snelling, born at this fort in 1822, was graduated at West Point in 1845; served continuously in the army, and was twice breveted for gallant and meritorious conduct in battles of the

Mexican War; attained the rank of captain in the Tenth Infantry, March, 1855; and died in Cincinnati, August 25, 1855. Josiah, a third son of Abigail Snelling, is said to have been a physician in Illinois. The daughter, Marion, the seventh and last of the family, was born probably in March, 1825, for she was only eight months old at the time of their return, at the beginning of winter, from the long visit in Detroit. She was married to William Sylvester Hazard, resided in Cincinnati, and died there in 1881.

Through comparison of notes in the foregoing pages, gathered from Mrs. Ellet, Mrs. Adams, and others, the children of Colonel Snelling and Abigail Hunt Snelling are seen to be as follows, in the order of their age: 1, Mary; 2, Henry Hunt; 3, Thomas; 4, daughter "E. R.;" 5, James G. S.; 6, Josiah; 7, Marion.

"During my sojourn at Fort Snelling," said Mrs. Adams, "I had opportunity to become acquainted with nearly all the officers of the Fifth Infantry stationed there during that period. . . . Among those whose names I can now remember were Colonel Josiah Snelling, Surgeon J. P. C. McMahon, Major Joseph C. Plympton, Major Thomas Hamilton, Major Nathan Clark, Captains Watkins, William E. Cruger, St. Clair Denny, De Lafayette Wilcox, and Lieutenants Robert A. McCabe, David Hunter, J. B. F. Russell . . . Platt R. Green, Louis F. Jamison, etc. . . . Nearly every officer I have named was married, and in almost every case to ladies of the best families, and who were endowed with beauty and many accomplishments. Thus the society at the fort at that period was of the most select and aristocratic. Many of these ladies would have shone in any circle. Their households in the garrison were attractive places and showed evidences of wealth and good taste. I remember that Mrs. Major Plympton brought the first piano to Fort Snelling, which was brought to Minnesota."

In the company of Captain (later Major) and Mrs. Plympton, Mary Snelling went to Washington, D. C., to visit with her uncle and to complete her education, when her mother bade her a tearful goodby, fearing, by a true presentiment, that she would never see her again. For Mrs. Plympton, writes Mr. Bromley, the Lake Adeline of the map was named. It is close west of the Minnesota river, on its bottomland, is about a half mile long, and is some three miles south of the fort. On modern maps this lake is more correctly shown as about four miles

long, extending southwestward nearly parallel with the river, having a width from one third to two thirds of a mile; and it is now named "Long Lake," and again "Long Meadow," because it is mostly drained away in the dryest seasons. Doubtless in old times it was a great resort for many kinds of waterfowl.

Plympton served through the Mexican War as lieutenant colonel of the Seventh Infantry; was promoted in 1853 to be colonel of the First Infantry; and died June 5, 1860. The Plympton Genealogy, published in 1884, contains a good biographic sketch of him, and states that he married March 15, 1824, Eliza Matilda Livingston, who was born February 14, 1801, and died June 20, 1873. Mrs. Plympton "was considered a belle in her day, and was remarkable for her vivacity, energy, and cheerfulness. She was a person of much firmness of character, blended with one of the most gentle and affectionate dispositions." It remains therefore uncertain whence the name Lake Adeline was derived, unless it was given in accordance with a request of Mrs. Plympton and in honor of some friend.

This paper must also refer to the Tully children, John and Andrew, respectively eight and five years old, who were rescued from the Sioux in 1823, their parents having been killed on the way from the Selkirk colony, John being adopted by Colonel Snelling, and Andrew by Major Clark.

Nor may we omit the romantic wedding journey of Lieutenant St. Clair Denny and his bride, as narrated by Mrs. Van Cleve. "A memorable event in his life was his marriage with Miss Caroline Hamilton [daughter of Major Thomas Hamilton], a beautiful girl of fifteen, as full of fun and lady-like mirth as he was of dignity and reserve. I can barely remember their going in sleighs on the ice to Prairie du Chien, accompanied by Lieutenant Hunter and one of the ladies, to be married, that being the nearest point where the ceremony could be performed, for we had neither Chaplain nor Justice of the Peace at the new fort." This was probably in the winter of 1822-23, when the writer was three and a half years old. Taliaferro, the Indian agent, who at other times officiated at marriages, spent that winter at the east, returning in May on the steamboat *Virginia*. As shown in Egle's Pennsylvania Genealogies, this Denny was the third son of Captain Ebenezer Denny, of the Fourth Pennsylvania Regiment in the Revolution, who later was a commissary in the War of 1812, and yet later was the first mayor of

Pittsburgh, Pa. Some of the descendants of this marriage became residents of the city of St. Paul.

Several other names on this map deserve brief mention. Lake Calhoun was named for John C. Calhoun, the eminent statesman who was Secretary of War from 1817 to 1825. Brown's Falls, now Minnehaha, was named in honor of Jacob Brown, Major General and commander in chief of the army from 1814 until his death, February 24, 1828; but the creek itself on the map, quite erroneous in its course, bears no name. A journey up this creek to Lake Minnetonka, which was made by Joseph R. Brown, with William J. Snelling, in May, 1822, when they were each only seventeen years old, could scarcely have caused the name of that subsequently prominent citizen of Minnesota to be so applied on a map drafted by an army officer.

Lakes Frazier and Marston, next southwestward of Lakes Ann and Amelia, probably commemorate soldiers of the garrison, who may have found these lakes favorite places for fishing. The second of these names was doubtless for "Major [Morrill] Marston, the wag of the party," as Mrs. Van Cleve wrote of him, in the first expedition of soldiers to this site in 1819.

Lake Snelling is delineated for our present Lake Como, but it is too large and about three miles too far west. "Green's Villa," on the east shore of Lake Calhoun, was probably a hunting lodge or shelter, provided by Lieutenant (and Adjutant) Platt Rogers Green; and "Camp Lebanon," shown on the map close to the site of the Town and Country Club of St. Paul, may have been another hunting lodge. The designation of "Carver's Cave" is erroneous, being applied to the present Fountain Cave. The Lake of the Isles is somewhat wrongly shown as to its shape and position, the number of its islands, and the outlet. "Pilot Hill" of the map seems more appropriate than its present name, Pilot Knob. The Minnesota river is called "St. Peter's River," which was its name as used by white men during a hundred and sixty years.

The date of the draft of the map seems to have been after the visit at the fort by the expedition of Major Long and his party in July, 1823, whose geodetic and astronomic observations probably supplied the latitude and longitude, which are marked with approximate accuracy on the edges of the map; but it has a relation to the coming of General Scott in the summer of 1824, on whose recommendation the name Fort

St. Anthony was superseded by Fort Snelling. Very probably the map was specially drawn shortly before Scott's visit, that it might be an aid for his excursions in the vicinity of the fort. The region east of the Mississippi river was designated as Michigan, and that on the west as Missouri.

Although the change of the name was proposed to the War Department by Scott in the report of his visit, it required the approval and definite order of that Department for official adoption, so that in the autumn Colonel Snelling headed a letter to Major Taliaferro, "Fort St. Anthony, Octr. 19th, 1824" (No. 50). The Army Register for January, 1825, listed Forts Crawford, Armstrong, and Snelling, as the three posts "on the upper Mississippi." In our scanty series of the Taliaferro Letters, the earliest bearing the new caption, "Fort Snelling," are Nos. 62 and 64, dated on August 19 and 26, 1826.

After the preceding paragraph was written, a letter has been received from Gen. Henry P. McCain, Adjutant General of the War Department, containing the following answers to my inquiries about the change of name.

"Nothing has been found of record to show the exact period within which General Scott was present at Fort Saint Anthony during the summer of 1824. It appears from the records, however, that General Scott left St. Louis, Missouri, on the tour of review and inspection which included the inspection of Fort Saint Anthony on May 13, 1824, and that he returned to St. Louis, from that tour, sometime prior to June 13, 1824.

"In his report of this tour of review and inspection, dated West Point, November, 1824, General Scott stated with reference to Fort Saint Anthony as follows:

FORT SAINT ANTHONY.

This work, of which the War Department is in possession of a plan, reflects the highest credit on Colonel Snelling, his officers and men. The defences, and for the most part the public store-houses, shops, quarters, &c., &c., being constructed of stone, the whole is likely to endure as long as the post shall remain a frontier one. The cost of erection, to the government, has only been the amount paid for tools and iron, and the *per diem* paid to soldiers employed as mechanics.

I wish to suggest to the general-in-chief, and through him to the War Department, the propriety of calling this work *Fort Snelling*, as a just compliment to the meritorious officer

under whom it has been erected. The present name is foreign to all our associations, and is, besides, geographically incorrect, as the work stands at the junction of the Mississippi and Saint Peter's rivers, eight miles below the great falls of the Mississippi, called after Saint Anthony. Some few years since the Secretary of War directed that the work at the Council Bluffs should be called Fort Atkinson in compliment to the valuable services of General Atkinson on the upper Missouri. The above proposition is made on the same principle.

"In accordance with General Scott's recommendations, it was directed in War Department General Orders No. 1, dated January 7, 1825, that the military post on the Mississippi at the mouth of the Saint Peter's, theretofore called Fort Saint Anthony, be thereafter designated and known as Fort Snelling."

Here, nearly a century ago, was planted a microcosm of civilized life, surrounded by the aboriginal tribes, near the boundary between the Dakota and Ojibway peoples. It was more than 200 miles from Prairie du Chien, the farthest outpost of white settlements along the Mississippi valley; and about 500 miles of travel divided it from the Selkirk colony in Canada. Through twenty years it thus stood alone, until the founding near by of the villages of St. Paul and St. Anthony, which in the next seventy-five years have grown into the great Twin Cities of Minnesota.

WARREN UPHAM

Archaeologist of the Minnesota Historical Society

ST. PAUL, MINN., September 27, 1915

THE ETHICS OF MAJOR ANDRÉ'S MISSION*

WE have to consider in a brief and informal way, the ethics of Major André's mission. Interesting as this subject may be, and tragic as was André's share in it, accuracy, nevertheless, compels the assertion that this title is a misnomer. Just as the celebrated chapter on snakes in Ireland, began, continued and ended in the one statement that there were no snakes in Ireland, so we might declare categorically that Major André's mission had no ethics. But this summary disposal of the subject, however logical in a certain point of view, would exclude one or two features related to the case, that may not be without momentary interest, and that at all events we shall try to set before you.

Premising that it is to-day almost impossible to add anything new to this celebrated case, that the evidence is all in, that the pleas have all been made, and that a verdict has been handed down without recourse to appeal, the ground for our immediate purpose may be cleared once for all by assuming, in the language of the bench, that the facts of the case are stated. We are thus spared the necessity of dwelling upon any of these, save in so far as they directly bear upon the ethical aspect, if any there be, of the matter in hand.

In popular belief Major André was hanged as a spy:† was he a spy? This question brings up at once the nature and circumstances of his mission, and, what is perhaps of greater importance, the reasons that called it into existence. In other words, and to pass directly to the subject, why was West Point the objective of this mission?

All students of the military history of the War of Independence must admit that Great Britain, during the early stages of that war, on more than one occasion neglected opportunities to end it by a decisive stroke. In making this statement we have not in mind the fact, for fact it is, that had our antagonist at any time chosen to put forth her strength, she could have terminated the war almost at will. What we do mean is, that even on the limited scale on which she saw fit to conduct her

*An Address delivered before the New York State Historical Association, October 6, 1915, in the Old Chapel at West Point.

†He is so denominated, for example, in the inscription on his monument at Tappan.

campaigns, she neglected or ignored opportunities to bring on a permanent decision in favor of her arms. Of these opportunities the most conspicuous single example is furnished by this very spot of West Point. Moreover, the opportunity presented here was not fleeting, but continuing; for years she had only to reach out and seize it.

When we say West Point to-day, we mean merely the salient pushed out from the encompassing hills, and turning the river eastward a short distance from its general southerly course. But during the Revolution the name meant a good deal more than this. In a military point of view the territory of the rebellious colonies was cut in two by the Hudson River. It is to be remarked that the two parts thus separated were, in respect of resources, of unequal importance and value to the American cause. The New England colonies had the greater and denser population, owned greater wealth, resources in general more valuable and more immediately available, than the same elements along the Atlantic from New York to Savannah. Could the richer colonies be isolated, cut off from the remainder of the country, could communication between the parts be made, if not impossible, at least costly and difficult, the most rudimentary plan of campaign would have suggested this isolation as fundamentally sound strategy, irrespective of the theatre of operations, as sound policy apart from any purely military considerations. It would be an error to suppose that this policy was special or peculiar to the American War; on the contrary it is general in respect of both time and place, of universal application wherever possible. What was peculiar and special to the American problem however, is that having in view the extent, relative position and conditions of the colonies at the time, Nature furnished a direct solution to the British authorities. For observe that the Canadian colonies had remained faithful to the Crown, that Lakes Champlain and George furnished a waterway from that other great artery, the St. Lawrence, to within a few miles of Albany, that the Hudson is navigable from Albany to New York, that New York was held by the British and that the Colonists had no navy. Bearing in mind that the initiative lay with the British, and taking into account their superior resources, the conditions of the problem could not have been more favorable to them, nor more unfavorable to the rebels. Obviously then, it was the duty of the British to seize the river, to establish armed posts on both banks, and in particular to fortify any point or points the possession of which by the Americans would have embarrassed or prevented their own use

of the stream. On the other hand it was still more obviously the duty of the Americans to prevent any such use of the stream. And as the occupation of the entire river was, for them, out of the question, the matter, for the American cause, narrowed itself to the selection if possible of a post which should successfully forbid the navigation of the river to the British. That post was West Point*. Here the river, with a swifter current, turns eastward in a narrower channel commanded by both banks. The swiftness of the current would check vessels coming from New York, the narrowness of the channel would simplify the closing of the river by obstacles. The configuration of the surrounding terrain is such that the river could be made secure against attack by suitably fortifying the hills commanding the approaches to the general position. If the Americans could hold West Point they would control the river as far as Albany, and thus preserve communication between the eastern and the other states. We must not for a moment imagine that the matter was as immediately clear to our forefathers as it is to us to-day. If the British, although realizing the military advantage of the river, nevertheless failed to secure it, so is it equally true, for reasons that we need not here recount, that the Americans were dangerously slow in securing this advantage for themselves. For although the Congress, as early as 1775, had taken steps looking toward the selection of a post and the erection of batteries on each side of the river, and although some progress had later been made, not at West Point itself, but in its neighborhood, yet it took the campaign of 1777 to bring the matter to a head. This campaign apparently ended disastrously for the British, in that St. Leger failed to join hands with Burgoyne, that Burgoyne himself was beaten on the plains of Saratoga, and that Clinton's expedition up the river from New York set out too late to give the support it was intended to give. In a letter to Putnam, written before the campaign opened, Washington went straight to the core of the matter: "I am persuaded that if General Howe is going up the river he will make a rapid and vigorous push to gain the Highland passes."† This is pre-

*For a full account of West Point during the Revolution, consult "West Point in the Revolution," by the late Captain H. M. Reeve, General Staff, U. S. A., in Volume I, "The Centennial of the United States Military Academy at West Point, New York," Washington, Government Printing Office, 1904.

†Quoted by Reeve, and to be found in Sparks, "The Writings of George Washington," Boston, 1834, Vol. IV, p. 425. An extract is given in Ford, "The Writings of George Washington," New York, 1890, Vol. V, p. 459. See also Washington's letter to Governor Trumbull, July 2, 1777, Ford, Vol. V, p. 459.

cisely what Clinton did do. Meeting with practically no opposition, the river expedition was completely successful; it destroyed property and stores of great value, forced the Americans to burn a few war ships to prevent their falling into British hands, captured Forts Montgomery and Clinton, occupied Constitution Island, destroyed the fortifications on the east bank, began to rebuild Fort Clinton, and sent a column as far north as Kingston. West Point proper was at this time neither fortified nor garrisoned. Had the British, after gaining the passes, held and fortified the position, Burgoyne's defeat would have been of little consequence, could indeed have been atoned for by the despatch later of a stronger army, better led. As it was, this defeat had a result almost impossible to overestimate; for when Clinton heard of it, he returned to New York: he had failed to realize that the campaign, in spite of the defeat of Saratoga, had in its essential and vital relations been a complete success, and that for a time he had held the ultimate victory of the British arms wholly within his grasp. If he was blind to the advantage he might have secured, Washington, for his part, was wide awake to the danger from which the colonies had so narrowly escaped. In a letter (Dec. 2, 1777) to General Putnam, he urged him to turn his most serious and active attention to this "infinitely important object,"* to wit: the fortification of the passes of the Highlands.

Upon the history of these fortifications we shall not dwell. It suffices to say that the work progressed, the river was closed by the famous chain, the surrounding heights were crowned by redoubts and batteries, outlying places defensively organized, mountain passes and the approaches guarded, until in 1780 West Point with its dependencies had become a fortified position whose influence as such reached over both banks of the river from Stony Point on the south to Fishkill on the north.

It had become more than a fortified position—it was now the very citadel of American independence. Without West Point our independence had been impossible: had West Point fallen to the British our cause would have collapsed. It is freely admitted that these assertions are open to challenge. For example in Senator Lodge's belief,† "The success of Arnold's treason would not have prevented the ultimate separation of the English Colonies from the parent state, but it might

*Reeve, op. cit., p. 151. See the letter in Ford, Vol. 6, p. 231.

†Introduction to Major André's *Journal*, p. 5, Bibliophile Society, Boston, 1903.

easily have prolonged the war very greatly and caused independence to be won by the Americans on far worse and far different terms, both politically and territorially, from those actually obtained by the United States." Over against the learned Senator let us set the experienced soldier, Von Steuben, writing at the time (July 27, 1779) and from West Point itself: "I am positive that operations are directed exclusively to getting possession of this post and the river as far as Albany. If this is not their plan, they have not got one which is worth the expense of the campaign. On their success depends the fate of America. The consequence is, therefore, that there is nothing of greater importance to us than to avert this blow* * * * * Let us defend the North River and hold West Point and the end of our campaign will be glorious."*

At any rate, the position by 1779 had become so strong that it could now well defy any attempt of the British to repeat their achievement of 1777. The British at least thought so, for Clinton himself said of it in this year (Sept. 9, 1779) that "without a fleet and a very superior army it is not attackable, and for other motives, I should never form an idea of attacking it."†

There is more in these words than a mere opinion of the strength of the place. The "other motives" that Clinton had for not attacking, unquestionably rested on his belief that he had only to wait in order to receive the prize, not impossibly without firing a shot or losing a man.

If this matter of West Point has been dwelt on so long it is simply because a clear and full appreciation of the value of this position to the American cause must be had before we can fully measure the gravity of the attempt now about to be made to deliver it into British hands by treason. For in August of 1780, Benedict Arnold, who had been in correspondence with the enemy for over two years, was, upon his personal request to Washington, assigned to the command of the place. He had asked for this command in order to turn the fortress over to the British, and he lost no time in setting about the damnable business. Into the details of this business, our subject does not require us to enter: what immediately concerns us is that the go-between, the agent of the

*Reeve, p. 167; see the entire paper in Kapp's Life of Steuben, p. 232, New York, 1859. See also Ford, Vol. 6, p. 231, Washington to Putnam, already quoted, and Washington to Hamilton, May 2, 1783, in Reeve, p. 137.

†In a letter to General Haldiman in Canada. (Reeve, p. 168.)

principals in the case, was Major John André, Adjutant General to his Majesty's forces in America. He was not Clinton's first choice for the work; but this choice failing, the work would almost naturally fall to him as Adjutant General. Moreover he had himself in the past conducted much, if not all, of the British correspondence with Arnold. The facts essential to our purpose are soon told. Instructed by Clinton not to enter the American lines, not to receive any papers, and not to quit his uniform, he violated every one of these orders,* and being taken in plain clothes outside of his own lines, was sent by Washington before a board of general officers, found guilty, and two days later hanged.

Of what was he guilty? Of espionage merely, or of some greater offense? What law or laws of war did he break? For although according to the ancient maxim, in war the laws are silent, punishment must nevertheless take on at least the color, the form, of legality. Particularly is this true if the punishment be death; if in any given case this punishment shall not be obnoxious to the charge of murder, it must rest on reasons sufficiently sound to satisfy the inquiring conscience of humanity. Furthermore any single event of the class under consideration must be judged not merely in the light thrown on it by other similar events, already adjudicated, but by its own relation to the entire chain of events, of which it forms for the time being a solitary element. We may remark in passing, however, that the case in hand is unusual; no precise parallel comes to our help by making comparison useful. And lastly, before reaching a conclusion we are exposed to a peculiar risk: we find our powers of impartial judgment impaired by our sensibilities, our reason traversed by regret. No man, however hard of heart, can read the account of André's last days, wholly unrelated as these are to the offense for which he suffered, without feeling some emotion stir within him, without wishing that escape had been possible for so gallant and handsome a soldier, the darling of beautiful women, the friend of strong men, accomplished in the arts alike of war and of peace. A sense of justice unquestionably compels us to substitute principle for feeling, but it is undeniable that an effort of the will is necessary before the substitution becomes possible.

In order to form an estimate of André's guilt, if he was guilty, we must carefully distinguish between the mission itself and the steps that

*Two of these unintentionally perhaps.

André took to escape the consequence of its failure. This distinction rests on the compulsion to admit and accept as legitimate in war, certain courses or procedures that in time of peace would have no standing in court; and this compulsion in its turn is begot of the fact that as in war, the national existence is at stake, so the national conscience will easily accept as morally right any course intended to safeguard that existence. It is not even necessary to adduce so cogent a reason in justification: the success of the cause is sufficient. Under war conditions an entirely different code of ethics comes into existence. Obviously this doctrine may be driven to frightful extremes by an unscrupulous adversary. But this apart, and to repeat, certain courses are accepted as morally justifiable in warfare, with the clear understanding of all concerned, that the actors if caught can expect no mercy. To put the matter in another way, a Commanding Officer has as much right to accept treasonable overtures from the enemy as to order an assault upon his trenches; in either case he must accept all the consequences of his action. Black, therefore, as was Arnold's treason, it was nevertheless the duty of the British commander, if he could, to profit by it. A General must look to the advantage of his own side; engaged in a conflict with the enemy, if the enemy choose to turn traitor, the beneficiary must not stop to consider the morality of the act, despise it though he may.

If any doubt exist under this head, let us suppose that Clinton had offered traitorously to turn over New York to Washington. We can easily imagine the opinion Washington would form of him, but can we for a moment believe that Washington would have refused the gift? And if Alexander Hamilton had been designated to conduct the negotiations, would it ever occur to us to question the propriety of his taking over the duty?

Under this view, then, of a Commanding General's responsibility, it was perfectly legitimate for Clinton to have relations with Arnold, perfectly legitimate to send an officer to confer with him. But even if the contrary were the truth, a way might be found to exclude André from any general condemnation we might pass, because he would have been simply obeying the orders of his superior in circumstances under which these orders might have been, from the point of interior administration, entirely legal. One incident of the mission, however, is open to censure. Ruses and stratagems of war are regarded as permissible

only if they are free from treachery or perfidy.* When therefore, General Clinton sent André in the *Vulture* up the river under a flag of truce, he violated the laws of war: he had no right to hoist this flag in order to facilitate negotiations of a treasonable character. André was, however, probably not responsible for this abuse, although he had himself, earlier in the month, proposed to an American outpost a conference under a flag, involving a breach fully as grave, evidence of which was laid before the commission that tried him. Here again we may, if we choose, hold him acquit; as a staff officer, he may have been ordered to use the flag. In estimating the moral situation so far, then, we may assume that André stands absolved, which is not to be held to mean that if his connection with Arnold's treason had been limited as just indicated, he would have escaped punishment, if taken prisoner. When however we come to his capture in plain clothes, outside† of our own lines to be sure, but evidently proceeding from them, and carrying treasonable papers, fresh elements are introduced, calling for consideration not only on their own account but also because of their relation to the whole issue. On a first approximation, these elements, regarded alone, make decision both easy and difficult; easy if we stick to the letter of the law; difficult if we yield to our sympathy, colored as it must be by the fact that André never intended to play the spy, and that if he had not quitted his uniform, it might have been difficult to hold him as one. In order to pass upon this phase of the matter, let us give a moment or two to this business of espionage. The open acquisition of information by combatants in uniform is a recognized branch of warfare;‡ as the act is open, so is the remedy. When however secret methods are employed, other processes and remedies come into play. Chief among these secret methods stands espionage, old as the history of man. Moses himself, that servant of the Lord, never hesitated to use spies whenever he thought it useful. The fact is that spying has always been regarded as a legitimate government operation,§ chiefly perhaps, because the party of the second part is unable to prevent it. At any rate all governments in

*Rules of Land Warfare, War Department, 1914, p. 60; Edmonds and Oppenheim, Land Warfare, London, p. 37.

†General Washington says (Sparks, Vol. VII. p. 535) "within our lines."

‡Hague Rules, Chapter II., Art. 29; Edmonds and Oppenheim, op. cit., p. 40. The Hague Rules, it may be remarked, simply formulate, wherever possible, the recognized practice of past ages.

§Rules of Land Warfare. War Department, 1914, p. 63; Edmonds and Oppenheim op. cit., pp. 37, 40.

all ages have employed spies, and still employ them. Indeed it is doubtful if at any other stage of the world's history they have been so active as during the twentieth century. Spies are either paid or voluntary: the spring of action is either money or devotion to a cause, or even the excitement, the risk, of the enterprise. Paid spying forms a regular trade or profession, the members of which are constantly at work whether in peace or war. These sometimes serve both sides, a fact that has called into existence the profession of counter-spying. It is needless to remark that spies are regarded in general with contempt, frequently by their own employers, and this no matter how useful their work may be. The case is different of the spy from devotion: if successful he is a hero; if caught and hanged, a martyr. Our own Hale is a case in point. In one respect all spies are alike: if detected in time of peace, they are left to their own fate, and sometimes even, flatly disavowed by their employers; if detected and taken in war, almost without exception put to death. The fact that espionage is lawful does not prevent the punishment of those practising it: it falls within the category of those things in war whose legitimacy would be, and is, contested by none, whose punishment by death would be, and is inflicted by all. Military spies form a special class, whose object is solely to get information of the enemy. According to the Hague Rules* "a person can be considered to be a spy only when clandestinely or under false pretenses, he obtains or seeks to obtain information in the zone of operations of a belligerent for the purpose of communicating it to the other side." In other words, the condition that determines the offense is dissimulation:† there must be a violation of good faith. Hence, a soldier, although wearing his uniform may yet be a spy; although in plain clothes, may not be one. At the same time the character of the dress is generally accepted as *prima facie* evidence of the offense;‡ theoretically, in one case the burden of proof may be considered to rest upon the captor, in the other upon the captive. If a spy is caught outside the lines, it must appear that he has been within them. As may be easily imagined, in dealing with a case of espionage, real or supposed, fine points of law or of evidence are readily brushed aside.

It is clear from the foregoing exposition that André was neither in intention or purpose a spy, but it is also clear that technically, at least,

*Chapter II., Art. 29.
†Edmonds and Oppenheim, op. cit., pp. 41, 96.
‡Rules of Land Warfare, War Department, p. 63.

he falls under the condemnation of the definition.* On this ground alone then, so far as the justice of his sentence is concerned, we may safely take refuge in the law. So grave however, was the issue involved, that we are not shut up to a decision on so narrow a foundation. Thus the desirability of a deterrent example may well have suggested itself to the Board of Officers. No one could tell as yet how widespread was Arnold's conspiracy, or say that the British would not renew their attempts. If Arnold had any accomplices, it was the part of wisdom to discourage them: if the British had any further ambition, to convince their agents how exceedingly dangerous the venture might prove. These considerations, however, evidently do not touch André's character, nor do they affect the issue. We instinctively feel that their inclusion still leaves the case morally incomplete, involving as this does much more than the determination of a mere matter of espionage. Therefore, whatever may be the support derived from the technicalities of the case, however great may have been the need of making an example, we must conceive that the Board took higher ground, that it saw in André's mission an attempt upon the very life and dignity of the nation, and that consequently its duty to its own cause left it free to impose no lesser penalty for an attempt to compass by treason what the force of arms could not achieve, and this even though the treason was Arnold's, even though André had not been a spy, even though the business on which he was engaged were, in his point of view, admittedly lawful.† To urge, as André did, that he had been betrayed into the position of a vile impostor, could have no weight in comparison with the fact that his purpose was to bring on by secret means a disaster far more dreadful than any he, as a mere spy, could possibly have caused.

Whether André was a spy or not, whether technicalities were for him or against him, or passing to the limit, had all the affections of the case been technically regular or formally correct, it was of the first necessity to impress not only upon the British but upon the Americans themselves, nay upon the whole world, before which we were then on trial, our unalterable resolution to be a free and independent people.

*The Board before which he was tried reported that he "ought to be considered as a spy from the enemy." Sparks, Vol. VII, p. 539, Boston, 1835.

†Espionage apart, we might technically regard André as guilty of "war treason," and define his offense as "conspiracy against the armed forces."

It was this perhaps that Hamilton had in mind when he said,* "Everything that is amiable in virtue, in fortitude, in delicate sentiment and accomplished manners, pleads for him: but hard hearted policy" [mark the word!] "calls for"—what? an example? fitting punishment? No: neither of these, nor anything else like them: "hard hearted policy calls for a sacrifice." These words of Hamilton are significant in more ways than one: for the purpose in hand let it be remarked that they connote no reflection on André personally.

One condition more in illustration of the military morality of the mission, and we have done. If André had succeeded in reaching his own lines in safety, and had afterward been captured, no action would have lain against him; he would have been merely a prisoner of war.† Moral anticlimax as it may seem to be, he had the misfortune to be taken in a transaction, the punishment of which is the extreme penalty of the law. Upon his character, no stain rests. In the words of Alexander Hamilton "never perhaps did any man suffer death with more justice, or deserve it less." ‡

C. DE W. WILCOX,
WEST POINT *Colonel, U. S. Army, Professor, U. S. M. A.*

*Works of Alexander Hamilton, Lodge's Edition, New York, Vol. IV. p. 208; Washington, in a letter to Rochambeau (Ford, Vol. 8, p. 473) dated October 10, 1780, uses the same words *policy* and *sacrifice*, in connection with André's sentence. In the introductory matter of André's Journal (Boston, 1903) Hamilton's words are ascribed to Washington.

†Hague Rules, Chapter II, Art. 31; See Rules of Land Warfare, p. 65; Edmonds and Oppenheim, op. cit., p. 62.

‡Hamilton to Laurens, "The Official and Other Papers of the Late Major General Alexander Hamilton," p. 465, vol. I; New York, 1842.

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WITH

NOTES AND QUERIES

Americanus sum: Americani nihil a me alienum puto

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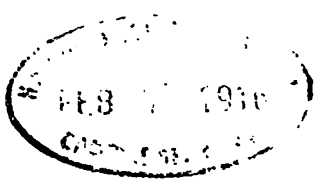

THE MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

WITH NOTES AND QUERIES

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THE UNIFORMS OF THE AMERICAN ARMY

Now that the question of "preparedness" is of so great interest and we are likely to have a great increase in both Army and Navy, an account of the uniforms which at different times have been worn by our Army, will be timely. We therefore reprint from our predecessor, the *Magazine of American History*, Vols. 1, 2, 14, 16 as follows:

SEVERAL years since I had occasion to assist Major Francis Duncan, of Her Britannic Majesty's Royal Regiment of Artillery, in preparing his history of that distinguished Corps. Subsequently I undertook to write for the Institute of Officers, at the United States Military Academy, a sketch of the regular American Artillery, in which I had served for several years as an officer. Incidentally, during these researches, I made notes as to "uniforms," and, in response to a request from the N. Y. Historical Society, read to them in November last a paper on the "Uniforms of the American Army," upon which little had been written.

In 1859, the Hon. Charles H. Warren read a short paper before the Massachusetts Historical Society on the origin of the historic "blue and buff" uniform of the Revolutionary Army, in which he said, "many inquiries have been made, with very partial success, as to the time when it was first adopted as a military dress." (Mass. Hist. Proc., 1859, p. 149.) He also remarked that it did not appear this dress had ever been worn by any portion of the British Army, but in this he was mistaken. We know that during the Colonial wars the thirteen British North American provinces raised a large number of volunteer regiments, which were employed against the public enemy.

In 1755, Massachusetts alone had raised 8,000 soldiers, about one-fifth of her able-bodied population. (Patton's History U. S., p. 243.) Baron Dieskau's defeat in that year (September 8, 1755) was wholly due to the Provincials. (IV Bancroft, p. 211.) In the campaign of 1758 Massachusetts raised 6,800 men. Of these, 2,500 served in garri-

son at Louisburg, and 300 joined Wolfe before Quebec. There were fourteen Provincial regiments, under Maj. Gen. Abercrombie, at Lake George and at Ticonderoga in 1758; the Provincials lost 422 killed, wounded and missing. (6 and 8 July, 1758; *vide*. Jour. Prov. Officer, vol. x Hist. Mag. n. s., p. 113.) In 1759, Massachusetts, says Mr. Bancroft, "sent into the field, to the frontiers and to garrisons, more than 7,000 men, or nearly one-sixth of all who were able to bear arms. Connecticut, which distinguished itself by disproportionate exertions, raised, as in the previous year, 5,000 men. New Jersey, in which the fencible men in time of peace would have been about 15,000, had already lost 1,000 men, and yet voted to raise 1,000 more." General Prideaux's command in taking Fort Niagara consisted of two New York regiments, besides a detachment of royal artillery, and other regulars; and Lord Amherst's command at Ticonderoga had 5,743 regulars and an equal number of Provincials (Bancroft, vol. iv, pp. 319, 321, 323).

As to the origin of "Buff and Blue" there is no doubt Leslie* brought the buff and blue, or yellow and blue, uniform from the army of Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, the Protector of the Protestants of his time, and they became the Whig colors. In the *Legend of Montrose* Major Dugald Dalgetty says: "The Irish are pretty fellows, very pretty fellows; I desire to see none better in the field. I once saw a brigade of Irish, at the taking of Frankfort on the Oder, stand to it with sword and pike until they beat off the blue and yellow Swedish brigades, esteemed as stout as any that fought under the immortal Gustavus."

He caused the different brigades to be distinguished by colors, and those Dalgetty means were composed of Scots.† Scott also mentions that Leslie's matchlock men, who wore *buff* (leather) coats, had *blue* shoulder belts. (General Schuyler Hamilton, *Magazine of American History*, July, 1877.)

The Peale portrait of Washington shows him in a blue coat with buff facing, buff waistcoat and breeches, perhaps the uniform of a Colonel in the Virginia militia.‡

*General Leslie of the Waverley Novels.

†Colonel Monro, author of the first and second "Expeditions" of Gustavus Adolphus, was a Scotch officer in the Swedish service, and was the original of Scott's character of Dugald Dalgetty.

He was an ancestor of the present British General Sir Charles Monro, of the Dardanelles force.

‡The use of these colors, however, was not original with Washington. The buff and blue uniform had a political significance dating back to the invasion of Ireland in 1689 by William of Orange, as the Stuart adherents styled him, but who stands in the roll of English sovereigns as William III. At the battle of the Boyne in 1690, William wore a uniform of buff faced with blue. Since the king had been called to the throne as the representative of constitutional liberty, these colors became the insignia of his supporters, the English Whigs, and it followed naturally that in course of time the American Whigs should adopt the same for a military uniform. In England the friends of the cause of the colonies continued to wear the same colors

The inquiry suggests itself, how were all these Provincial troops uniformed? Many of them, it is believed, were in plain clothes. Others we know, wore the red coats of the British Army, furnished by the British Government, and in this garb some, if not all the Massachusetts troops, were clothed; particularly those at Louisburg. (Preble's Hist. *Flag U. S.*, p. 132.) Still others were in Provincial uniforms, selected by the Provincial authorities, the prevailing color being blue, except where the troops acted as riflemen or rangers. Thus in the campaign of 1755 the New Jersey regiment of infantry, under Colonel Peter Schuyler, which formed part of Brigadier-General William Shirley's command in the operations against Fort Niagara, was denominated "the Jersey Blues." (Mante's *Hist. Late War in America*, pp. 29, 30.) We find also the following chronicle made as to the New Jersey troops: "New York City, 15 May, 1758. The New Jersey forces of between eleven and twelve hundred of the likeliest, well set men for the purpose, passed this place for Albany. They were under Col. Johnson, their uniform blue, faced with red, grey stockings and buckskin breeches." (Dunlap's *Hist. N. Y.*, App. W., vol. ii, p. lxvi.) From this undoubtedly came the expression "Jersey blues." The uniform of the Virginia regiment of foot, commanded by Colonel George Washington, in the wars 1756-63, was blue and buff, and this was also the uniform of the first armed associators at Alexandria, of which he acted as Colonel ex-officio, in 1775. (J. F. D. Smyth's *Tour in America*, ed. 1784; 3d Sparks' *Writings of Washington*, p. 4.)

In New York we have still earlier record of the "blue uniform." Thus the New York militia artillery company of 1738, commanded by Captain John Waldron, and aggregating 85 officers and men, was called the "blue artillery company." (4 vol. *Doc. Hist. N. Y.*, p. 138.) In 1724, according to Dr. O'Callaghan, a New York City trooper's coat was scarlet, trimmed with silver lace, but by Act of 3d October, 1739, the color of the coat was changed to blue, and in 1744, and subsequently, the coats and breeches were blue, with gilt or brass buttons, scarlet waistcoats and hats, laced with silver or gold lace. (3d vol. *Hist. Mag.* n. s., p. 176.) In 1772-3, the uniforms of the battalion of

during the Revolutionary War. Winston Churchill in "Richard Carvel" describes Charles Fox wearing a blue coat and buff breeches as a sign of his American sympathies, and relates how by espousing our cause the statesman became greater than the king. For by his act Fox gained the hearts of the English people and the allegiance of the colonies, which George III. never did.—M. C. FOSTER, in *The Patriot*, 191—

independent foot companies of militia, under Colonel John Lasher, in New York City, were as follows (viii vol. *Doc. Relating to Col. Hist. N. Y.*, p. 601): "Grenadier Co.—Uniform: blue, with red facings. Fusileers—blue, with red facings, bearskin caps. A brass plate on their caps, with the words, "Fusileers" and "*salus populi suprema lex.*" *The German Fusileers*, under Captain Sebastian Bauman, who subsequently commanded the battalion of artillery retained in service at the close of the Revolution, had a blue uniform, with red facings, silver lace, bearskin caps, and white plates, with the words, "German Fusileers." "*The Union*" was another company whose uniform was blue, with red facings, as also the "Light Infantry Company" and "Oswego Rangers" —the latter having small round hats, with brass plate against the crown inscribed with the words, "Oswego Rangers." All had white underclothes,* black half-gaiters and black garters. In addition to these, were the "Bold Foresters," whose uniform was a short green coat, small round hat, looped up at the side, and the word "Freedom" on a brass plate in front. The "Sportsman's Company," "Corsicans" and "Rangers" also had green coats with crimson or buff facings. Colonel Lasher's Battalion, as the "1st New York regiment of militia," fought gallantly at the battle of Long Island, 27th August, 1776. The 1st Company New York Militia Artillery had in 1772 (December 5) a uniform, which subsequently became the uniform of the regular American Artillery, viz.: "Dark blue, with red facings and red linings, white underclothes, black half-gaiters and garters."

Other provinces also had military organizations. Thus in Boston, Mass., were the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Co. of 1638, the "Governor's Corps of Cadets" of 1741, of which John Hancock was at one time the Colonel; the "Boston Train of Artillery," or Paddock's Artillery Company of 1763, whence subsequently came Colonels John Crane, Ebenezer Stevens, Henry Burbeck, and many other skillful artillery officers, and the "Boston Grenadier Company" of 1772, of which Maj.-Gen. Henry Knox was the Lieutenant. Rhode Island had its "Newport Artillery Company" of 1741, and its "United Train of Artillery" of 1774. Connecticut had its "First Company of Governor's Foot Guards" of 1771, uniformed in scarlet coats, turned up with black, buff cassimere waistcoats and breeches, and bearskin hats, and the "Second Company Governor's Foot Guards" of 1774, uniformed in

*Waistcoat and breeches.

scarlet coats, with buff lappels, cuffs and collars, plain silver-washed buttons, white vests, breeches and stockings, black half-leggings and ruffled shirts. In Pennsylvania was the "First Troop Philadelphia City Cavalry or Light Horse" of 1774 (still in existence), which participated in the battles of Trenton and Princeton, and wore dark brown short coats, faced and lined with white, white vests and breeches, high top boots, round black hats, bound with silver cord and a buck's tail; housings brown edged with white, and the letters L. H. worked on them; white belts, sword and carbine. (*vide*. Hist. Mass. Soc. Cincinnati. xiv vol. Army and Navy Jour. pp. 284, 316, 332, 348, 364, 380.) On 20 June, 1775, Washington reviewed in Philadelphia the three battalions of that city, together with the Artillery Company and City Troop. The Light Infantry Company of the first battalion, Colonel John Dickinson, is reported to have been uniformed in light blue and buff. (Potter's *Amer. Monthly Mag.*, vol. vi, p. 32.)

Eventually, after the Revolutionary war had progressed for several years, *blue* became the prescribed color for the coats of the American Army. That it became the distinctive color of the American Army was undoubtedly due to the fact that it had always been the insignia of the Whigs, the Covenanters having adopted that color from the history of the ancient Israelites, who were enjoined to put upon the fringe of their garments a ribbon of blue. (Numbers xv, v. 8. 2d Laing, p. 105. Highmore's *Hist. London Artillery Company*, p. 108.)

According to Lord Macaulay, the appellation "Whig" is of Scotch origin, and was fastened on the Presbyterian zealots of Scotland, and transferred to those English politicians who showed a disposition to oppose the Court and treat Protestant non-conformists with indulgence. (I Macaulay's Hist. Eng., p. 202.) During the English Civil War, the field of the "Long Parliament" flag was blue. Under the "Protectorate," says Commodore Preble, "we find a blue flag in use, bearing in the field the two shields of England and Ireland." Early in the Revolutionary War a flag, nearly resembling the "Long Parliament" flag, appears to have been used. In the battle of Long Island, however, the flag captured by the Hessian regiment Rall was of red damask, with the word "Liberty" upon it. This may have been a regimental color. (Hessian Narrative, ii vol. L. I. *Hist. Soc. Mem.*, p. 437.) During the English Civil War the colors or flags were principally red for the Royalists, orange for the Parliamentarians, and blue for

the Scotch. (Com. George H. Preble's *Hist. U. S. Flag*, pp. 118-133.) Orange or buff was also a Holland or Netherland insignia, and also dark blue. The Third regiment of Foot in the British Army, commonly termed the "Buffs," or Holland Regiment, was raised in 1572 for service in that country, and had a red coat, with buff facings, buff waistcoats, buff breeches, and buff-colored stockings. The particular shade of dark blue prescribed as the "Regulation" color for the coats of the American Army, had, towards the close of the last century, the distinctive appellation of "Dutch blue," as appears from a number of bills in my possession, rendered to regular artillery officers by fashionable Philadelphia tailors of the period. The regiment of Royal Horse Guards or "blues," raised by Charles II., wore a blue uniform with red facings, yellow bindings on their hats and buff belts. (Capt. Packe's *Hist. Royal Horse Guards*, pp. 32-37. Royal Warrant, 26 January, 1661.)

When King William III.'s Master General of the Ordnance, the Duke de Schomberg, was about to set sail from Chester for Ireland to meet the Irish forces of King James II., he issued a warrant in 1689, prescribing that the Royal Regiment of Artillery should have "blue coats, lined with orange, and brass buttons, and that their hats should be bound with the same color. Also that the drivers or carters in the regiment should wear grey coats, faced with orange." (I Duncan's *Hist. Royal Artillery*, p. 59.) Blue and buff, therefore, being the insignia of the Whigs in Great Britain, and typical of the British struggles for constitutional liberty, naturally became the colors of the Whig party in America. (Albemarle's *Memoirs of Rockingham*, ii, 276.)

It is not to be supposed, however, that these became at once the prevailing or principal colors in the American service. On the contrary, we know, either from the narrations of our ancestors, who were there, or from contemporary report, that at the affairs of Lexington and Concord the Provincials were without uniform. As to "Bunker Hill," Maj. General Henry Dearborn, subsequently Secretary of War, and General-in-Chief, who commanded the right company in Colonel John Stark's New Hampshire regiment, as captain, has said that, "Not an officer or soldier of the Continental troops *engaged* was in uniform, but were in the plain and ordinary dress of citizens." (VIII *Hist. Mag.*, p. 272.)

No statute or regulation can be found in Virginia, or New Jersey, or Massachusetts, prescribing the dress of their troops. (Mr. Warren in *Mass. Hist. Soc. Proc.*, 1859, p. 150; Adjt. Gen. Stryker, N. J., 31 October, 1876.) The enlisted men of the 1st Virginia Regiment of Infantry were, however, in the year 1775 uniformed at their own expense in hunting shirts, leggings, and with bindings on their hats. (Lt. Col. Christian to Va. Convention, 19 December, 1775, *IV Amer. Arch., 4th series*, p. 92.) The 5th Regiment South Carolina Riflemen was similarly uniformed. (S. C. Prov. Cong., 22 February, 1776.)

On this subject, a curious fact was related, before the Massachusetts Historical Society, by Mr. Charles Francis Adams, relative to Washington when a delegate to the 2d Continental Congress, which organized in Philadelphia, 10th May, 1775. Immediately after that body met, the official accounts of the affairs of Lexington and Concord were laid before it (Mass. Hist. Soc. Proc., June, 1858, p. 70): "The next thing we know of Washington," said Mr. Adams, "is that he is attending the meetings, dressed in a military uniform, and giving useful advice on all military questions. This fact, which only comes down to us incidentally through an allusion to it in a letter of John Adams to his wife, had ever struck the speaker (Mr. C. F. Adams) with great force, as developing the state of feeling of Washington at this period; for, it should be remembered, that he was not at the time acting in any military capacity; neither does it appear what was the uniform he wore—probably that of a Colonel of Virginia Militia. Certainly, the attendance of any member of a deliberative body, dressed in uniform, would be regarded as startling at this day. Mr. Adams said he had always construed this as Washington's way of announcing that his mind was made up, and that he was ready to take his place in the ranks in any capacity to which his country should call him." A few days later he was elected General and Commander-in-chief of the American Army, and arrived at Cambridge 2d July, 1775.

Dr. Thacher, in his Military Journal for the 20th of that month, says that Washington's dress was a blue coat, with buff-colored facings, buff underdress, &c. Twelve days after his arrival at Headquarters, Cambridge, he issued the following order on the subject of uniforms: "To prevent mistakes, the General officers and their aides-de-camp will be distinguished in the following manner: The Commander-in-Chief by a light blue ribband, worn across his breast, between his coat

and waistcoat. The Majors and Brigadiers General, by a pink ribband, worn in like manner. The aides-de-camp, by a green ribband." (General Orders Hdqrs., Cambridge, 14th July, 1775.) A few days later, this General Order was followed by another, which was as follows: "As the Continental Army have unfortunately no uniforms, and consequently many inconveniences must arise from not being able always to distinguish the commissioned officers from the non-commissioned, and the non-commissioned from the private, it is desired that some badges of distinction may be immediately provided; for instance, that the field officers may have red or pink colored cockades in their hats; the captains, yellow or buff, and the subalterns, green. They are to furnish themselves accordingly. The sergeants may be distinguished by an epaulette or stripe of red cloth sewed upon their right shoulder; the corporals by one of green." * * * (General Orders Hdqrs., Cambridge, 23 July, 1775.) On the next day he issued an additional General Order, as follows; "It being thought proper to distinguish the Majors from the Brigadiers General by some particular mark, for the future the Majors General will wear a broad *purple* ribband." (General Orders Hdqrs., Cambridge, 24 July, 1775.) He also urged the officers "to put themselves in proper uniform." (General Orders Hdqrs., Cambridge, 11 December, 1775, and 5 January, 1776.)

Two portraits of Washington represent him with this light blue riband, viz.: the one intended for the Stadtholder of Holland, and captured *en route* by Captain Keppel of the British Navy in 1780, and the other, which was painted for Louis XVI of France.

From these arose the statement, even very recently repeated, that Washington was a Marshal of France, because he commanded the French forces in this country under the Count de Rochambeau. To this it is sufficient to say; 1st, that a garter blue ribbon was *not* the badge of a Marshal of France; 2d, that Washington commanded the French according to the pre-arranged understanding; and 3d, because he held the commission of "General and Commander-in-Chief," while Rochambeau was only a Lieutenant-General. His Aides-de-Camp, certainly as early as the winter of 1777-8, wore the same blue and buff as their Chief. (*Correspondence* of Col. John Laurens, A.D.C., 9 February, 1778, p. 120.)

In November, 1755, Congress, after having obtained the views of the New England Governors and of Washington, resolved, 4th

November, that the clothing for the army be paid for by stoppages out of the men's pay; "that it be dyed brown, and the distinctions of regiments made in the facings." "Brown," therefore, for the time being, became the regulation color, and Washington ordered the Colonels upon the new establishment "to settle as soon as possible with the Quartermaster-General the uniform of their respective regiments, that the buttons may be properly marked, and the work finished without delay." (General Orders Hdqrs., Cambridge, 13 November, 1775; I. J. Greenwood, p. 32, VI Vol. *Potter's Amer. Monthly.*)

Connecticut in the following year undertook to uniform her regiments in brown, instead of the scarlet formerly worn by the troops of that province. (*I Amer. Arch., 5th series*, p. 455.) In June, 1775, the New York Provincial Congress (28 June) directed the State Commissary (Col. Peter T. Curtenius) to purchase for the four New York infantry regiments, then raising, sufficient cloth to make 712 short coats; for each, as follows: "1st. Coarse blue broadcloth with crimson cuffs and facings. 2d. Light brown coarse broadcloth with blue cuffs and facings. 3d. Grey coarse broadcloth with green cuffs and facings. 4th. Dark brown coarse broadcloth with scarlet cuffs and facings."

As New York raised other regiments, the Provincial Congress directed that the coats of each regiment be made with different facings, as in the British Army. (Res. 4 July, 1775; *II Vol. 4th series Amer. Arch.*, pp. 1329, 1334, 1338.) General Washington had been in New York, on his way to Cambridge, on 25 June, 1775, and undoubtedly then wore his uniform of blue and buff. In the Journals of the New York Committee of Safety for 16th July, 1775, appears a letter from Captain John Lamb, commanding the New York Artillery Company, Continental Army, in which he requests that their clothing may be "blue with buff cuffs and facings." The Committee accordingly ordered "that their clothing be blue, faced with buff." (*II Vol., 4th series, Amer. Arch.*, p. 1791.) This is the first instance of any "Revolutionary" troops being uniformed in the old Whig Royal Artillery uniform of William and Mary's reign. Captain Lamb's company did gallant service, and suffered severely, at Quebec, under Brigadier-General Montgomery.

We have now arrived at the year 1776. In the month of January (6th January, 1776) a second artillery company was ordered to be raised by the New York Provincial Congress, of which Alexander

Hamilton was subsequently appointed Captain. This company, with many vicissitudes of consolidation and incorporation, still exists as a foot battery [F] in the 4th U. S. Artillery, being the oldest living unit of organization in the regular army. In March (4th March, 1776), the New York Provincial Congress ordered it to be furnished with sufficient coarse blue cloth to make a coat for each man, the expense to be deducted from his pay. Whether the facings were red or buff, the record does not indicate, but it is quite probable they were red, as being the color heretofore of the Provincial Artillery companies. Alexander Hamilton was not appointed its captain until ten days later.

As other regiments were raising in New York than the first four, and as there was a great scarcity of the proper cloth to make the uniforms of, the State Commissary was directed by the New York Committee of Safety (26 March, 1776) to provide frocks of the most proper cloth he may be able to procure; and as a firm in Albany had just imported from Canada a sufficient quantity of woolen cloth, blue, grey and brown, to clothe two regiments, he was enabled (by the Albany Com., 11th April, 1776) to procure enough for that purpose. (*V Amer. Arch.*, 4 *series*, p. 857; *Res. N. Y. Prov. Cong.*, 24 June, 1776; *I Amer. Arch.*, 5 *series*, p. 203.) It is, therefore, evident that in the years 1775 and 1776 the regiments of the New York Line were respectively clothed in blue, brown or grey broadcloth.

At this time Colonel Anthony Wayne was in New York City, with three companies of his regiment, the 4th Pennsylvania, aggregating 234 men, the remainder being in Philadelphia. (Res. U. S. Cong., 20 February, 1776.) The fear that the British on evacuating Boston would proceed directly to New York had hastened their arrival. The Colonel's letter (of 26 April, 1776) to John Hancock, President of Congress, graphically depicts the condition of his men. Said he: "The three companies that are here were obliged to march without a single waistcoat, and but one shirt per man, and *most of them too small*, although made of the worst linen." Very possibly the efforts of the 200 Pennsylvanians to get into their solitary, but too small, shoddy shirts, gave rise to *some* of that profanity against which Washington soon had to issue such pointed General Orders. (G. O. Army Hdqrs., N. Y., 3d August, 1776; "New England troops did not formerly swear." *vide*. Brig. Orders—Parsons,—West Point, 30 July, 1779.)

In July, 1776, from his Headquarters in New York, Washington issued the following General Orders (G. O. Hdqrs., N. Y., 24 July, 1776):

The General, being sensible of the difficulty and expense of providing clothes, of almost every kind, for the troops, feels an unwillingness to recommend, much more to order, any kind of uniform; but as it is absolutely necessary that men should have clothes, and appear decent and tight, he earnestly encourages the use of hunting shirts with long breeches made of the same cloth, gaiter fashion about the legs, to all those yet unprovided. No dress can be had cheaper or more convenient, as the wearer may be cool in warm weather and warm in cool weather, by putting on underclothes, which will not change the outward dress, winter or summer; besides, it is a dress justly supposed to carry no small terror to the enemy, who think every such person a complete marksman."

This may be set down as the date of introduction of the modern trouser or pantaloon; because the troops from that time forth, with exceptional instances, wore the overall, which came down over the shoe, with a strap underneath, and buttoned at the ankle with four buttons. In a campaigning country like America, the British soon saw the advantage of this garment and adopted it for that service. They also imitated the Americans in the two rank formation instead of three—a tactical arrangement which subsequently became general. (*Tactics* by Lt. Col. Wm. Dalrymple, Queen's Royal Regiment, Ed. 1782, pp. 9-11.)

In the battles of Long Island and White Plains, and the affair of Harlem Heights, the Americans were almost wholly without uniforms, except the New York and Maryland troops, the Delaware regiment, and some of Pennsylvania—the officers being alone distinguished from their men by the colored cockades of their grades, and the riflemen by a white band on the arm. (General Orders, Harlem Heights, 8 October, 1776.) As the Hessian uniform was dark blue, with red facings, and as the Delaware regiment of Continental infantry, under Colonel John Haslet, was in the same uniform, a small British detachment was captured in the action of the 27th August, in consequence of mistaking the Delawares for the Hessians. (*II Vol. Memoirs Long Island Hist. Society*, p. 180; Captain Robert Johnson's [Recruiting Officer, 1 N. Y. Regt.] advertisements in Gaine's N. Y. *Gazette*, 26 September, 1776: "N. Y. soldiers in dark or light blue, grey or brown, faced with green;" John

Sullivan Martin's statement in *II Vol. L. I. Hist. Memoirs*, p. 509; Memoirs of Capt. Alex. Graydon, 5th Pa., p. 147; Capt. Sam'l Gilbert's [Col. Prescott's 7th Mass.] advertisement in *Continental Gazette*, 12 July, 1776; Capt. Andrew Peters, of Col. Jos. Read's 13th Foot, in *Continental Gazette*, 1 June, 1776; Capt. Benjamin Gates, in Col. Jonathan Holman's Mass. Infantry, *Continental Gazette*, 21 August, 1776; Capt. Jan. L. DeWitt's, of Colonel Johannes Hardenberg's N. Y. Regiment, at Greenwich, *Continental Gazette*, 24 July, 1776; Capt. Jas. Robison, of Col. Johannes Hardenberg's Regiment, at Greenwich, *Continental Gazette*, 21 August, 1776; IV Vol. Hist. Mag., p. 344: Mass. advertisement for supply of clothing.

Captain Graydon, in his *Memoirs*, has left us a sketch of the Connecticut Light Horse, who came to New York City for a tour of service in July, 1776. He says they consisted of a considerable number of old-fashioned men, probably farmers and heads of families, as they were generally middle-aged, and many of them apparently beyond the meridian of life. * * * Instead of carbines, they generally carried fowling-pieces, some of them very long, and such as in Pennsylvania are used for shooting ducks. Here and there one, "his youthful garments, well saved," appeared in a dingy regimental of scarlet, with a triangular, tarnished, laced hat (p. 155). The newspaper of the day said: "Some of these worthy soldiers assisted in their present uniforms at the first reduction of Louisburg, and their 'lank, lean cheeks, and war worn coats', are viewed with more veneration by their honest countrymen than if they were glittering Nabobs from India, or Bashaws with nine tails." (*N. Y. Packet*, 11 July, 1776.)

It appears that the State of Connecticut early in 1776 sent to Colonel Jedediah Huntington's regiment red coats which had been on hand and belonged to the Colony. Whether they were worn at the battle of Long Island, it is impossible to determine. The 1st, 2d and 3d New Jersey Continental regiments of infantry, respectively commanded by Lieut-Colonel William Winds, and Colonels William Maxwell and Elias Dayton, were this year in the Northern Army, under Major-General Horatio Gates, and wore the New Jersey Provincial dark blue uniforms, although not the only troops in that command thus uniformed. (G. O. Hdqrs., Ticonderoga, 21 August, 1776.)

In the court-martial records of the period, we find that an infantry Lieutenant was tried "for assuming the rank of a Captain—wearing a

yellow cockade, and mounting guard in that capacity." (G. O. Hdqrs., N. Y., 15 August, 1776, Lieut. Jacob Holcomb's case, Col. Philip Johnson's New Jersey Regiment Militia.)

Captain Graydon, 5th Pennsylvania, in his memoirs, says that the officers of Smallwood's gallant Maryland battalion "exhibited a martial appearance by a uniform of scarlet and buff, which, by the bye," says he, "savored somewhat of a servility of imitation, not fully according with the independence we had assumed" (p. 180). At the capture of Fort Washington Captain Graydon was taken prisoner, and confined in the barn of Colonel Morris' house, more recently known as the late Madame Jumel's. "Here," says he, "were men and officers of all descriptions, regulars and militia troops, Continental and State, some in uniforms, some without them, and some in hunting shirts, the mortal aversion of a red coat." (p. 207. See also Deposition Priv. Wm. Darlington of Captain Wallace's Company, Pa. Flying Camp, 15 December, 1776, *III Amer. Arch.*, 5 *series*, p. 1234.)

The uniform of Washington's Guard, commanded by Captain Caleb Gibbs was in June, 1776 (it having been formed 12th March, 1776—G. O. Hdqrs., Cambridge, 11 March, 1776), a blue coat, faced with buff, red waistcoat, buckskin breeches, and black felt hat, bound with white tape. The bayonet and body belts were also white. (Gaine's *N. Y. Gazette*, 17 June, 1776.)

A deserter from Capt. William Kelly's company, riflemen, at Bergen, had on a short red coat and striped trousers. (Gaine's *N. Y. Gazette and Weekly Mercury*, 17 June, 1776.) Another deserter from the 5th Regiment New Jersey Militia (Capt. George Anderson's company, Colonel Silas Newcombe's Regiment) had on an old wool hat, bound with yellow binding, a coarse, blue short coat, no under jacket, old leather breeches, light blue stockings, and, according to the advertisement, pretty good shoes and brass buckles. (Hugh Gaine's *N Y. Gazette*, 29 July, 1776.)

Captain Moses Rawlings' company of Maryland riflemen wore green hunting shirts, and leggings to match. (*Constitutional Gazette*, 12 June, 1776.) These riflemen, like Colonel Daniel Morgan's 11th Virginia, whose uniform was white, had long smock-frocks or shirts of thick linen cloth or woolen, with furbelows, or ruffled strips of the same material around the neck, on the shoulders, at the elbows, and about

the wrists; a broad, white belt over the left shoulder for the cartridge box; a black stock; hair in a cue; and a broad brimmed, round topped, black hat; leggings reaching to the shoe.

In 1776, New York appears to have had some of the best uniformed regular troops. (*II Amer. Arch.*, 5 *series*, p. 1135.)

There was no uniformity, however, in colors or facings. In the Pennsylvania regiments of the Continental line, the 1st Pennsylvania Infantry had brown coats, faced with buff (Col. John Philip De Haas); 2d Pennsylvania, blue coats, faced with red; round black hats, black ferreting or binding (Col. Arthur St. Clair); 3d Pennsylvania, brown regimental coats, white facings, pewter buttons with No. 3 upon them; black cocked hats, with white tape binding, and buckskin breeches (Col. John Shee); 4th Pennsylvania, blue regimental coats, white facings (Col. Anthony Wayne); 5th Pennsylvania, blue regimental coats, with white facings (Col. Robt. Magaw); 6th Pennsylvania, blue regimental coats, with red facings (Col. Wm. Irvine.)

Some of the militia riflemen who fought at Long Island and White Plains had black hunting shirts; others white, and still others, yellow, green or blue. (*IV Hist. Mag.*, p. 352.)

According to an official return rendered in December, 1776, the first Continental regiment Light Dragoons, which had been raised in different parts of Virginia, marched to join General Washington, having some of its companies uniformed in blue coats, faced with red, and others in brown coats, faced with green. All, however, had leather breeches. (*III Vol. Amer. Arch.*, 5 *series*, p. 1270).

During the war this regiment was successively commanded by Colonels Theodoric Bland and Anthony Walton White.

So great became the need of clothing, during the retreat across the Jersies in December, 1776, that the *charitably* disposed citizens of Philadelphia were appealed to furnish their *old and cast-off* clothing for the American Army, which was duly distributed by General Washington before the battle of Trenton. (*III Amer. Arch.*, 5 *series*, pp. 1245-1271.)

The regiment of artillery commanded by Colonel Henry Knox had at this time no uniform, each enlisted man being in the garb which he

probably wore on enlistment. (*vide.* advertisements of deserters, Gaine's *N. Y. Gazette*, 17 June, 1776.)

In 1777, and subsequently, the uniform for the four regular regiments constituting the Corps of Artillery was a blue or black coat, reaching to the knee, and full trimmed, lappels fastened back, with ten open-worked button holes in yellow silk on the breast of each lappel, and the large regimental yellow buttons, at equal distances, on each side; three large yellow regimental buttons on each cuff, and a like number on each pocket flap. The skirts to hook back, showing the red lining: bottom of coat cut square, red lappels, cuff linings, and standing capes; single-breasted white waistcoat, with twelve small yellow regimental buttons, white breeches, black half gaiters, white stock, ruffled shirt, and at the wrists, and black cocked hat bound with yellow; red plume, and black cockade, gilt handled small sword, and gilt epaulettes.

In the Navy, Massachusetts in 1776 prescribed green coats and white facings for her officers. (Res. Mass. Council, 29 April, 1776.) The United States prescribed for its Navy officers blue coats, with red facings, red waistcoats, blue breeches, and yellow buttons; and for its marine officers a green coat, with white facings, white breeches, edged with green, white waistcoat, white buttons, silver epaulettes, and black gaiters. (*Res. Marine Com.*, Philadelphia, 5 September, 1776.) The uniform of the marines of the Pennsylvania Navy was a brown coat, faced with green, letters I. P. B. on the buttons, and a cocked hat (*I Pa. Arch., 2 series*, p. 234); and in this uniform, under Captain William Brown, they joined General Washington, and fought at Trenton and Princeton.

As uniform clothing soon became scarce, Congress and the States respectively undertook to provide for the officers as well as the men (XII Vol. Penn. Col. Rec., pp. 241, 278, 358, 417; Lt. Isaac Guion, 2d U. S. Arty., to Col. John Lamb, Arty. Park. Totoway, 15 October, 1780); regulating the price to be charged. (Res. Cong., 25 November, 1779.) Thus each officer was entitled to one watch coat; one body coat; four vests, one for winter and three for summer; four pair breeches, two for winter and two for summer; four shirts; four stocks; six pairs stockings, three pairs worsted and three pairs thread; and four pairs shoes. (*vide.* Receipts of Arty. Officers in Lt. Col. Ebenezer Stevens' Papers.)

Captain Graydon, having been paroled by the British, proceeded from New York to Washington's Headquarters at Morristown, in July, 1777. In his diary from his place, he says (p. 278): "The period for * * unity of color, however, had not yet arrived; though, from the motley, shabby covering of the men, it was to be inferred that it was rapidly approaching. Even in General Wayne himself there was in his particular a considerable falling off. His quondam regimental, as Colonel of the 4th Battalion, was * * blue and white, in which he had been accustomed to appear with exemplary neatness; whereas he was now dressed in character for *McHeath* or *Captain Gibbet*, in a dingy red coat, with a black rusty cravat, and tarnished laced hat." In a colored engraving, published 2d January, 1778, in London (by John Morris), Major-General Gates is represented as dressed in a red coat with buff facings. (Preble's *Hist. U. S. Flag.* p. 164.)

During the Revolutionary War, Congress passed many resolutions with a view to obtain, principally abroad, uniform suits of green, blue and brown colors, with suitable facings. (Res. 3 January, 1776, as to brown and blue cloths and different colors for facings: 19 June, 1776, as to buckskin breeches and waistcoats; 8 October, 1776, as to annual allowance, including linen hunting shirts; 23 October, 1776, 3 December, 1776; 31 December 1776; 5 February, 1777; 6 September, 1777, price of articles for soldiers; 14 September, 1777; 10 June, 1778, as to purchasing different kinds of buckles, red cadis for lining of uniforms—serge, both scarlet, sky-blue, brown and white for linings, spatterdashes for soldiers, cloth for officers and soldiers; 18 January, 1781, prescribing soldiers' allowances.)

At the battles of Stillwater and Saratoga, in 1777, the greater portion of the infantry of the army under Major General Gates, were without uniforms. The Hessian officer, Briefwechsel, in corroborating this statement, says that a "few of the officers wore regimentals, and those fashioned to their own notions, according to cut and color. Brown coats with sea-green facings, white linings, silver trimmings, and grey coats in abundance, with buff facings and cuffs and gilt buttons; in short, every variety of pattern." (*I Vol. Ruttenber's History Newburgh*, p. 280.) Trumbull, in his painting of Burgoyne's surrender, now in the rotunda at the Capitol, faithfully depicts the clothing worn on that memorable occasion by the American troops. From buttons

and other articles found on those battlefields, and now in the possession of C. I. Bushnell, Esq., of New York City, it is evident that nearly, if not quite all the militia fought in their ordinary farmer's dress.

The sufferings of the troops for the want of clothing culminated in the years 1777-8, prior to assistance from France. Col. John Bayard, in writing to President Wharton, of Penn., thus referred to Brig.-Gen. Wayne's Division of the Pennsylvania Line: "*Plymouth, December* 4, 1777.—* * * * The New England men well clothed. * * * * General Wayne assures us if he had not sent out officers to buy clothing of every kind through the country his troops must have been naked, and now there are above one-third that have neither breeches, shoes, stockings, blankets, and are by that means rendered unable to do duty, or, indeed, keeping the field. It is truly distressing to see these poor naked fellows encamped on bleak hills, and yet when any prospect of an action with the enemy, these brave men appear full of spirits and eager for engaging. Yesterday it was expected Gen. Howe would come out. Our Army was drawn out to receive him, and continued under arms until 10 o'clock. (*VI Pa. Archives*, p. 61.) In the Rhode Island Contingent of Continentals or regulars, consisting of the 1st and 2d regiments of infantry, respectively, under Colonels Christopher Greene and Israel Angell, the distress for proper uniforms was so great that Brigadier-General J. M. Varnum, who inspected them on the 27th August, 1777, wrote as follows: "The naked situation of the troops, when observed parading for duty, is sufficient to extort the tears of compassion from every human being. There are not two in five who have a shoe, stocking, or so much as breeches to render them decent." Despite what they had thus suffered, these regiments, a few days later, highly distinguished themselves at "Germantown" and "Red Bank." (*Proceedings Mass. Hist. Soc.*, 1860-2, p. 220; *II Vol. Arnold's History R. I.*, pp. 405-8.)

Referring to the uniform of the American Army at Valley Forge in the winter of 1777-8, Inspector-General Baron de Steuben wrote as follows: "The description of the dress is most easily given. The men were literally naked—some of them in the fullest extent of the word. The officers who had coats, had them of every color and make. I saw officers, at a grand parade at Valley Forge, mounting guard in a sort of dressing gown, made of an old blanket or woolen bed cover." (Steuben's Ms. papers, Vol. XI., quoted in Kapp's Steuben, p. 117.) Cap-

tain Peter S. Duponceau, an aide-de-camp to Steuben, says: "Once with the Baron's permission, his aids invited a number of young officers to dine at our quarters, on condition that none should be admitted that had on a whole pair of breeches. This was, of course, understood as *pars pro toto;* but torn clothes were an indispensable requisite for admission, and in this the guests were *very* sure not to fail. The dinner took place. The guests clubbed their rations and we feasted sumptuously on tough beefsteaks and potatoes, with hickory nuts for our dessert. Instead of wine we had some kind of spirits, with which we made 'salamanders;' that is to say, after filling our glasses, we set the liquor on fire and drank it up, flame and all. Such a set of ragged, and at the same time merry fellows, were never brought together. The Baron loved to speak of that dinner, and of his '*sans culottes*,' as he called us. Thus this denomination was first invented in America, and applied to brave officers and soldiers of our revolutionary army." (Kapp's *Steuben*, p. 119.) In 1780 Steuben recommended to Washington for all the infantry linen hunting shirts and overalls, with small round hats cocked up on one side, and good shoes, as the most convenient uniform of the season. (West Point, 22 July, 1780—Kapp's *Steuben*, p. 282.)

When Sir Henry Clinton stormed Forts Montgomery and Clinton, on the Hudson, in October, 1777, he sent one Daniel Taylor with a message to Burgoyne, in a silver bullet, announcing the fact. At New Britain, back of West Point, he fell in with a picket guard of Colonel Samuel B. Webb's Third Connecticut Continental infantry, under Lieutenant Howe, who were clothed in *red coats*, captured in a British transport, and which, for need of clothing, there had not been time to dye blue. Deceived by their appearance, and being informed they belonged to "Clinton's forces," he made known his character. He was sent before a General Court Martial as a spy, duly convicted, sentenced and executed under the orders of Brigadier-General George Clinton, of the American Army. (Notes in *Vaughan's 2d Expedition*, by G. W. Pratt, Ulster Co. Soc.: G. O. Hdqrs., Marbletown, 16 October, 1777.)

Major General Charles Lee, in his defense before the General Court Martial for his conduct at "Monmouth," made the point that the regiments of his division had "no uniforms or distinguishing colors." (*vide* official record, published by Congress, Lord Stirling, Pres. Gen'l Court-Martial, 9 August, 1778.)

In the year 1779 Congress (Res. 23 March, 1779) "authorized and directed the Commander-in-Chief, according to circumstances of supplies of clothing, to fix and prescribe the uniform, as well with regard to color and facings as the cut or fashion of the clothes to be worn by the troops of the respective States and regiments—woolen overalls for winter and linen for summer, to be substituted for the breeches." Accordingly General Washington issued the following specially noteworthy and rare order, by which dark blue became for the first time the "national color:"

"The following are the uniforms that have been determined for the troops of these States respectively, so soon as the state of the public supplies will permit of their being furnished accordingly; and, in the meantime, it is recommended to the officers to endeavor to accommodate their uniforms to the standard, that when the men come to be supplied, there may be a proportionate uniformity:

New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut.	Blue, faced with white; buttons and linings white.
New York and New Jersey.	Blue, faced with buff; buttons and linings white.
Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland and Virginia.	Blue, faced with red; buttons and linings white.
North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia.	Blue, faced with blue; button-holes edged with narrow white lace or tape; buttons and linings white.
Artillery and Artillery Artificers.	Blue, faced with scarlet; scarlet linings; yellow buttons, yellow bound hats. Coats edged with narrow lace or tape, and button holes bound with same.
Light Dragoons.	The whole blue, faced with white; white buttons and linings."

(G. O. Hdqrs. New Windsor, 2 October, 1779.)

The Continental Army, prior to this historic order, certainly had variegated uniforms, beyond those already mentioned. Thus the 9th Virginia, 5th Maryland, 9th Pennsylvania, U S. Invalid Regiment and 13th Pennsylvania, and 2d Canadian of the Line, had brown coats, faced respectively with red, green, buff and white.

The 13th Virginia, 2d and 3d New Jersey, 3d and 11th Pennsylvania, and 7th Maryland of the Line had blue coats, faced respectively

with yellow, red and white. The 6th Maryland Regiment of the Line wore grey coats, faced with green, grey waistcoats and grey breeches. The 1st and 3d South Carolina Regiments and 6th Virginia had black coats, faced with red, while the 5th South Carolina, Colonel Thomas Sumpter, had for the officers red coats, faced with black. Lt. Colonel H. Lee's Cavalry of the Legion had blue short coats, faced with white, white waistcoats and black breeches. (*IV Vol. Hist. Mag.*, p. 354.) The 4th Regiment Light Dragoons, Colonel Stephen Moylan's, green short coats, turned up with red, red waistcoats, buckskin breeches, and leather cap, turned up with bearskin. The previous year the regimental coat had been red. (*N. F. Gazette*, 13 May, 1778.) The 3d Virginia Continental Infantry, under Colonel Thomas Marshall; Colonel Nathan Hale's New Hampshire Regiment, and Lieut. Colonel Levi Pawling's New York Regiment of new levies of infantry each had *sky blue* coats, with pale blue and red facings, respectively. (Res. Cont. Cong. to Gov. Henry, Va., 10 June, 1778; Holt's *N. Y. Journal*, 1 March, 1779; Lt.-Col. Eb. Stevens' *Papers*, Albany, 14 November, 1777.)

In 1846, the 2d New York Volunteers, and other troops in the war with Mexico, wore pale or sky blue jackets and pantaloons; and again in 1863 Government prescribed the same martial uniform for the Veteran Reserve Corps of wounded and disabled officers. Lieutenant M. White, 10th Pennsylvania Regiment, in 1779, having advertised a deserter, who had escaped from the guard, refers to the patriot's attire, and says: "*N. B.* Said Cline was graced with handcuffs when he made his escape." (*N. J. Gazette*, 18 August, 1779.) History does not inform us whether the article mentioned was charged to the prisoner or lieutenant.

The American Army owed much at his period (1780), in the way of obtaining uniforms, to the exertions of the amiable Marquis de Lafayette who even "bargained with French merchants to supply the officers of his Light Division with superfine blue regimental coats and trimmings, and blue waistcoats and breeches, for four guineas each." He also presented each of his officers with a handsome small sword. (Capt. George Fleming, 2d Art., commanding Light Battery, to Col. John Lamb, 2d Art. Dobbs' Ferry, 23 September, 1780, Lamb *Papers*, N. Y. Hist. Soc.)

"Many of the troops were still (1780) almost naked, both officers

and men." (Marquis de Lafayette to Gov. Jas. Bowdoin, Hdqrs., Morristown, 30 May, 1780, in *Proc. Mass. Hist. Soc.*, 1860, p. 348.)

On the Sabbath day, from his Headquarters, Short Hills, New Jersey, 18th June, 1780, Washington issued a General Order, prescribing, apparently for the first time, the uniform of general officers, and of the staff generally. The order was as follows: "As it is at all times of great importance, both for the sake of appearance and for the regularity of service, that the different military ranks should be distinguished from each other, and more especially at the present, the Commander-in-Chief has thought proper to establish the following distinctions, and strongly recommends it to all officers to endeavor to conform to them as speedily as possible. The Major Generals to wear blue coats, with buff facings and lining, yellow buttons, white or buff underclothes, two epaulettes, with two stars upon each, and a black and white feather in the hat. The star will be furnished at Headquarters. The Brigadier General, the same uniform as the Major Generals, with the difference of one star in the place of two, and a *white* feather. The Colonels, Lieut. Colonels and Majors, the uniform of their regiments and two epaulettes. The Captains, the uniform of their regiments and an epaulette on the right shoulder. The Subalterns, the uniform of their regiments and an epaulette on the left shoulder. The Aides-de-Camp, the uniform of their ranks and Corps, or, if they belong to no Corps, of their General officers. Those of the Major Generals and Brigadier Generals to have a green feather in the hat. Those of the Commander-in-Chief, a white and green. The Inspectors, as well Sub. as Brigade, the uniforms of their ranks and Corps with a *blue* feather in the hat. The Corps of Engineers and that of Sappers and Miners, a blue coat with buff facings, red lining, buff underclothes, and the epaulettes of their respective ranks. Such of the Staff as have military rank to wear the uniform of their ranks, and of the Corps to which they belong in the line. Such as have no military rank to wear plain coats, with a cockade and sword, All officers, as well warrant as commissioned, to wear a cockade and side arms—either a sword or genteel bayonet. The General recommends it to the officers, as far as practicable, to provide themselves with the uniforms prescribed for their respective Corps by the regulations of Congress, published in General Orders, the 2d of October last." (G. O. Hdqrs., Short Hills, 18 June, 1780.)

Soon after, General Washington forbade officers to make any alteration in the prescribed uniform. (G. O., Hdqrs., Pracaness,* 19 July 1780.) He also directed that the feathers to be worn by Major-Generals, should have *white* below and *black* above, and recommended to the officers to have white and black cockades, a black ground with a white relief, emblematic of the expected union of the two armies, American and French. The French uniform for the infantry of the line was then white. (*vide* G. O. Hdqrs., Totoway, 15 November, 1780, as to officers paying strict attention to uniforms.)

Cockades were rosettes of leather or silk, worn on the hat by all military men. The chapeaux bras, which are to-day worn by the General and staff officers of the American Army, have the black cockade. When the citizens of New York met, on the evening of 20th November, 1783, to arrange for the celebration of the anticipated evacuation by the British, it was resolved: "That the badge of distinction, to be worn at the reception of the Governor on his entrance into this city, be a *Union* cockade of black and white ribband, worn on the left breast, and a laurel in the hat."

In 1781, according to President Joseph Reed of Pennsylvania, blue cloth was not then procurable in this country at any rate or price, so the Pennsylvania Line for that time had to receive hunting shirts. (*VIII Hist. Mag.*, pp. 16, 130, 135, 138.) At this time, as throughout all that period, an officer's uniform included ruffled shirts, worsted gloves and red sash; and a soldier's, woolen mitts. (*vide.* Maj. Gen. Robert Howe's Orders as to uniform for Mass. Div., New Windsor, 5 January, 1781, Whiting's Order Book, p. 164.) Sergeants were distinguished by worsted sashes, and corporals by shoulder knots. Subsequently sergeants had shoulder knots on each shoulder, and corporals on the right only. (G. O. Hdqrs., Newburgh, 14 May, 1782.) In providing for the uniforming of her troops, by purchases in Europe in 1780 (8th July), the State of Pennsylvania ordered "6,000 shoe buckles, 6,000 knee buckles, 6,000 stock buckles, and 10,000 ivory fine-teeth combs." It is presumable that the Commonwealth must have known what was then most needed by its troops. (*XII Pa. Col. Rec.*, p. 418.)

In the field such American regiments as had hunting shirts were required to wear them. (G. O. Hdqrs. Newburgh, 18 and 27 August,

*(Preakness, N. J.)

1782.) A radical change in the uniform of the infantry was prescribed in the following orders of Washington, but it did not become effective: "The Honorable Secretary at War having been pleased to direct that the uniforms of the American cavalry and infantry shall in future be blue ground, with red facings and white linings and buttoned, the General gives this early notice that provision be made accordingly, before the Army shall receive their clothing for the present year; the Corps of Artillery is to retain its present uniform, and the sappers and miners will have the same." (G. O. Hdqrs. Newburgh, 5 December, 1782.) The non-arrival of the clothing, expected from Europe, induced General Washington to order the soldiers to turn and repair their coats, and scarlet cloth was to be furnished by the Secretary of War, on his return to Philadelphia, so that many regiments could have their coats refaced. (G. O. Hdqrs. Newburgh, 23 February and 14 April, 1783.) The Secretary of War did not, however, find any scarlet cloth, and General Washington issued a General Order, in which he said: "Notwithstanding the proposed alterations in the uniforms of the infantry and cavalry, it appears necessary, from inevitable circumstances, that all light infantry companies shall be clothed in blue coats faced white until further orders." No further orders came, and thus the uniform became fixed. (G. O. Hdqrs. Newburgh, 3 March, 1783.) A few regiments obtained scarlet cloth for facings.

According to Major General de Chastellux, the Light Infantry under Lafayette's command in 1782 all wore helmets of hard leather, with a crest of horsehair instead of the usual black felt cocked hats. (*Journal of de Chastellux's Travels in N. Amer.*, ed. 1827, p. 58.) This Light Infantry organization in the Army was peculiar. Each infantry regiment then had one Light Infantry company, which, upon commencement of field operations, was usually detached, and with enough other Light Infantry companies arranged to form a regiment, whose field officers were specially selected from the field officers of the Army. These regiments were then brigaded, to form a Light Infantry Division, under a general officer, and a sufficient Light Artillery assigned for the campaign.

In the two authentic portraits of Lafayette, respectively in the Massachusetts and New York Historical Societies, he is represented, with exceptions to be noted, in the uniform of the Light Infantry of the Army, which he commanded at different times, viz.: dark blue coat, with

white facings, buttoned back, so as to display the white facings and linings; standing collar or cape of red; white waistcoat, with, however, gilt buttons instead of white; white breeches; white cravat instead of black for infantry, and ruffled shirt; the hair powdered and cued, and face clean shaven. He also has the gold epaulettes of his rank, instead of the silver epaulettes of the infantry; but as his Light Division was a mixed corps of artillery and infantry, he possibly felt at liberty to slightly modify his uniform, with sanction of the Commander-in-Chief.

During the Revolution the prescribed dress for chaplains was black. (XII Pa. Colonial Rec., p. 358.) All regimental company officers had to carry espontoons, or half pikes, six feet two inches long, and this custom was not abolished until some time after 1802. (G. O. Hdqrs. Newburgh, 9 August, 1782; De Chastellux's Travels in N. Amer. p. 45; G. O. Hdqrs., Greenville, O., 6 February, 1796; G. O. Hdqrs., Loftus Heights, 7 March, 1799; G. O. Hdqrs. Pittsburgh, 8 May, 1801.) The knapsacks and haversacks of the soldiers were usually of linen or Russia duck. The canteens were of wood, painted oak being preferred. (*I Amer. Arch.*, 5 *series*, pp. 288, 384, 616, 832 and 1346; Qr. Mr. Stores Waste Book, West Point.)

In 1782 General Washington, apparently at suggestion of Brigadier-General John Paterson, established the practice of rewarding faithful enlistment by authorizing a "service stripe to be worn on the arm, of the same color as the facings of the soldier's corps in which he served the enlistment, and a like additional stripe for each succeeding period of service." (Brig. Orders, West Point, 17 June, 1782; G. O. Hdqrs. Newburgh, 7 and 11 August, 1782.) This regulation still prevails in the American Army. (G. O. 92, War Dept., A. G. O. 26 October 1872.)

From what has been said, it is plain that but few troops ever wore the "blue and buff," and after General Washington's "uniform" order of 1779, it was worn only by general officers, unattached aides, the First and Second New York Continental Infantry, First and Second New Jersey Continental Infantry of the Line, Corps of Engineers, Sappers and Miners, and Washington's body guards, who were selected men from the infantry arm (G. O. Hdqrs. Valley Forge, 17 March, 1778.)—altogether numerically few.

When the Revolutionary War ended, one regular regiment of in-

fantry, denominated the "First American Regiment," formed from companies selected from the Massachusetts Brigade and First New Hampshire Infantry, and two companies of the Corps of Artillery were retained in service. (G. O. Hdqrs. West Point, 23 December, 1783.) The uniform of this infantry regiment was dark blue, with white facings, white linings, black cocked hats, white hat bindings, white worsted shoulder knots, white buttons, silver epaulettes for officers, white cross-belts, black stocks, white under-dress, black gaiters and black plume.

The Artillery uniform remained as heretofore; dark blue faced with scarlet, scarlet linings, yellow buttons, yellow binding for black felt cocked hat, and yellow edging of button holes; white under-dress, gold epaulettes for officers; and yellow worsted shoulder knots for non-commissioned officers, and buff belts, white cravats and black plume with red top.

According to the testimony of competent judges, the American infantry in 1782-3 was equal to the best troops of the time. Even the French officers were struck with admiration at the manoeuvres executed in their presence. (Kapp's *Steuben*, p. 644; G. O. Hdqrs. Newburgh, 13 and 12 August, 1782.) At Stony Point and Yorktown they had particularly acquitted themselves with credit. (Maj. Gen. de Chastellux's *Travels*, pp. 64-71; G. O. Hdqrs. Verplank's Point, 19 and 24 October, 1782.)

It is pertinent to add that the two New York Continental regiments of infantry were particularly noticeable for military merit, they having been originally raised early in 1776 "for the war." (G. O. Hdqrs. Newburgh, 20 May and 5 June, 1782.)

The Corps of Artillery during the revolution became specially distinguished. At Monmouth the British were forced to admit that no artillery could be better served. (G. O. Hdqrs. Freehold, 29 June, 1778; Holt's *N. Y. Journal*, 13 July, 1778.) In the action at Quaker Hill, Rhode Island, the American artillery "did great execution, and contributed not a little to the honor of the day." (Maj. Gen. John Sullivan to Gen. Washington, 29 August, 1778.)

The commanding General, Sullivan, apparently could not say enough on the subject, for in his General Orders, 30 August, 1778, he declared that the corps of artillery truly merited his thanks and applause,

and that of his army; and on August 31, 1778, in his report to Congress, "*that the officers of artillery deserve the highest praise.*"

At Yorktown the capacity and instruction of the artillery officers, all native Americans with one exception—Major Sebastian Bauman—and the extraordinary skill and progress exhibited in the science of artillery, and the precision of their fire, surprised the French—who did not hesitate to take future advantage of improvements there manifested. (Leake's *Life of Lamb*, p. 281; De Chastellux's *Travels*, p. 71; *Hist. Mass. Soc. Cincinnati*, p. 156; G. O. Hdqrs. Yorktown, 20 October, 1781.)

The regular cavalry emulated the example of the other corps, and distinguished themselves at Fort St. George Rugeley's Farm, Cowpens, Eutaw Springs, and in many small affairs. (G. O. Hdrqs. Morristown, 29 November, 1780; G. O. Hdqrs, New Windsor, 6 January, 1781, as to 3d dragoons; G. O. Hdqrs. New Windsor, 14 February, 1781, as to 3d dragoons.)

During the period of the confederation the troops retained substantially the revolutionary uniform. The cavalry had brass helmets with white horse hair. (Secty. War to Saml. Hodgden, 4 August, 1792.)

Their swords were "long horseman's swords, steel mounted." Officers of Artillery and Infantry had swords of sabre form, respectively yellow mounted and steel mounted, two feet six inches in length for each company officer, and three feet in length for each field officer.

The distinctive "shoulder strap of dark blue edged with red" now made its first appearance. (G. O. War Dept., N. Y., 30 January, 1787.) In 1791 the knapsacks of the 1st (now 3d) U. S. Regiment of Infantry were covered with bearskin, and soon hair knapsacks were generally issued to the troops, instead of painted linen ones. (Gen. St. Clair's *Narrative*, ed. 1812, p. 205; Qr. Mr. Stores Waste Book, West Point.) Subsequently the soldiers of the four infantry "sub-legions," or regiments, under Major General Anthony Wayne, in 1792, had caps with different plumes, as follows:

1st Sub-legion, white binding with white plumes and black hair. 2d Sub-legion, red binding, red plumes with white hair. 3d Sub-legion, yellow binding, yellow plumes and black hair. 4th Sub-legion, green binding, green plumes and white hair. (G. O. Hdqrs. Pittsburgh, 70 September, 1792.)

In 1796 the infantry had dark blue coats reaching to the knee and full trimmed, scarlet lappels, cuffs and standing capes, retaining white buttons, white trimmings and white underdress, black stocks and cocked hats with white binding. The traditional shoe and black half gaiters (seven inches long) were now replaced, for foot officers, by black top boots. (G. O. Hdqrs. Greenville, 16 February, 1796.) In 1794 the artillery received helmets with red plumes. (Sect. War to Qr. Mr. Gen. Sam. Hodgdon, 14 July, 1794; Qr. Mr. Waste Book—ordnance—West Point.) The coats of the musicians remained red with blue facings, blue waistcoats and breeches, silk epaulettes for chief musician. (G. O., War Dept., N. Y., 30 January, 1787.) At a very early period in the British Army this uniform had been that specially reserved for the drummers of the "Royal" regiments, it being the royal livery. (System of Camp Discipline, London, 1757, p. 43.) The red coat continued to be the uniform of drummers in our service to 1st January, 1857. The same uniform is retained for the drummers of the United States Marine Band of the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

During the Revolutionary war the Continental Corps of Artillery which then constituted an *élite* corps, under Brigadier-General Henry Knox of the Artillery, had a band of music. This band was frequently paraded by General Washington's orders for duty at the execution of deserters, &c. (G. O. Hdqrs., Morristown, 18 February, 1780; *XIV Vol. Pa. Col. Rec.*, pp. 95, 423, 438.)

Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Lee's Legion also had a band (*XIII Vol. Pa. Col. Rec.*, p. 758); other regiments also appear to have had bands, noticeably the Second New York Regiment Continental Infantry, under Colonel Philip Cortland. As per bill for musical instruments, rendered Governor George Clinton by First Lieutenant Michael Connolly, Paymaster Second New York Infantry in 1783, the regiment, had, besides drums and fifes, two French horns, two bassoons and four clarionets. (*Clinton Mss.*, No. 4,477, State Library, Albany.)

In 1795, the First Regiment Artillery and Engineers, stationed at West Point, had a band of twenty pieces, supported by the officers and men. (Qr. Mr. Waste Clothing Book, West Point.) This band was uniformed in scarlet coats, dark blue facings and linings, yellow silk epaulettes, helmets with scarlet plumes, cockades, dark blue vests and pantaloons, and black gaiters. In 1798, the then General-in-Chief, Wilkinson, organized a band from the enlisted men, and attached it to

the Second United States Infantry, their extra pay being contributed by subscription. (G. O. Hdqrs., Pittsburgh, 7 January, 1798; G. O. Hdqrs., Chickasaw Bluffs, 23 August and 2 September, 1798; G. O. Hdqrs., Loftus Heights, 14 January, 1799.

Congress, with a policy of economy in this respect not generally imitated by foreign powers, never until 1861 recognized by direct statute regular bands, but left it to the officers and men of each regiment, from their meagre pay, to support them as best they might, under the mere sanction of Army Regulations.

At the present time Congressional legislation has left to the Army but one statutory band, viz., that of the Military Academy, which is but little larger than the band of the First Artillery and Engineers at the same post in 1795.

In 1799 the white plume was again prescribed for the infantry, and after many intermediate changes, it is to-day the one worn by that arm of service. (G. O. Hdqrs., Loftus Heights, 2 January, 1799; G. O. Hdqrs., Natchez, 26 February, 1800, containing Maj. Gen. Hamilton's approval.)

The infantry officers were now required to wear half-boots, white pantaloons and white vests, double-breasted. (G. O. Hdqrs., Loftus Heights, 19 January, 1791.)

Early in this year, President John Adams prescribed a uniform for the army. Cavalry to have green coats and white facings, and the infantry and artillery blue coats and red facings. Cavalry musicians to wear white coats, and of the other arms, red coats—the chief musician to wear two worsted epaulettes. Sergeants, each to wear one red worsted epaulette on the right shoulder, and corporals on the left. Company officers no longer to wear plumes. Cadets to have a strap on right shoulder. (War Dept., Philadelphia, 9 January, 1799.)

In 1800, further changes were ordered, but not having met with favor in the service, the old uniform before 1797 was restored. (G. O. Hdqrs., Fort Adams, 30 March, 1800; Inspector's Office, Washington, 10 September, 1800.)

By this uniform order of 1800, the cavalry coat remained green, but with black facings, white vests and breeches, top-boots, and a helmet of leather, crowned with black horse hair, and having a brass front

representing a mounted dragoon in the act of charging; the officers' helmets having green plumes. Black and red plumes, intermingled laterally, were prescribed for the artillery; white for infantry. Pantaloons or overalls of blue, edged with red in winter, and white in summer, were now again prescribed for all the foot troops. Artillery soldiers to have wings on the shoulders, edged with red. Red silk sashes for commissioned officers, and worsted for non-commissioned officers. Foot officers, instead of half-gaiters, were allowed to wear half-boots, edged at the top with red, peaked in front, and with black tassels. The musicians to wear scarlet coats, with blue facings and white linings. The buttonholes of white worsted lace, with frogs. The chief musician to have two blue worsted epaulettes. Cadets to wear a red plume, and have a gold strap with fringe on left shoulder. Sergeants to have a yellow worsted epaulette on the right shoulder, and corporals on the left. (G. O. Hdqrs., Fort Adams, 30 March, 1800.)

In 1802, under President Jefferson, the uniform of the line was a dark blue coat, reaching to the knee, revolutionary cut, with scarlet lappels, cuffs and standing collar, single-breasted white vests, having for the infantry white linings, white buttons and white skirt facings and for the artillery scarlet linings, scarlet facings and yellow buttons. The enlisted men wore round hats, with brim three inches wide, and with a strip of bearskin, seven inches wide and seven inches high, across the crown (G. O. Hdqrs., Greenville, 26 June, 1795); black cockade, eagle and white plume. Their pantaloons were of dark blue in winter and white in summer, and they wore black half-gaiters, seven inches long, and white cross-belts. The officers of infantry and artillery wore *chapeaux bras* with cockade, eagle and white plume, white breeches and boots. Artillery officers had gold epaulettes, one or two, according to rank; yellow buttons and hat trimmings, and gold sword mountings. Infantry officers had, in like manner, silver epaulettes, white hat trimmings, and steel sword mountings. Each wore a white belt, three inches wide, across the shoulder, with an oval breast-plate, three inches by two and a half, ornamented with an eagle, and of gold or silver, to correspond with the buttons. (Col. H. Burbeck, 1st U. S. Arty., to Lieut. James R. Hanham, 20 March, 1911.) This remained the uniform of the infantry until 1810, when single-breasted coats, without facings, but with silver lace, extending horizontally from the buttonholes, came into fashion, and the present shaped civilian's

"silk" hat also came into use. (Regimental Order, Cantonment Washington, 5 August, 1810.)

Standing collars of enormous proportions had begun to be prescribed in 1802, when they were to be worn not less than three inches nor more than three and a half inches high, but in 1812 the collar was required "to reach the top of the ear, and in front as high as the chin would permit in turning the head." In this year (1812) many changes were made in the uniform. All officers of the General Staff had to wear cocked hats without feathers, single-breasted coats, with ten yellow-gilt bullet buttons, the buttonholes worked with blue-twist in herring-bone form, and embroidered. Vests and breeches or pantaloons, white or buff, for general officers, and white for others, with permission to wear blue pantaloons in winter and nankeen in summer. High military boots and gilt spurs; waist-belts of black leather; no sashes. The rank and file were put into coatees or jackets of the fashion worn by the light artillery and cavalry of the American Army in 1872, when the uniform was changed, and leather caps with bell crowns, yellow eagle in front, containing number of the regiment, white pompons, and black leather cockade, were substituted for the traditional felt hat.

As yet Company officers still wore the *chapeaux bras* and white feathers, but their coats had to be of the same general description as of the general staff, and with collars and cuffs uniformly blue. The officers of the Ordnance Department wore the same uniform as the artillery officers with a distinctive button. The medical officers were now put in lugubrious black, their coats to be of the same fashion as for the general staff, but with a star of embroidery on each side of the collar. From 1787 their uniform had been a double-breasted, dark blue coat, of same shape as that for the infantry, but with yellow buttons and skirt facings, collars, lappels and cuffs of same material as the coat, and white underclothes. In 1809, this uniform had been changed to a single-breasted coat, with collar trimmed around with gold lace, and buttonholes laced; *chapeaux bras*, with black ostrich feather, and cockade and eagle, and small sword or dirk, yellow mounted.

In 1812, the uniform of the first rifle regiment, organized in 1808, was gray cloth for coats, vests and pantaloons, and the three additional regular rifle regiments raised for the war with Great Britain were clad in the same gray uniform, which continued to be the distinguishing

color of that arm of the service, until it was dispensed with in 1812, When, however, the regular voltigeur regiment was raised for the war with Mexico, gray as a uniform was prescribed for that corps, as well as for other foot riflemen. (Army Regulations, 1 May, 1847.)

To turn back a little. The embargo of 1807, and commercial Non-intercourse Act of 1810, and subsequent blockade of the American coast, prevented the importation in any quantity of blue cloth, so that when the regular army was largely increased at the commencement of the war with Great Britain, Government had to put its troops in gray, now known as Cadet gray. At the battles of Chippewa Plains and Niagara in 1814, the army under Major-General Jacob Brown was almost wholly clad in gray. (Prof. D. B. Douglas, LL.D., late Prof. Engr., West Point, in *II Vol. Hist. Mag.*, 3 *series*, p. 12.) In honor of these victories, the Cadets of the United States Military Academy, who had then by law been wholly separated from any of the artillery regiments, were put in this uniform in 1815. (Maj. Gen. Winfield Scott to Benson J. Lossing in Lossing's *Field Book, War* 1812, p. 806, note.) They were also required to wear common round hats of the shape of the present civilian silk hat, "with black silk cockade and yellow eagle, and cut and thrust swords, yellow mounted, with a black gripe, in a frog belt of black morocco over the coat."

In President Monroe's Army Regulations for 1821, approved by Congress, "dark blue" was declared to be the "national color," though scarlet coats were still prescribed for company musicians, and gray for the corps of cadets. The company officers of artillery now had to give up their *chapeaux bras*, and put on the leather caps, but their yellow insignia was restored in the shape of yellow pompons, and white for infantry.

The buttons for the artillery and infantry then received the devices still used. Before that time, the Corps of Artillery had its own design; the light artillery, the initials L. A.; the infantry, a regimental number; and the rifles, a bugle. Captains and lieutenants of artillery and infantry respectively were designated by chevrons of gold or silver lace, one on each arm, above the elbow, for captain, and below for lieutenant, the angle pointing upwards.

In 1832, President Jackson ordered the restoration to the army uniform of the facings which as a private soldier he had seen worn dur-

ing the Revolution by American officers, but, from want of information, many mistakes were made. (G. O. Hdqrs., Washington, 11 June, 1832.)

In 1861, the State of New York supplied the 2d New York Infantry, and many others of its volunteer regiments, with gray uniforms, just as it had furnished the 2d New York Infantry in 1776 with a like uniform. As the Confederates adopted the same color for their regulars, and butternut brown for their militia and irregulars, the United States' troops were soon found clothed in the regulation Whig blue or Union color, with yellow buttons, black felt hats and black feathers, and gilt epaulettes for officers. Those volunteer regiments which had received gray uniforms made haste, although at their own expense, to draw the national blue coats, and in this emblematic color they fought in defense of the Union.

At the present day, the infantry coats have the white edging, stripes, facings, and plume of the Revolution, and the artillery the red plume, red facings and yellow buttons of the same period. Of the "blue and buff," general officers alone retain buff sashes and buff colored body belts, to partly denote their rank.

Probably no portion of the uniform gave so much trouble to the authorities, in attempting to regulate, as the cut of the hair. During the Revolution, as was universally the custom, military men wore their hair clubbed or cued and powdered, and their faces clean shaved. We find numerous orders on this subject. Thus one of Washington's, "that at general inspections and reviews 2 pds. of flower and ½ pound of rendered tallow per 100 men should be issued for dressing the hair. (Brig. Orders [Paterson's,] Army Steenrapie, 12 September, 1780; G. O. Hdqrs., Newburgh, 12 August, 1782; Regt. Orders, 16 Mass., Lancaster, Penn., 12 January, 1778; Regt. Orders, 16 Mass., Cambridge, Mass., 9 September, 1777.) Subsequently one-quarter of a pound of "flower" per man was issued weekly, for the purpose of powdering the hair, and all were to be clean shaven. (G. O. Army Hdqrs., Greenville [Wayne's], 21 November, 1794; G. O. Army Hdqrs., Loftus Heights [Wilkinson's], 19 January, 1799.) Lieut. Colonel Francis Marion's orders on this subject, when he commanded the 2d South Carolina Regiment, show him to have been a good deal of a martinet. They were as follows: "Sullivan's Island, S. C., January 23, 1778. Parole, Egypt.— * * * * As long hair gathers much filth, and takes a great deal of time and trouble to comb and keep clean and in good order, the Lieut. Col. recom-

mends to every soldier to have his hair cut short, to reach no further down than the top of the shirt collar, and thinned upwards to the crown of the head, the foretop short, without toupeé, and short at the side. Those who do not have their hair in this mode, must have it plaited and tied up, as they will not be allowed to appear with their hair down their backs and over their foreheads, and down their chins at the sides, which made them appear more like wild savages than soldiers. The Major will please pick out three men to be regimental barbers, who are to be excused from mounting guard, or doing fatigue duty. They are daily to dress the men's heads, and shave them before they mount guard, the men to pay them half a crown a week each man. Any soldier who comes on the parade with beard or hair uncombed, shall be dry-shaved immediately, and have his hair dressed on the parade. The orderly sergeant, or corporal of companies are to call on and see the barbers dress and shave their men that are for duty, and see that they are clean and their clothes put on decently, or must expect to answer for their neglect. The commissioned officers are desired to pay attention to their men's dress at all times, particularly when for duty. No officer to take charge or march off a guard without the men have complied with the above orders, and are as clean and decent as circumstances of clothing will permit * * * * * * *." (*vide. Gibbes' Documentary Hist. S. C.*, 1776-1782, p. 66.)

Major-General Alexander Hamilton, when General-in-Chief, prescribed the mode of dressing the hair on a thin piece of wood, and bound with a black silk rosette, 1 1-2 inches in diameter for officers, and of leather for the men. (G. O. Hdqrs., Fort Adams [Wilkinson's], 30 March, 1800.) The cue was not allowed to be more than ten inches long.

The order in 1801 to cut off their hair, issued by Brigadier-General James Wilkinson, then General-in-Chief, caused great indignation among the veteran officers, who looked upon it as a "French innovation." It was as follows: "For the accommodation, comfort and health of the troops, the hair is to be cropped without exception, and the General will give the example." (G. O. Hdqrs., Pittsburg, 30 April, 1801.) This was followed by another, which said: "That whiskers and short hair illy accord; they will not, therefore, be permitted to extend lower than the bottom of the ear. The less hair about a soldier's head, the neater and cleaner will he be." (G. O. Hdqrs., Wilkinsonville, 29

July, 1801.) Of these orders the first, as to cropping the hair, is still in force. The second, as to wearing whiskers in any other manner than thus prescribed, was not rescinded until 1853; and then it was prescribed and still is the regulation that "the beard may be worn at the pleasure of the individual, but must be kept short and neatly trimmed." (G. O. Army Hdqrs., A. G. O., 12 June, 1851; G. O. Army Hdqrs., A. G. O., 6 January, 1853; Arty. Battalion Orders, Fort Constitution, N. H., 22 March, 1819.) For the Corps of Cadets there is still the regulation, which is strictly enforced, that, "the hair is to be short, or what is generally termed cropped; whiskers and moustaches shall not be worn." (Par. 168 Academic Regulations.)

In 1801 there was an old and distinguished officer, Lieut.-Colonel Thomas Butler, commanding the Second Regular Infantry, who had entered the Second Pennsylvania Infantry as a First Lieutenant in 1776 (St. Clair's regiment, 5 January), served through that war with honor, been wounded, and again twice wounded in St. Clair's defeat in 1791 (4 November); he solemnly declared he would not cut off his much prized cue. General Wilkinson did not then press the matter, but issued the following order (G. O. Hdqrs. Wilkinsonville, 2 August, 1801): "Lieutenant-Colonel Commandant Butler, at his particular request, and in consideration of his infirm health, has permission to wear his hair. On the subject of this measure the General will briefly observe that it has been sanctioned in America by the first military characters of the British and American armies, that it has been recommended by the ablest generals who have lived, and has been adopted by the best troops in the world, and that the cut of the hair is as essential a part of military uniform as the cut of the coat or color of the facings." Afterwards Wilkinson withdrew the indulgence, and as Colonel Butler persisted in a cue, he sent him, in 1803, before a General Court Martial of his own appointment, on this, for disobedience of others and other matters. He was acquitted of the other charges but sentenced to be reprimanded, which gave Wilkinson an opportunity to indulge in invective and sarcasm, and to again order Colonel Butler to cut off his hair. The latter, in a personal interview, refused (Wilkinson to Sect. of War, Wash., 25 October, 1804, War Dept. files) and having gone to New Orleans and assumed command, committed anew the breach of orders. At this time an artillery officer, writing home, said: "Colonel Butler wears his hair and is determined not to cut it off." (New Orleans, 10 November, 1804, Lt.-Col. Constant Freeman.) For this

Wilkinson sent him before another General Court Martial for "wilful, obstinate and continued disobedience of orders, and for mutinous conduct." The Court sentenced him to suspension for one year, but before the order was issued the veteran had been gathered to his fathers, and was buried with his cue. (Obit. 5 September, 1805; G. O. Hdqrs., Ft. Adams, 25 May, 1803, appointing Court; G. O. Hdqrs., New Orleans, 1 February, 1804, promulgating proceedings; G. O. Hdqrs., Washington, 15 February 1805, appointing the second Court; G. O. Hdqrs., St. Louis, 20 September, 1805, promulgating proceedings.)

These proceedings gave rise to discussion, and to a vigorous protest to Congress from Major General Andrew Jackson and other militia officers and citizens in Tennessee. (*I. Vol. State Papers Mil. Affairs*, p. 172.) Some years later Congress took from the Commanding General the power to appoint a General Court on an officer when he is the accuser. (Act. 29 May, 1830.)

In 1801, just after the order had been issued that cues must fall, the Secretary of War, Dearborn, visited Fort Adams, Newport, Rhode Island. Fortunately the commanding officer, Major William McRea, of the Second Regiment Artillery and Engineers, had an intimation of his coming and acted accordingly. In a letter to his chief he thus referred to the event: "We are a pretty set of crops here, agreeable to the late General Order. There is not an hair an inch long on my head. This order was more reluctantly complied with than any order I have ever yet seen issued this way. I cannot conceive why the greatest ornament to a soldier should be thus lost." (Maj. MacRea to Lt.-Col. H. Burbeck, First Arty. and Engrs., 30 July, 1801.)

The accomplished officer who wrote this letter undoubtedly expressed the sentiments of his brother regular officers; for, although ever keenly alive to and ready to take advantage of progress in military science, nevertheless as to the customs, traditions and precedents of the service, it may be said that no class could be more truly conservative, or opposed to innovations not imperatively demanded for the good of the service.

A description of the uniforms of the American Army after 1825 is easily accessible. For an earlier period the records of the War Department, in consequence of the fire of 8th November, 1800, and invasion of 24th August, 1814, contain but very meagre information on

this subject. It has, therefore, been the effort in this paper to indicate the sources of information, and rescue some which have become almost destroyed.

ASA BIRD GARDNER

NOTE.—UNIFORMS.—In Colonel Trumbull's painting of the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, the Colonels on foot, viz.: Colonels Huntington, Hamilton, Stewart, &c., of the infantry, have black round hats and plumes, of which lower part are black and upper part red. Infantry buttons and epaulettes, both white; artillery buttons and epaulettes, both yellow. Cockade; main part of the "rosette" black, with small white rosette on top. Brigadier-General Knox, of the artillery, wore a plume of which lower part was *white* and upper part scarlet, and scarlet facings to his uniform.

In the painting of Burgoyne's surrender by Colonel Trumbull, Colonel William Prescott, of the Massachusetts volunteer infantry, is represented in a brown uniform hunting shirt. Colonel Daniel Morgan, of the Eleventh Virginia regiment rifles, in a white fringed hunting shirt. An infantry officer, Lieut.-Colonel John Brooks, Eighth Massachusetts regiment, in white epaulettes, white buttons, white facings and white under clothes, and blue coat. Major Ebenezer Stevens, Chief of Artillery, in yellow epaulettes, yellow buttons, yellow lace on sleeves and button holes, blue coat with scarlet linings and facings, scarlet sash, buff vest and buff small clothes.

In Trumbull's painting of Washington resigning his commission at Annapolis, also in the Rotunda at the Capitol, General Washington's aids are in blue and buff. (Cols. Walker and Stuart.)

Colonel John Eager Howard, late of the Second Maryland Infantry of the Line, has white epaulettes, white buttons and red facings.

The uniform of general officers was blue and buff.

In the foregoing sketch, the General Orders which are cited, when not otherwise expressed, are to be understood as issued from "Army Headquarters" for the time being, and to be the orders of the General-in-Chief of the Army then exercising the office. A. B.G.

NOTES

To the August number of the Magazine I contributed an article under this title. The following adds to its completeness:

In 1775, the regiment of "Green Mountain Boys," in the Continental establishment, raised by the New York Provincial Congress, and of which Ethan Allen was Colonel, and Seth Warner, Lieutenant Colonel, was uniformed in coats of coarse green cloth, faced with red. (*Res. N. Y. Prov. Cong.*, 15 *August*, 1775.)

In the same year the Massachusetts Provincial Congress, in providing thirteen thousand coats for the Colony troops, resolved "that each coat should be faced with the same kind of cloth of which it was made; that the coats should be made in the common, plain way, without lappels, short and with small folds, and that they should all be buttoned with pewter buttons, and *that the coats for each regiment, respectively, should have buttons of the same number stamped on face of them.* (*Res. Mass. Prov. Cong.*, 23 *April and* 5 *July*, 1775.)

A pewter coat-button found on the battlefield of "Freeman's Farm, or Stillwater," of 19th September, 1777, belonged to the uniform of the Eighth Regiment Massachusetts Continental Infantry, under Colonel Michael Jackson.

This regiment not only distinguished itself in that action, but in the succeeding one, "Saratoga," of 7th October, 1777, where, under its Lieut.-Colonel John Brooks, it stormed the Brunswick redoubt. Its subsequent gallant conduct at "Monmouth," and in other battles, brought it into special notice. The button has a slight border, and the following in raised letters and figures on the face:

MAS
VII
REG

The Ninth Regiment Mass. Continental Infantry, under Colonel James Wesson, was also in the same actions. A pewter button of this Regiment, found at Fort Constitution, Martelaer's Rock, opposite West Point, where the Ninth was subsequently stationed, is of the same design as the preceding one, and of the size of the present U. S. Infantry button.

Two uniform buttons, respectively of the 3d Regiment Mass. Continental Infantry, Colonel John Greaton, and the 7th Regiment Mass. Continental Infantry, Lieut.-Colonel Commandant John Brooks, have been found on the old, 1782, camp ground of the American Army, near Newburgh, N. Y. They are deposited at Washington's Headquarters in that city. These buttons are of pewter, of same size as last named, slightly oval, and have the word MAS. raised upon their faces, and underneath the Arabic numerals, 3 and 7, respectively, with an ornamentation of a vine or leaves below the figures.

A button from the uniform coat of Colonel and Bvt.-Brig.-Gen. Peter Gansevoort, 3d Regiment N. Y. Continental Infantry (who was Brig.-Gen., U. S. A. in 1808), is in possession of Mr. Elisha R. Freeman, of "Bemis Heights." It is of gilt, flat, with an eagle slightly raised upon it, encircled by thirteen stars, and is of the same general design as the present uniform buttons of the General Officers, Professors of the Military Academy, and other officers of the staff of the American Army.

Another uniform coat button of pewter, found by Mr. Freeman on the battlefield of "Freeman's Farm," has a slight border, and the letters U. S. A. raised upon the face, the S overlapping both the U and A, thus forming a sort of monogram. This button most probably came from the coat of one of the regular New York Regiments of Infantry—either the 2d Regiment, under Colonel Philip VanCortland, or the 4th Regiment, under Colonel Henry B. Livingston, each of which were with Major General Gates in the actions of 19th September and 7th October, 1777. It might, however, have come from the coat of one of the three regular Continental Regiments of Infantry from New Hampshire, who were also there, *viz.:* 1st N. H., Col. Joseph Cilley; 2d N. H., Col. Nathan Hale; and 3d N. H., Col. Alexander Scammell.

Buttons of the same design, both large and small, for uniform coat and vest, have been found at Fort Constitution, and as the 3d Regiment N. Y. Continental Infantry was at one time in garrison there, it is presumable the buttons thus marked belonged to the New York troops.

The regular Corps of Artillery in the American Army, until after the second war with Great Britain, had for a design for the uniform buttons an unlimbered field piece raised upon the brass or gilt metal, with a small guidon flag, fastened by its staff to the right side of the trail of a De Gribeauval carriage about where the wheel guard plate is fixed on the modern trail. The rim of the button had a slight ornamentation. A button of this description was found in the main redoubt, Fort Constitution, which was long garrisoned by the Artillery.

The buttons of H. B. M. 20th and 31st Regiments Infantry, found on the Gates-Burgoyne battlefields, were also of pewter.

A uniform button, same material, of the 25th Foot, British Army ("King's Own Borderers"), found by Prof. Robert W. Weir, U. S. Military Academy, in his garden at that Post, and presented to me, is of the same design as now worn by that regiment. It undoubtedly came from the coat of some enlisted man made prisoner of war and confined near the place where it was found.

In referring to the uniform of the Corps of Artillery, by a clerical error, the plume is incorrectly described as being black with red top, instead of being wholly red as stated before. The black plume with red top was prescribed for the *Light Infantry* of the Army to distinguish it from the rest, and was not, during the Revolution, worn by any other arm of the service. —(*G. O. Army Headquarters, Tea Neck, 29 August*, 1780.)

ASA BIRD GARDNER

From Henry's account of Arnold's Quebec Expedition:

Montgomery, in his care for Arnold's party, besides an excellent *blanket coat*, had assigned to each man a new *red* regimental coat of the Seventh (British) or some other regiment stationed in the upper country. This clothing had been seized at Montreal. Part of the regiment had been captured November 1, 1775, at Fort St. John's.

The Governor and Council of Connecticut, February 14, 1777, ordered the State Agents at Boston to "purchase clothing for our soldiers, viz: for four battalions and the First Regiment, but of a *dark brown* color.

These uniforms were probably intended for four of the eight "Continental" regiments then raising in the State, and on February 15, it was ordered "to be clothed with *red* coats brought in a prize vessel, [and now] in the hands of Dr. Sam'l Gray, of Windham and Col. S. [B.] Webb, at Wethersfield."

As *red* coats had been the Provincial uniform of Connecticut troops, the officials doubtless thought they still had the right to prescribe such color.

A. B. G.

(*Mag. Am. Hist., June, 1878*)

The following item appears in a list of clothing received at Albany from Boston and Philadelphia in 1777, for the use of the Northern Army in 1777:

"Rifleshirts, privates' and sergeants' coats, blue faced red, brown, faced red, brown, faced white, brown, faced green, drab, faced red, drab, faced green."

Drummers' and fifers' coats, green, faced blue, cloth breeches and waistcoats of a red, flesh color, and Common (?) Color, and striped homespun woolen, leather, and strong linen breeches. White Dowlas shirts."

W. K.

(*Mag. Am. Hist., July, 1885*)

WAR-TIME RECOLLECTIONS

(*Ninth Paper*)

HUNGRY DAYS AND NIGHTS

(This installment of Captain Hays' "Recollections" was unfortunately overlooked, and is consequently out of its chronological order. It should have followed the part printed in our October-November, 1914, issue.)

IN writing my reminiscences of Southern war prisons, I have given the incidents in something like chronological order. But, before going on to describe the building of and the escape through the famous Libby tunnel, it may be well to state certain facts about which I have often been questioned by friends who learned of my imprisonment. Officers who gambled in the army did not lose their love for games of chance in Libby Prison. These men were in the minority, but the few packs of greasy cards in their possession—how they got them I cannot pretend to say—were in pretty constant use—and poker was as fascinating to its votaries within those gloomy walls, more so perhaps, than if played in the most luxurious "card parlor" of New York City.

Money? No, there was no visible money, but wooden chips were used in lieu of ivory ones, and the losers gave notes, or orders, on their pay to the winners. Some men, and these the men who could least afford it, had not only lost their back pay, but pledged their "honor" for large sums, and with such men "a debt of honor" contracted at a gambling table is even more obligatory than a debt of duty. It was reported that one expert at poker had won from his fellow-prisoners over twenty thousand dollars, the greater part of which, I am told, he collected at the close of the war.

In striking contrast with the narrow selfishness of the poker players was the great good done by "The Libby Minstrels." This troupe had been organized by Captain, now Colonel Maas, of the Eighty-eighth Pennsylvania, then a resident of Reading, and now, I believe, a clerk in the Philadelphia Custom House. Captain Maas was a quiet, unobtrusive man, but he had the talents—every prisoner in Libby certainly believed so—of a first-class comedian. He was a wonderful mimic,

a master of the negro and Pennsylvania Dutch dialects, and he could tell a funny story and sing a comic song in a way that made the listeners forget for the time their hunger and their rags.

Captain Chandler of New York—I cannot recall his regiment at this moment, but I hope the brave fellow is living and well—had a violin which he had bought from the Confederates when money was more plentiful and the rules less strict. In his line Captain Chandler was an artist, and the belief was very general among the prisoners that he was better than Paganini at his best, and that he could have given any living fiddler points and then beaten him with the greatest ease.

Among 1,300 men, some of whom had been actors, and all of whom were eager to further and maintain the enterprise, there was no trouble in organizing a minstrel troupe of a superior class. Beef ribs supplied the bones, and these were the most conspicuous instruments in the orchestra, Chandler's fiddle and Maas's extemporized banjo comprising the rest.

The entertainments were given at night in the cook room. The tables were arranged at the Cary Street end, so as to make a stage; blankets were tacked up for scenery, and charred wood from the stoves supplied the place of burnt cork, and gave the actors an appearance of the genuine thing. A majority of the audience stood in a solid mass, the shorter men up front and the taller ones to the rear. As a printed programme was out of the question, "the interlocutor," who acquitted himself with professional dignity, always announced the changes, and there was a very general belief that to save the tax on his memory he made them up as the performance went on. Songs, sentimental and comic; dances, principally comic; stump speeches, broadly comic; railroad collisions with nothing tragic in them, and jokes—old, but all the better for that—constituted the principal features.

Many of the Confederate officers came in to these entertainments, and their presence was always made the occasion for war jokes and satire against the prison management, which they had the sense to take good-naturedly. As there were no ladies in the audience, many of the stories had what Thackeray calls "a strong garrison flavor," but it should be said in justice to the performers, to whom we were indebted for so much pleasure, that they were broad without being vulgar and humorous without being obscene. The audience lent a hand by

asking the interlocutor questions and joining in the choruses. I recall the following conversation between a tall man at the back of the room and the manager on the stage:

Tall Man—Brother Johnsing, may I ask a question?

Brother Johnsing—Before I replies to dat ar' propersition I wants some information, Sah.

Tall Man—What is it?

Brother Johnsing—Did you buy a reserved seat, er is you a deadhead?

Tall Man—A deadhead, I'm happy to say.

Brother Johnsing—Fire away, Sah, deadheads am privileged folks in dis building; dey are de on'y ones kin leave it widout bein' exchanged.

Tall Man—Ain't you hungry?

Brother Johnsing—Monstus hungry; has yeh found anything to eat?

Tall Man—If Jeff Davis released you on condition that you did not take up arms again during the war, would you accept?

Brother Johnsing (in thundering tones)—No, Sah! I'll allow Iz'e on'y a d—d nigger, but I ain't got's low as dat yit.

This declaration from the stage was greeted by three cheers, and "three cheers more," followed by a tiger that might have been heard at the "Executive Mansion" on the hill.

I recall a snatch of one song entitled "Ham Fat," that always made me feel hungrier, and which, as Captain Maas sang it, was always accompanied by long-drawn "Ahs!" and the smacking of a thousand pairs of lips in concert:

"They took me in at Gettysburg upon a July day;
They confiscated all my kit, and trotted me away.
But when I get out of Libby I'll go to Uncle Sam,
For he's got the bread a-bakin' and he's fryin' ob de ham,"

Chorus—by full company and audience.

"Ham fat, ham fat—tinkleam a tan;
Ham fat, ham fat—how are you Sally Ann?
Oh, creep down to the kitchen softly ez you can,
For de meat is brown and sizzlin' in the ham fat pan."

These minstrel entertainments were always through before the guards announced 9 o'clock and shouted "Lights out." At the close the performers came to the front and one or sometimes a quartet, would sing "Rally Round the Flag, Boys," "We Are Coming, Father Abraham," "Glory Hallelujah," and "The Star-Spangled Banner," every man throwing his voice into the chorus in a way that stirred the heart, and reminded the Methodist prisoners "powerfully of camp-meeting times," as one of them expressed it.

Sometimes two or three courts-martial were under way at the same time in Libby, and they were conducted, if not with the solemn decorum of the genuine thing, with marked ability, for the legal profession was well represented in prison, and it was surprising how many of the lawyers were clever speakers. One peculiarity of these courts was that no matter how strong the evidence or able the defense for the accused, he was invariably found "guilty as charged," and one sentence was pronounced on every class of imaginary offenders—"imprisonment for life—unless sooner exchanged."

And here one of the saddest incidents of my Libby experience comes to my mind. One afternoon I was a member of a mock court that had before it for trial my friend, and the friend of all who knew him, Captain Forsyth of Sandusky, who, with many of his regiment, the One Hundredth Ohio, was swept away in one of Longstreet's fierce charges at Chickamauga. The Captain was, of course, found guilty, and I recall that the sentence was slightly varied in his case; it was, "And you shall be confined in prison till you die or are exchanged." As these courts were organized to divert our thoughts and make us laugh, we laughed at Forsyth, little dreaming how soon the gallant fellow was to be "called" from Libby without exchange.

Colonel Carlton and also the captured officers of the One Hundredth Ohio had their quarters in the north end of the Upper Chickamauga room, as close to the barred windows as it was safe to get. Nearly every hour in the day the guards in the street below would raise their rifles to fire at the prisoners, who, in the surging throngs, ever moving to keep warm, were frequently thrown beyond the danger line. The guards were acting under orders, but they always shouted a warning, which was quickly heeded. It was the morning after the mock court-martial, and Forsyth and Lieutenant Kelley of the same regiment chanced beyond the danger line. There was a guard below who

had never fired at a Yankee in battle, or he would have given some warning of his purpose.

The crack of a rifle rang out on Cary Street. A death cry thrilled through the Upper Chickamauga room, and a crowd of ragged men, trembling with horror and burning with indignation, gathered around two comrades prostrate on the floor. One raised the young Captain's head to his knee; he was a comrade who had stood shoulder to shoulder with him in many a battle. He called his name, but the sound fell on the ears of one who had answered another call.

The bullet that pierced Forsyth's brain and passed through it struck Kelley in the throat, and so great was the flow of blood that it seemed for a time that he, too, must die. Young Kelley belonged to the family after whom Kelley's Island, in Lake Erie and not far from Sandusky, is called, Major Turner came up with a doctor and a guard, and Kelley was taken down to the hospital, where he recovered in a few weeks. The Captain's body was carried down to the dead cart—and that was all. The guard, who was neither arrested nor relieved, said that when he raised his piece to warn the prisoners back "it went off by accident." He had murdered a Yankee, but before the indignation of the veteran Confederates he did not care to boast of the deed.

Those of us who were fortunate enough to bring greenbacks into Libby had no trouble in disposing of them through Little Ross or Adjutant Latouche, at the rate of from fifteen to twenty for one. For my $100 I received $1,600. On the face of it this looks like a respectable sum of money, but even if its purchasing power had been greater, it would not have gone far where so many were in need. A people less proud and more prudent than the Confederates would have yielded to the inevitable before this. Their army was thinned out, their currency was nearly valueless, and food, even of the most essential kind, was fabulously high. While our money lasted we paid $10 a peck for white potatoes, $2 a pound for lard, slightly rancid; $5 a peck for cornmeal, $1 apiece for eggs—half of them bad; 75 cents a pound for flour, and $1 each for runty red onions; the latter were a great luxury. Coffee was away out of sight, butter, a luxury for free men and Presidents, and sugar, of a sticky, semi-molasses character was almost beyond reach.

The money was going down every day and the prices were going

up, yet these heroic people clung to their cause, though even through the prison bars we could see that desperation had taken the place of hope.

I have often been asked to describe the feeling of prolonged hunger, but no man can describe a feeling, whether it be pleasurable or painful. It is possible to tell of the accompanying thoughts, but even here the most graphic pen would find itself almost at a halt. For weeks, aye for months, I have had, night and day, the sensation of an awful burning inside that water could not quench nor hard corn bread appease. Imagining that if the food could be made to rest for a while over that burning spot it might relieve me, I have gnawed at my corn bread, lying down, hoping that it would allay the intense craving; but the experiment failed, and, after it, I felt a keener agony for having my mind concentrated on the seat of the pain.

In my dreams—and this was the experience of others—tables piled high, not with desserts, but with juicy meat and mountains of white bread and flagons of milk and mounds of golden butter and pots of odorous coffee, would be spread before me. Maddened by the hunger, still burning me in my sleep, I would reach out to eat, only to have the food elude my grasp. Then I would wake up with a start to hear the ceaseless coughing of the long ranks on the floor, and to curse in my heart the guards, who shouted from their posts that "All was well!" Often in thinking of the happy days gone past, when full and plenty were before me at my own father's board, I have called myself a fool for not having eaten more when I had a good chance.

I had one friend, named Van Klodt, whose imagination was so powerfully excited by his continued hunger that he could talk about nothing but food. The Lieutenant was an Austrian officer who had come over here to learn war from experience. He secured a staff place for which he was well qualified, being a man of courage and culture, and withal a generous, kindly gentleman; but the poor fellow was captured. I could see him getting leaner and more ragged day by day, but he bravely tried to cheer me and himself up by describing the dishes to be had in the famous restaurants in Vienna. As he spoke a out them, his blue eyes would enlarge and he would smack his lips as if he were enjoying the rare viands his imagination had conjured up. He would talk to me by the hour on that one subject. He had come to believe that eating was the one great purpose of life. Heaven—his heaven

certainly at that time—was a place where the saints devoted themselves to Vienna cooking, and the angels did nothing but wait on new arrivals from Southern prisons. From the way he talked I was led to believe that if he ever got out and reached Austria he would resign from the Emperor's service and devote the rest of his life—when he was not sleeping—to eating. As I recall these tantalizing talks with Von Klodt I actually feel hungry again.

Of all places one would think that Libby Prison would have been the last in which the commercial spirit that has added so much to the wealth of the Republic would manifest itself, but fidelity to the picture compels me to say that there were a few men in prison who made money out of the necessities of their fellows. Two of these men, who had come in with greenbacks, exchanged them for graybacks and went into business. They messed alone, slept alone, and, with an eye to the main chance, they conducted business alone. They were established on each side of the door that led from the Lower Chickamauga into the Lower Potomac room. They had invested their money in white potatoes, red onions, tobacco, and wheat flour, and these articles they sold in driblets at much higher rates than the Confederates.

These fellows lived well, and they might have continued to prosper had not hunger been more powerful with some of the prisoners than their reverence for the Decalogue. One night a raid was made on these prison sutlers, and the next morning their stock in trade and their money were gone. After this they became as hungry and ragged as the rest of us. I feel pretty sure that the survivors from the Upper Potomac room could today name the principals in this brilliantly executed raid. I mention this selfishness because its rarity made it conspicuous among the many prisoners, who, in the main, were as self-denying and sympathetic as they were patriotic and brave.

Since my prison experience I have been strongly of the opinion that there is a limit to the temptation which even the strongest man can stand. This has certainly been my own experience, as the following incident will prove: Near the particular post that marked the place where two friends and myself tried to sleep under one blanket at night —it was in the Upper Chickamauga room—a solemn, saturnine man could be found at all hours, seldom moving, and always brooding over the situation. He was a regimental Quartermaster, and it was impossible to get him to talk, even about food or exchange, two subjects

on which every other man in prison was ready to grow eloquent, prophetic, and imaginative at a moment's notice. Like Dundreary's bird, this gentleman, because there were no other birds of the same feather at hand, "flocked by himself." When boxes of food and clothing were being received and delivered from friends in the North, "the hermit of the Upper Chickamauga," as some of us called him, received a good supply, and as he never asked anybody to partake of his bounty, his luxuries held out long after the rest of us were famishing.

As a Quartermaster, this man had learned the art of caring for himself, and if he is living today—as is my sincere wish—he must be one of the richest men in Wisconsin, for he had a positive genius for economy. The last of his supplies remained in the shape of a ham, and this ham he kept suspended from a nail in the post directly over where I lay. Every morning he would cut off a slice and hurry down to the stove and cook it in a pan made of a corn can, and he would save every drop of the gravy by sopping his corn bread in it.

The poorest man in the country today does not envy the richest the possession of his millions as I envied that Quartermaster the possession of that ham. When he went down to cook the precious slice I would follow him, just to inhale the odor. The perfumeries of all time never distilled anything more delicious than the smell of that frying ham. I saw it growing smaller day by day, and I used to speculate as to how long he could make it last. The isthmus of bone that connected the two rich continents of meat grew longer every morning. That ham, like the forbidden fruit to the first mother, gradually and irresistibly possessed me with a yearning to try it. I suggested to Captain Edmund Dawn, who slept with me and was one of the leaders of the prison prayer meetings, that we raid the Quartermaster's ham, but he shook his head and said, "It wouldn't be right."

"If I—appropriate it, will you help eat it?" I asked.

"Well," said my pious and gallant friend, "if Heaven was to send a little meat in my way about this time, I should eat it with thanks, nor ask where it came from."

This declaration from so good an authority on ethics decided me, and I laid my plans accordingly. The next morning at daylight, when the guards came in to drive us into the Upper Potomac for roll-call, I

remained under my blanket on the floor—no unusual proceeding on the part of prisoners.

A guard lifted the blanket with his bayonet and asked:

"Are you sick?"

"Yes, report me as one, but I don't care to be sent to the hospital," I replied.

The guard left, and as soon as his back was turned I sprang to my feet and plucked down the ham. Even in that moment of sin and greed I had some humanity left. I broke the bone on the floor and hung up the part with the end attached (it was the smaller) and the big, luscious lump I concealed inside my blouse, and then, afraid to look at the man I had despoiled, I hid my face in the blanket. In a few minutes the Quartermaster appeared, and such a roar and such a storm of profanity I never heard before, not even from a mule driver with a stalled team. He questioned me and I referred him to the guard. But he must have doubted me, for he asked: "Why in h—— didn't he take it all?"

"I cannot pretend to explain the gentleman's consideration," I said, with a boldness that surprised myself.

Until the remnant of his ham was gone, the Quartermaster carried it about with him and slept with it.

As soon as I could do so with safety, I invited my own mess down to the stoves. I cooked every scrap of the ham and sopped the corn bread in the delicious gravy. It was not till the sumptuous repast was over that Captain Dawn made any comment; then he drew his ragged sleeve across his yellow mustache and whispered:

"May God forgive you, Captain; but wasn't it good!"

Asa N. Hays

(To be continued)

FOLLOWING THOREAU ON CAPE COD

THE opening of the Cape Cod canal last year has called attention to the various attractions of that peculiar and bleak locality. More tourists have been investigating the Cape this year than ever before. For their benefit there has just been issued a "visitors edition" of Thoreau's "Cape Cod."

It was never Thoreau's practice to frequent the villages in his travels. He preferred the seashore and the woods and the wild open places. The visitor who goes to Cape Cod today in the spirit of Thoreau may still avoid, as he did, most of the signs of habitation and enjoy the sweep of the sand and of the ocean, fill his lungs with the fresh air and enjoy the atmosphere of the Cape, observing its birds and flowers and trees, its sands and its shell fish, in very much the same way that Thoreau did; and for those who enjoy the things of nature this isreally the best way to see Cape Cod.

When we have returned from the seaside, says Thoreau, we sometimes ask ourselves why we did not spend more time in gazing at the sea; but very soon the traveller does not look at the sea more than at the heavens. As for the interior, if the elevated sandbar in the midst of the ocean can be said to have any interior, it was an exceedingly desolate landscape, with rarely a cultivated or cultivable field in sight. We saw no villages, and seldom a house, for these are generally on the bay side. It was a succession of shrubby hills and valleys, now wearing an autumnal tint. You would frequently think, from the character of the surface, the dwarfish trees and the bearberries around, that you were on the top of a mountain. The only wood in Eastham was on the edge of Wellfleet. The pitch pines were not commonly more than fifteen or eighteen feet high. The larger ones were covered with lichens, often hung with the long gray Usnea. There is scarcely a white pine on the forearm of the Cape. Yet in the northwest part of Eastham, near the Camp Ground, we saw, the next summer, some quite rural and even sylvan retreats, for the Cape, where small rustling groves of oaks and locusts and whispering pines, on perfectly level ground, made a little paradise.

The inhabitants of these towns have a great regard for a tree, though their standard for one is necessarily neither large nor high; and when they tell you of the large trees that once grew here you must think of them not as absolutely large, but large compared with the present generation. Their "brave old oaks," of which they speak with so much respect, and which they will point out to you as relics of the primitive forest, one hundred or one hundred and fifty, aye, for aught they know two hundred years old, have a ridiculously dwarfish appearance which excites a smile in the beholder. The largest and most venerable which they will show you in such a case are perhaps not more than twenty or twenty-five feet high. I was especially amused by the liliputian old oaks in the south part of Truro. To the inexperienced eye, which appreciated their proportions only, they might appear vast as the tree which saved his royal majesty, but measured they were dwarfed at once almost into lichens which a deer might eat up in a morning. Yet they will tell you that large schooners were once built of timber which grew in Wellfleet. The old houses also are built of the timber of the Cape; but instead of the forests in the midst of which they originally stood, barren heaths, with poverty grass for heather, now stretch away on every side.

Looking southward from the lighthouse, the Cape appeared like an elevated plateau, sloping very regularly, though slightly, downward from the edge of the bank on the Atlantic side, about 150 feet above the ocean, to that on the bay side. On traversing this we found it to be interrupted by broad valleys or gullies, which become the hollows in the bank when the sea has worn up to them. They are commonly at right angles with the shore, and often extend quite across the Cape. Some of the valleys, however, are circular, one hundred feet deep, without any outlet, as if the cape had sunk in those places or its sands had run out. The few scattered houses which we passed, being placed at the bottom of the hollows, for shelter and fertility, were for the most part concealed entirely as much as if they had been swallowed up in the earth. Even a village with its meeting house, which we had left little more than a stone's throw behind, had sunk into the earth, spire and all, and we saw only the surface of the upland and the sea on either hand. When approaching it we had mistaken the belfry for a summer house on the plain. We began to think that we might tumble into a village before we were aware of it, as into an ant lion's hole, and be drawn into the sand irrecoverably. The most conspicuous objects

on the land were a distant windmill, or a meeting house standing alone, for only they could afford to occupy an exposed place. A great part of the township, however, is a barren, heathlike plain, and perhaps one-third of it lies in common, though the property of individuals. The author of the old "Description of Truro," speaking of the soil, says: "The snow, which would be of essential service to it provided it lay level and covered the ground, is blown into drifts and into the sea." This peculiar open country, with here and there a patch of shrubbery, extends as much as seven miles, or from Pamet River on the south to High Head on the north, and from ocean to bay. To walk over it makes on a stranger such an impression as being at sea, and he finds it impossible to estimate distances in any weather. A windmill or a herd of cows may seem to be far away in the horizon, yet after going a few rods he will be close upon them. He is also deluded by other kinds of mirage.

In summer, if the poverty grass grows at the head of a hollow looking toward the sea, in a bleak position where the wind rushes up, the northern or exposed half of the tuft is sometimes all black and dead like an oven broom, while the opposite half is yellow with blossoms, the whole hillside thus presenting a remarkable contrast when seen from the poverty stricken and the flourishing side. This plant, which in many places would be esteemed an ornament, is here despised by many on account of its being associated with barrenness. It might well be adopted for the Barnstable coat of arms, in a field *sableux*. I should be proud of it. Here and there were tracts of beach grass mingled with the seaside golden rod and beach pea, which reminded us still more forcibly of the ocean.

We read that there was not a brook in Truro. Yet there were deer here once, which must often have panted in vain; but I am pretty sure that I afterward saw a small fresh water brook emptying into the south side of Pamet River, though I was so heedless as not to taste it. At any rate, a little boy near by told me that he drank at it. There was not a tree as far as we could see, and that was many miles each way, the general level of the upland being about the same everywhere.

In the north part of the town there is no house from shore to shore for several miles, and it is as wild and solitary as the Western prairies—used to be. Indeed, one who has seen every house in Truro will be surprised to hear of the number of the inhabitants, but perhaps five

hundred of the men and boys of this small town were then abroad on their fishing grounds. Only a few men stay at home to till the sand or watch for blackfish. The farmers are fishermen—farmers and understand better ploughing the sea than the land. They do not disturb their sands much, though there is a plenty of seaweed in the creeks, to say nothing of blackfish occasionally rotting on the shore. Between the pond and East Harbor Village there was an interesting plantation of pitch pines, twenty or thirty acres in extent, like those which we had already seen from the stage. One who lived near said that the land was purchased by two men for a shilling, or twenty-five cents an acre. Some is not considered worth writing a deed for. This soil or sand, which was partly covered with poverty and beach grass, sorrel, &c., was furrowed at intervals of about four feet and the seed dropped by a machine. The pines had come up admirably and grown the first year three or four inches, and the second six inches and more. Where the seed had been lately planted the white sand was freshly exposed in an endless furrow winding round and round the sides of the deep hollows in a vertical, spiral manner, which produced a very singular effect, as if you were looking into the reverse side of a vast banded shield. This experiment, so important to the Cape, appeared very successful, and perhaps the time will come when the greater part of this kind of land in Barnstable county will be thus covered with an artificial pine forest, as has been done in some parts of France. In that country 12,500 acres of downs had been thus covered in 1811 near Bayonne. They are called pignadas, and according to Loudon "constitute the principal riches of the inhabitants, where there was a drifting desert before." It seemed a nobler kind of grain to raise than corn even.

A few years ago Truro was remarkable among the Cape towns for the number of sheep raised in it; but I was told that at this time only two men kept sheep in the town, and a Truro boy ten years old told me that he had never seen one. They were formerly pastured on the unfenced lands or general fields, but now the owners were more particular to assert their rights, and it cost too much for fencing. The rails are cedar from Maine, and two rails will answer for ordinary purposes, but four are required for sheep. This was the reason assigned by one who had formerly kept them for not keeping them any longer. Fencing stuff is so expensive that I saw fences made with only one rail, and very often the rail when split was carefully tied with a string. In one of the villages I saw the next summer a cow tethered by a rope six rods long,

the rope long in proportion as the feed was short and thin. Sixty rods, aye, all the cables of the Cape, would have been no more than fair. Tethered in the desert for fear that she would get into Arabia Felix! I helped a man weigh a bundle of hay which he was selling to his neighbor, holding one end of a pole from which it swung by a steelyard hook, and this was just half his whole crop. In short, the country looked so barren that I several times refrained from asking the inhabitants for a string or a piece of wrapping paper for fear I should rob them, for they plainly were obliged to import these things as well as rails, and where there were no newsboys I did not see what they would do for waste paper.

A great proportion of the inhabitants of the Cape are always thus abroad about their teaming on some ocean highway or other, and the history of one of their ordinary trips would cast the Argonautic expedition into the shade. I have just heard of a Cape Cod captain who was expected home in the beginning of the winter from the West Indies, but was long since given up for lost, till his relations at length have heard with joy that after getting within forty miles of Cape Cod light he was driven back by nine successive gales to Key West, between Florida and Cuba, and was once again shaping his course for home. Thus he spent his winter. In ancient times the adventures of these two or three men and boys would have been made the basis of a myth, but now such tales are crowded into a line of shorthand signs like an algebraic formula in the shipping news. "Wherever over the world," said Palfrey in his oration at Barnstable, "you see the Stars and Stripes floating you may have good hope that beneath them some one will be found who can tell you the soundings of Barnstable or Wellfleet or Chatham harbor."

In summer and fall sometimes hundreds of blackfish (the social whale, *Globicephalus melas* of De Kay; called also black whale fish, howling whale, bottle head, &c.), fifteen feet or more in length, are driven ashore in a single school here. I witnessed such a scene in July, 1855. A carpenter who was working at the lighthouse arriving early in the morning remarked that he did not know but he had lost fifty dollars by coming to his work, for as he came along the bay side he heard them driving a school of blackfish ashore, and he had debated with himself whether he should not go and join them and take his share, but had concluded to come to his work.

After breakfast I came over to this place, about two miles distant, and near the beach met some of the fishermen returning from their chase. Looking up and down the shore, I could see about a mile south some large black masses on the sand, which I knew must be blackfish, and a man or two about them. As I walked along toward them I soon came to a large carcass whose head was gone and whose blubber had been stripped off some weeks before; the tide was just beginning to move it, and the stench compelled me to go a long way round.

When I came to Great Hollow I found a fisherman and some boys on the watch, and counted about thirty blackfish, just killed, with many lance wounds, and the water was more or less bloody around. They were partly on shore and partly in the water, held by a rope round their tails till the tide should leave them. A boat had been somewhat stove by the tail of one. They were a smooth, shining black, like India rubber, and had remarkably simple and lumpish forms for animated creatures, with a blunt round snout or head, whale like, and simple stiff looking flippers. The largest were about fifteen feet long, but one or two were only five feet long, and still without teeth. The fishermen slashed one with his jackknife, to show me how thick the blubber was —about three inches; and as I passed my finger through the cut it was covered thick with oil. The blubber looked like pork, and this man said that when they were trying it the boys would sometimes come round with a piece of bread in one hand, and take a piece of blubber in the other to eat with it, preferring it to pork scraps. He also cut into the flesh beneath, which was firm and red like beef, and he said that for his part he preferred it when fresh to beef. It is stated that in 1812 blackfish were used as food by the poor of Bretagne. They were waiting for the tide to leave these fishes high and dry, that they might strip off the blubber and carry it to their try works in their boats, where they try it on the beach.

I learned that a few days before this one hundred-eighty blackfish had been driven ashore in one school at Eastham, a little further south, and that the keeper of Billingsgate Point light went out one morning about the same time and cut his initials on the backs of a large school which had run ashore in the night, and sold his right to them to Provincetown for $1,000 and probably Provincetown made as much more. Another fisherman told me that nineteen years ago three hundred-eighty were driven ashore in one school at Great Hollow. In the Naturalists'

Library it is said that in the winter of 1809-10 one thousand one hundred-ten "approached the shore of Hvalfiord, Iceland, and were captured." De Kay says it is not known why they are stranded. But one fisherman declared to me that they ran ashore in pursuit of squid, and that they generally came on the coast about the last of July.

About a week afterward, when I came to this shore, it was strewn, as far as I could see with a glass, with the carcasses of blackfish stripped of their blubber and their heads cut off, the latter lying higher up. Walking on the beach was out of the question on account of the stench.

We had here, as well as all across the Cape, a fair view of Provincetown, five or six miles distant over the water toward the west, under its shrubby sand hills, with its harbor now full of vessels whose masts mingled with the spires of its churches and gave it the appearance of a quite large seaport town.

The inhabitants of all the lower Cape towns enjoy the prospect of two seas. Standing on the western or larboard shore and looking across to where the distant mainland looms, they can say this is Massachusetts Bay, and then after an hour's sauntering walk they may stand on the starboard side, beyond which no land is seen to loom, and say this is the Atlantic Ocean.

Sun, N. Y.

PRAIRIE DU CHIEN

PRAIRIE DU CHIEN is undoubtedly one of the most interesting and beautiful places on the Mississippi. It takes its name from the fact that it was once the camping-place of a Fox Indian Chief, whose name was—*The Dog*. The prairie extends along the eastern bank of the river for about ten miles; on the one hand it slopes gently down the river, and on the other is bounded by a range of bluffs, which are some five hundred feet high, and exceedingly picturesque. The houses that shelter the inhabitants of this place are planted without any order, but as it is one of our more ancient trading-posts, there is a rude and romantic appearance about them which is quite refreshing. Here in the form of an isolated square, lie the barracks of Fort Crawford, where the discordant sounds of the drum and the shrill whistle of the fife are often heard; while in another part of the plain are the ruins of an old fortress almost level with the ground. Now a lonely Catholic church is seen holding forth its gilded cross; and now, the store of the Indian trader is surrounded with a herd of Winnebago Indians, who resort here for purposes of trade. The territory of this tribe lies directly on the opposite side of the Mississippi, where the eye is again gratified by a range of wood-covered bluffs, rising directly from the margin of the stream. From the regular lines of naked strata which extend along the sides of all the bluffs in this vicinity, it is evident that the spot called Prairie Du Chien was formerly the bed of the Mississippi, but how many centuries ago this was the case, it is impossible to imagine. And yet if this conclusion is correct, and we remember that there are hundreds of similar prairies as well as bottom lands on the Mississippi, we must also conclude that this stream is now a mere rivulet to what it was in the times of old.

On the bluffs, in the immediate vicinity of Prairie Du Chien are some of the most remarkable of those strange memorials of a forgotten race which have yet been discovered in our country. Like those of Ohio, Kentucky, Missouri, and Illinois, those of the more northern wilderness will long continue to puzzle the antiquarian, and furnish food for the poet and the moralist. Here the mounds, trenches, and cellars are found connected in one series of works, which seem to have

been used for military purposes. Deep under the surface of the ground, tomahawks of brass (differing materially from those now in use) have been found; and stories are told of gigantic skeletons having been disinterred in the neighborhood. The only things which throw any light upon these singular ruins, are the uncouth and unsatisfactory legends of the Indians, who tell us that a race of white giants were once the possessors of the soil which they have inherited from their warlike and victorious ancestors. These vestiges of an extinct race, "lie in their sunless chambers like the spirits of the past, as if in mockery of an age which arrogates to itself the term of an age of light. They will probably remain forever a signal rebuke upon the learning of modern times, assuming, as it does, the pride of universal knowledge."

At this place I met and had a long conversation with an Indian trader, who had lived in the wilderness for more than half a century. He gave me an interesting account of the battle of Bad Axe, at which he was present. This spot lies some distance below Prairie Du Chien, and received its name from an Indian, who was killed and buried there at an early day. The trader told me that the word *battle* was not the right one to use in speaking of that conclusion of the Black Hawk war; —it was a cruel *massacre*. The poor Indians were crossing the river (as they had been for days) with all possible despatch, when they were overtaken by a force of three thousand of our well-armed soldiers. The surprise caused great consternation among the Indians; all who could, made their escape, and the leader of *this crowd* was Black Hawk himself. Six of our people alone were killed: and *nine-tenths* of the two hundred red-skins slain, were *women* and *children*. The famished condition of the *enemy* on that occasion must have been melancholy indeed. My old friend told me, that among the scenes which he witnessed on the ground after this massacre, was a dead child, with the meatless bone of a young colt's leg grasped firmly in its little hand;— it had died of starvation while clinging to the body of its murdered mother. And this is a portion of the payment that our Government has ever been in the habit of awarding to the poor Indian, for the splendid territories which were his only inheritance.

The Winnebagoes are about the only Indians who visit Prairie Du Chien for purposes of traffic; formerly, however, it was the congregating place for the nations which lived upon the Fox and Wisconsin rivers, as well as those upon the head waters of the Mississippi. The

Winnebagoes were once almost as numerous as the leaves upon the trees, but the nation has been so far reduced that only about three thousand now remain. And a more unhappy people do not exist upon the continent,—warriors, women and children are all apparently broken hearted. In olden times they were a race of brave men and beautiful women, but now they prowl among their native hills a brotherhood of vagabonds, exceedingly poor and universally despised. And yet the white man who was the author of all this misery counts his gold, and congratulates himself with the idea that he is a Christian.

But I am wandering from what I was about to record, viz., the history of a visit to the lodge of Winneshic, head chief of the Winnebagoes. The business which had brought the old man to the Prairie, was, tc exchange the skin of a recently captured bear, for a small bag of flour and some ammunition. I had made him a present of tobacco (which is about the only currency that a traveller can make use of in the wilderness), and when it was intimated to him that I should be pleased to visit his lodge, he immediately pressed me to become his guest, which invitation was duly accepted. He had come to the Prairie alone, in a small wooden canoe, in which, at the appointed hour, I seated myself and away we started up the Mississippi. With the language of my old friend I was partially acquainted, and this, with my knowledge of the Indian character, and his smattering of English, enabled me to carry on a respectable conversation. The old man told me that I must keep very quiet in my seat, as he thought me a novice in canoe navigation; whereupon I seized a paddle and feathered it a few moments in a style worthy of the chief himself, which not only surprised but pleased him. After a quiet sail of about an hour, during which time I enjoyed some of the finest scenery and one of the brightest of sunsets, the canoe suddenly turned into the mouth of a little creek, and I was landed at the threshold of my companion's lodge. It was made of buffalo skins and shaped like a sugar loaf. It stood upon a plot of level ground, in the centre of a brotherhood of elms, and at the foot of an abrupt hill. It was so far elevated as to command a southern view of the Mississippi, extending at least a dozen miles,—the river meanwhile making two or three magnificent sweeps, as if in honor of the beautiful islands which rested like jewels on its peaceful bosom.

The extent of Winneshic's family I was unable to learn, but the only individuals whom I saw at his lodge were his wife, a couple of

fine looking boys and a little girl. They were all glad to see me, and treated me with marked politeness. I was invited to a seat upon the handsomest mat in the lodge, and while the chief sat by my side smoking his pipe and entertaining me with the strange wild stories of his life, the wife busied herself in finishing a pair of moccasins, while the children were cooking a wilderness supper. That supper consisted of boiled fish, a roasted duck, and a piece of dough about half baked, all or which we ate with our fingers, and without salt.

After the repast was ended I thought it my turn to entertain my friends, and for this purpose had brought my portfolio of sketches, which were carefully examined by the light of a blazing fire. Some of the scenes I had sketched were recognized by the whole family, and caused them to look with wonder upon my supposed talent and upon the lead pencil which I also exhibited to them. Their astonishment amused me exceedingly, and I greatly increased it by sketching a profile of the chief and his better-half. It so happened that I was successful in my attempt, and when I presented the sketches to the individuals represented, they ransacked every nook and corner of their lodge for something to give me in return. The chief handed me a beautiful pipe from the famous red stone quarry, while the wife presented me with the most fantastic pair of moccasins in her possession; the little girl gave me a cake of maple sugar, and one of the boys presented me with an eagle's plume, and the other with a bow and arrows.

It was near midnight before I was suffered to lie down to rest, but before taking this step I emerged from the wigwam for the purpose of looking upon the Mississippi at that hour. And a lovely sight indeed was it my privilege to behold. The moon was sweeping across her cloudless field of blue—a beautiful but impatient queen—while an occasional star gazed upward from its watchtower, as if in admiration of the heaven-born spectacle. All the hills and islands were in deep shadow, and before me, far as the eye could reach, lay exposed the windings of the stream, which was brighter than a shield of burnished steel. So very still was the air around, that you might now hear the shrill note of some frightened deer far away upon the hillside; and now the scream of a lonely loon, the splashing of a leaping fish, and the rippling of the rivulet at my feet, which glided into the bosom of its parent stream through a cluster of tall reeds. With this picture and its manifold

associations deeply fixed in my mind, I re-entered the lodge, threw myself upon a mat in the midst of my Indian friends, and was soon in a deep sleep.

I arose, on the following morning, at an early hour, and after partaking of a breakfast of boiled fish, I entered, with the chief, into his canoe, and in forty minutes was at my quarters in Prairie Du Chien.

1845 CHARLES LANMAN

VINCENNES, PIONEER CITY OF THE MIDDLE WEST

VINCENNES, Indiana, though a small city of twenty thousand population, is one of the pioneer towns of the Middle West, as well as one rich in history of the early days. Here was erected the first church built west of Philadelphia, still in use today and known as St. Francis Xavier cathedral. It was erected in 1702, made of hand-made brick and finished in native wood, hewn and dressed by hand. It served as a place of worship, for all the French settlers far up and down the Wabash Valley. Within its walls was held the first public school of the Northwest Territory (now Kentucky, Indiana and Illinois). It is said that Washington paid from his own pocket money as a part of the teachers' pay. With the coming of a larger number of white settlers the school was moved from the old church. It was the center of the small colony of whites, serving the many uses of a public building and in later years served (1778) as a shelter for Clark's soldiers after the capture of the English garrison at Fort Knox. In the east wing of the old church is one of the oldest libraries in the country filled with rare old books. Found on the shelves are rare old geographies published in 1620-1633. It is claimed that our Government has found some of the books very valuable in making maps, and as a reference to earlyhistory. There is also a large collection of rare and costly laces.

The old cathedral and library is by far the oldest and most interesting building in the old town. Yet there are several others that are very interesting relics of bygone days. Not far from the old church is what is called the first Legislature, a one-story French type of dwelling, used as a place of meeting by Indiana's first Legislature. This structure is still in fairly good condition and is kept in repair by the city. About one block west of the Legislature building stands the Harrison home, a large structure made of hand-made brick, once the home of President William Henry Harrison; he occupied it at the time of the battle of Tippecanoe. The old house is visited by hundreds of people yearly. One room is filled with various Indian relics—a bed of Francis Vigo,—a portrait of William Henry Harrison painted in Chillicothe, O., more than one hundred years ago. There is a secret passageway to the tunnel which once had an outlet at the river. For many years there was

a rumor that the home contained a secret room yet unlocated. Many people had hunted for some clue that would lead them to find it, and in September, 1915, it was located by a boy, Erwin Van Kirk, who had heard of the hidden room and had long been trying to locate it. Leading from a lower room is a grand stairway, and he concluded that the only possible entrance must be beneath the heavy floor of the stair landing. He removed several planks from the landing and was rewarded by finding a room of considerable size. Securing a short ladder he descended into the room and by the light of a lantern viewed the floor and walls which no human eye had seen for perhaps a century; the only article found in the room was an old low-cut shoe with wooden heel and metal trim. There was no exit from the room, but there could be traced upon the wall what had once been a door leading into the rear court. Harrison, at that time governor, is believed to have constructed the secret room to be used as a hiding-place for valuable documents. Shortly before the finding of the secret chamber workmen while excavating for street improvements unearthed the remains of the walls of Fort Knox. It had always been known that the old Fort stood somewhere within the city limits, but the exact location was never known until the decayed butts of the heavy logs were uncovered. The complete outlines of the wall could be traced, yet the wood was so decayed that it fell to dust when exposed to air a few hours. Within the lines of the old walls were found several old English coins many in almost perfect condition, a few scraps of metal nearly destroyed by rust and a few bits of broken crockery helped to mark the spot where historic Fort Knox stood while the cathedral,—fort—and home of Harrison stand as proof of the white man's first improvement of the western wilderness. The red man who was there before him left, to mark his first efforts to imitate the white man, an orchard of several hundred trees. This orchard was of full fruiting age when the first Frenchman reached the banks of the Wabash, The location of the orchard was a few miles southeast of the then Indian village which is now Vincennes. The orchard lived for many years after the coming of the white men and bore fruit in abundance. This is perhaps the only case on record of the Indians of early days planting fruit orchards. This Indian orchard was of seedling fruit, strong long-lived trees; it is only a few years past that old trees that had sprouted from the original stump could be seen. It was supposed that the Indians had secured apple-seed from the early orchards of the Eastern Settlements, and had planted them near their

western home. For several miles south and west of Vincennes can be found here and there Indian mounds showing that the Wabash valley was a favorite hunting ground of the red men. To the south among the sandstone bluffs in southern Illinois can be found numbers of camping grounds, shown the burnt walls of sandstone where the winter's fires were kept burning. The hills are strewn with flints and broken pottery. Vincennes appears to have marked the chief camp, of the various tribes of the Wabash valley. A short distance below the city is a small wooded island in the Wabash, here the waters are shallow, passing over a bed of stone; this was the crossing place of Clark's force and it is claimed they rested upon the island a few hours before they marched upon Fort Knox.

St. Francisville, Ill. Thomas M. Cisel

LAKE WINNIPEG

WINNIPEG is the first lake of importance which the traveler *passes through* on his way up the Mississippi from Crow-Wing, and it is a namesake of the great northern lake. The banks of the river throughout this long distance do not average more than about ten feet in height, and are all the way covered with a stunted growth of trees, where the birch, the elm, the pine, and the spruce mostly predominate. It is so exceedingly winding here, that by making a portage of fifteen rods, you may often save some three or four miles of canoe travel. The stream varies from an eighth to half a mile in width; sometimes shallow and rapidly running over a rocky bed, sometimes widening into a shallow lake, and sometimes deep, and running sluggishly through a soil of clay or sand, and almost blocked up with snags and sand bars.

The meaning of Winibigoshish, or Winnipeg, is, muddy water. The lake is twelve miles in length and perhaps ten in width. It is nearly round, has no islands, but a gravelly and sandy bottom, and is surrounded by a handsome beach; the water is clear and shallow, and it contains no fish but those that I have elsewhere mentioned as peculiar to this section of the Mississippi. The surrounding country is a dead level, composed of continuous woods, which are everywhere interspersed with lakes and rice swamps, where unnumbered waterfowl have lived and multiplied for centuries.

The only inhabitants that we found on the shores of Winnipeg, were three bands of Chippewas, numbering in all about one thousand souls, who were drawn together by an agent of the American Fur Company who had come to barter with them. We pitched our tent in the midst of their encampment, or village, and managed, so far as I was concerned, to spend a day and night among them quite pleasantly. Immediately on my arrival there, I heard something about a contemplated bear hunt. It happened to be the month when this animal performed its annual journey to the south, whence it returns in October. A number of them had already been killed, and there was a crossing-place on the Mississippi, where a good marksman might take one almost at any time. I found that there were but two men going on the hunt,

and, as a present of tobacco soon initiated me into their good graces, the party of course was increased to three. We started at sunset and descended to the crossing-place in a canoe, where we ambushed ourselves in one of the wildest recesses of the forest, seated on a mossy rock that commanded an opening between the trees, while our canoe was hidden by a willow that bent gracefully over the stream. It was a clear, still night, but quite dark, as there was no moon. Here we spent a number of hours, without uttering a word; but listening meanwhile to the dismal shriek of an owl, or the silvery dropping of the dew on the gently flowing river. Finally, however, one of the Indians tapped me on the shoulder, and pointed to a large black object, which I saw was a bear just wading into the water, directly on the opposite side from where we were seated. I had been told not to fire until the signal was given, and so the following five minutes seemed longer than an ordinary hour, to my impatient mind. The bear took it quite leisurely, not dreaming that an enemy was so near. But just as his feet touched the bottom on our side of the stream, the Indians gave me a nod, and raising our several guns, we all three fired at the poor animal, who dropped into the water quite dead, creating around him a crimson pool. We slipped the animal on board the canoe, paddled to the village and hanging it on the high limb of a tree, retired to our several wigwams and slept until morning.

On making my appearance among the Indians after breakfast, I found that I was to witness the ceremony which invariably follows the capture of a bear. I ought to remark in this place, that the animal in question was supposed by Morrison to weigh three hundred pounds. The Indian who had first *touched* the bear with his hand (according to a universal custom among the Chippewas), was the one who claimed it as his own. When he had taken off the skin, he presented it to a brother hunter, who from that moment considered himself under obligations to return the compliment at the earliest moment after his next successful hunt. The animal was then dressed, and the four quarters hung up in our hunter's wigwam, that being the only portion allotted to him by custom; while the head, backbone, and ribs, the feet, the heart, liver and fat, were all served up for a feast. A red feather was then sent to all the principal men in the village as an invitation, which they understood to be to a bear feast, while the *common* class of men were verbally invited, women and children being denied the privilege of participating. At the appointed hour the guests made their appearance, in a neighbor-

ing grove, each one carrying in his hand a wooden bowl or dish. After they were comfortably seated in a large circle, a bag of ka-nick-a-nick and tobacco was circulated, and a cloud of fragrant smoke ascended to the sky,—for the Indians invariably commence their ceremonies by smoking. The next step was to place upon a fire in their midst a large kettle containing the remnants of the bear, which were to be boiled to a kind of soup, without the least particle of seasoning. While this was cooking, one of the orators of the day delivered a speech, wherein he thanked the Great Spirit for telling his red children where to find the bear, and concluding with some remarks upon the characteristics of the animal. When the bear chowder was done, it was equally distributed among the assembled crowd, and each one required to eat the whole that was placed before him, and this too without a ladle or lifting his dish, but on his hands and knees in the common attitude of a bear. The bones were then all replaced in the kettle and deposited in some safe place; to neglect this part of the ceremony would be to anger the Great Spirit, who would not allow the giver of the feast to kill another bear.

Among the stories which I heard at Lake Winnipeg, was the following,—given to me by an aged chief as a fact, but which I cannot consider in another light than as a legend. It illustrates, however, the influence of dreams upon the savage mind. An Indian named Otneagance (*Little Shoulder*) while hunting after deer, on a cold winter day, came to the margin of this lake, where he built a fire and spent the night. He had a dream, and thought that he was crawling under ground, for the purpose of rescuing a human being from death. On opening his eyes in the morning, he was greatly surprised to see a woman on the ice a short distance off. She was standing near an air-hole, and wailing on account of her child, a little boy, who had fallen through and must inevitably perish. Soon as the hunter heard the woman's story, he dove into the hole, saw the child a great distance off, holding out its hands, swam to it, and in a few minutes placed it in its mother's arms—alive. "And yonder," said the chief, pointing to a little mound, "is the resting-place of the good mother, and before you stands that boy—changed to an old man. As to my saviour, Otneagance, he has, for many moons, been a resident in the Hunting Grounds of the Blessed."

Speaking of the dead reminds me of the Winnipeg graveyard. The Chippewa mode of treating their dead, is to envelop the body of their

friend in a bark box, which they expose upon a scaffolding, supported by four poles, and surmounted with a piece of skin or cloth as a flag. After the body has remained there until all decomposition is at an end, they then bury the bones, placing at the head of the grave a portion of the best foot at that time in their possession. They afterwards cover the hillock with bark, somewhat after the manner of a roof, leaving at one end a little window or door, for the departed spirit to enter, when it comes to take away its bones, on a certain mysterious day, to which the living all look forward with reverence. When a friend dies, for one whole year thereafter they place food and tobacco periodically upon his grave; and all the articles that he left behind are venerated and cherished, as if endowed with life. Their manner of mourning for the dead ordinarily is, to paint their faces black; but when their friend is taken away by violence, they wail and mutilate their bodies. It is a part of their religion to protect from sacrilege and exposure the remains of their departed friends, and the survivors are constantly repairing every ruin that accident or time may bring upon the graves of their kindred. The grave-city that attracted my attention at Winnipeg, consisted of seventy-six bark houses like those that I have described. In fifty-four of them reposed the ashes of fourteen families who were butchered, at midnight, by a Sioux war-party. In five of them were buried a mother and four daughters, who lost their lives while fishing on the lake, in frail canoes, that were swamped by a sudden storm. In seventeen of them lay the remains of as many warriors, who were attacked by a Sioux party of two hundred,—they fought in a single trench, for one whole day, but were finally overcome and destroyed.

The melancholy impression which these brief facts left upon my mind, as I stood in that wilderness graveyard, I could not easily dissipate. What a strange contrast in every particular did it present to the graveyards of the civilized world! Not one of all this multitude had died in peace, or with a knowledge of the true God. Here were no sculptured monuments, no names, on epitaphs;—nothing but solitude and utter desolation.

1846 CHARLES LANMAN

THOREAU LETTERS TO EMERSON, 1843–47

In connection with our "Thoreau on Cape Cod" article, these extracts from a series of his letters, sold by auction last year, will be interesting.

Concord, January 24, 1843.

To R. W. Emerson in Philadelphia

"Mr. O'Sullivan (Editor of the *Democratic Review*) was here three days. I met him at the Atheneum and went to Hawthorne's to tea with him. He expressed a great interest in your poems. * * * I suppose they have told you how near Mr. Alcott went to the jail. * * * *

"I have been your pensioner for nearly two years, and still left free as under the sky. * * * But I will not trouble you with this, but for once thank you as well as Heaven."

Concord, February 10, 1843.

To R. W. Emerson in New York.

"Don't forget to tell us what to do with Mr. (Theodore) Parker when you write next. I lectured this week (at the Concord Atheneum). It was a bright as night as you could wish. I hope there were no stars thrown away on the occasion."

Concord, February 12, 1843.

To R. W. Emerson in New York

"How subtle a thing is confidence! Nothing sensible passes between. * * * When one confides greatly in you, he will feel the roots of an equal trust fastening themselves in him. When such trust has been received or reposed, we dare not speak, hardly to see each other. * * * The kindness I have longest remembered has been of this sort, —the sort unsaid. * * * The spirit abhors a vacuum more than Nature," etc.

Concord, February 15, 1843.

To R. W. Emerson.

"Perhaps I have some scraps in my Journal which you may choose to print (in the *Dial*). The translation of the Aeschylus I should like

very well to continue. * * * It takes a good many words to supply the place of one deed; a hundred lines to a cobweb, and but one cable to a man-of-war. The *Dial* case needs to be reformed in many particulars," etc.

February, 16, '43.

To R. W. Emerson.

"I find myself better than I have been, and am meditating some other method of paying debts than by lectures and writing,—which will only do to talk about. * * * * I hope that you live on good terms with yourself and the gods."

Staten Island, May 22, 1843.

To Mrs. R. W. Emerson in Concord.
(Written when 25 years old.)

"You must know that you represent to me woman, for I have not travelled very far or wide,—and what if I had? * * * I thank you for your influence for two years. * * * Nothing makes the earth seems so spacious as to have friends at a distance; they make the latitudes and longitudes. * * * I cannot realize that it is the roar of the sea I hear now, and not the wind in Walden woods," etc.

Staten Island, May 23, 1843.

To R. W. Emerson in Concord.

"I have been sick ever since I came here, rather unaccountably. * * * If I can finish an account of a winter's walk in Concord, in the midst of a Staten Island summer * * * I will send it to you * * * You must not count much upon what I can do or learn in New York. * * * Everything there disappoints me but the crowd. * * * I am glad that Channing has got settled. * * * I have read his poems two or three times over. * * * Tell him I saw a man buy a copy at Little & Brown's. * * * What with Alcott and Hawthorne, too, you look strong enough to take New York by storm," etc.

Staten Island, June 8, 1843.

To R. W. Emerson in Concord.

"I have been to see Henry James, and like him very much: It was a great pleasure to meet him. It makes humanity seem more erect and respectable. * * * He wants an expression of your faith, or to be sure that it is faith. * * * He exclaimed at some careless answer of mine, 'Well, you Transcendentalists are wonderfully consistent. I must get hold of this somehow.' He likes Carlyle's book. * * * I met W. H. Channing and Brisbane. The former (Channing) is a concave man, and you see by his attitude and the lines of his face that he is retreating from himself and from yourself, with sad doubts. Brisbane looks like a man who has lived in a cellar," etc.

Staten Island, July 8, 1843.

To R. W. Emerson in Concord.

"I was glad to hear your voices from so far. * * * My thoughts revert to those dear hills and that river which so fills the world to its brim. * * * How can it run so heedlessly to the sea, as if I were there to countenance it? * * * I am pleased to think of Channing as an inhabitant of the gray town. Tell him to remain at least long enough to establish Concord's right and interest in him. * * * And Hawthorne, too, I remember as one with whom I sauntered, in old heroic times * * * amid the ruins of chariots and heroes. Tell him not to desert. * * * As for the 'Winter's Walk' I should be glad to have it printed in the 'Dial' if you think it good enough and will criticise it," etc.

Staten Island, August 7, 1843.

To R. W. Emerson in Concord.

"Mr. (Henry) James talks of going to Germany soon * * * and is very anxious to learn beforehand where he had best locate. * * * I referred him to Longfellow. Perhaps you can help him. I have had a pleasant talk with Channing; and Greeley, too, it was refreshing to meet. They were both much pleased with your criticism on Carlyle.

I study the aspects of commerce at its Narrows here, where it passes in review before me, and this seems to be beginning at the right end to understand this Babylon," etc.

Staten Island, September 14, 1843.

To R. W. Emerson in Concord.

"Miss (Margaret) Fuller will tell you the news from these parts. * * * Literature comes to a poor market here; and even the little that I write is more than will sell. I have tried the *Dem. Review*, the *New Mirror* and *Brother Jonathan*. The last two, as well as the *New World* are overwhelmed with contributions which cost nothing."

Staten Island, October 16, 1843.

To Mrs. R. W. Emerson.

"Have you had the annual berrying party, or sat on the cliffs a whole day this summer? I suppose the flowers have fared quite as well since I was not there to scoff at them. * * * How does the Saxon Edith do? Can you tell yet to which school of philosophy she belongs—whether she will be a fair saint of some Christian order, or a follower of Plato and the heathen?"

Staten Island, October 17, 1843.

To R. W. Emerson in Concord.

The Dial is a sort of circular letter itself, I find Channing's letters full of life. Lane writes straightforward like a guide board * * * I feel as if I were ready to be appointed a committee on poetry. * * * I have a good deal of fault to find with your Ode to Beauty. The tune is altogether unworthy of the thought. You slope too quickly to the rhyme, as if that trick had better be performed as quick as possible, or as if you stood over the line with a hatchet, and chopped off the verses as they came out, some short and some long. * * * Yet I love your poetry as I do little else that is near and recent, especially when you get fairly round the end of the line. * * *

Methinks I could look with equanimity upon a long street of Irish cabins, and pigs and children revelling in the genial Concord dirt, and I should still find my Walden wood and Fair Haven in their tanned and happy faces. * * *

Let me not be forgotten by Channing and Hawthorne."

Concord, November 14, 1847.

To R. W. Emerson in England.

(An unusually fine letter, written while Thoreau was living in Emerson's home.)

"Cambridge college is really beginning to wake up and redeem its character and overtake the age. They are about establishing a scientific school, at which any one above eighteen, on paying one hundred dollars annually (Mr. Lawrence's $50,000 will probably diminish this sum) may be instructed in the highest branches of science. * * * Agassiz will ere long commence his lectures in the zoological department. * * *

I have had a tragic correspondence, for the most part all on one side, with Miss F.———.† She did really wish to—I hesitate to write —marry me. * * *

I suppose you will like to hear of my book (A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers). * * * They have all declined printing it with the least risk to themselves, but will print it * * *at my risk. * * *

I can imagine you astonishing, bewildering, confounding, and sometimes delighting John Bull with your Yankee notions, and that he begins to take pride in the relationship at last," etc.

Concord, December 15, 1847.

To R. W. Emerson in England.

"We wish to get by all possible means some notion of your success or failure in England,—more than your two letters have furnished. Can't you send a fair sample both of young and of old England's criticism? Alcott and Channing are equally greedy with myself."

Concord, December 29, 1847.

To R. W. Emerson in England.

"Next week I am going to give an account to the Lyceum of my expedition to Maine. Theodore Parker lectures to-night. We have had Whipple on Genius,—too weighty a subject for him * * * and [H. N.] Hudson, too, has been here, with a dark shadow in the core of him, and his desperate wit," etc.

†Margaret Fuller? In December she was married to Ossoli.

Concord, January 12, 1848.

To R. W. Emerson in England.

"It is hard to believe * * * that this identical piece of paper has lately come * * * from England, which is only historical fairyland to me, to America, which I have put my spade into, and about which there is no doubt * * * I read a part of the story of my excursion to Ktaadn to quite an audience of men and boys, the other night, whom it interested. It contains many facts and some poetry. I have also written what will do for a lecture on Friendship. * * * I think that the article on you in *Blackwood's* is a good deal to get from the reviewers,—the first purely literary notice, as I remember," etc.

Concord, February 23, 1848.

To R. W. Emerson in England, addressing him for the first time as "Dear Waldo."

"I see Channing often. * * * He brought me a poem the other day, for me, on Walden Hermitage. * * * The newspapers say that they have printed a pirated edition of your Essays in England. Is it as bad as they say, an undisguised and unmitigated piracy"? etc.

We did not know of this poem when printing Prof. Libby's article on Sakakawea (the correct spelling) in our issue for July, 1914, or would have used it then.—[Ed.]

SA-CA-GA-WE-A

The Indian girl who guided Lewis and Clark in their expedition to the Pacific was called Sa-Ca-Ga-We-A.

Sho-sho-ne Sa-ca-ga-we-a—captive and wife was she
On the grassy plains of Dakota in the land of the Minnetaree;
But she heard the west wind calling, and longed to follow the sun
Back to the shining mountains and the glens where her life begun.
So, when the valiant captains, fain for the Asian sea,
Stayed their marvellous journey in the lands of the Minnetaree
(The Red Men wondering, wary—Omaha, Mandan, Sioux—
board think fit to permit the said Robert Lindsay to take lodgings
Friendly now, now hostile, as they toiled the wilderness through),
Glad she turned from the grassy plains and led their way to the West,
Her course as true as the swan's that flew north to its reedy nest;
Her eye as keen as the eagle's when the young lambs feed below;
Her eye alert as the stag's at morn—guarding the fawn and doe.
Straight was she as the hillside fir, lithe as the willow-tree,
And her foot as fleet as the antelope's when the hunter rides the lea;
In broidered tunic and moccasins, with braided raven hair,
And closely belted buffalo robe with her baby nestling there—
Girl of but sixteen summers, the homing bird of the quest,
Free of the tongues of the mountains, deep on her heart imprest—
Sho-sho-ne Sa-ca-ga-we-a led the way to the West!—
To Missouri's broad savannas dark with bison and deer,
While the grizzly roamed the savage shore and cougar and wolf prowled near;
To the cataracts' leap, and the meadows with lily and rose abloom;
The sunless trails of the forest, and the canyon's hush and gloom;
By the veins of gold and silver, and the mountains vast and grim—
Their snowy summits lost in clouds on the wide horizon's brim;
Through sombre pass, by soaring peak, till the Asian wind blow free
And lo! the roar of the Oregon and the splendor of the sea!
Some day, in the lordly upland where the snow-fed streams divide—
Afoam for the far Atlantic, afoam for Pacific's tide—
There, by the valiant captains whose glory will never dim
While the sun goes down to the Asian sea and the stars in ether swim,
She will stand in bronze as richly brown as the hue of her girlish cheek,
With broidered robe and braided hair and lips just curved to speak;
And the mountain winds will murmur as they linger along the crest,
"Sho-sho-ne Sa-ca-ga-we-a, who led the way to the West!"

Edna Dean Proctor

MINOR TOPICS

"SEND MEN!"

It seems a little curious that a leading Canadian journal should find patriotic inspiration in something "Artemus Ward" wrote more than half a century ago. Yet that is what the Toronto *Mail and Empire* is doing when it quotes the following passage from "The Draft in Baldwinsville:"

"It isn't money we want. But we do want men, and we must have them. We must carry a whirlwind of fire among the foe. We must crush the ungrateful rebels who are poundin' the Goddess of Liberty over the head with slung shots, and stabbin' her with stolen knives. * * * We are all in the same boat—if the boat goes down, we go down with her. Hence we must all fight. It ain't no use to talk now about who caused the war. That's played out. The war is upon us—upon us all—and we must all fight. We can't 'reason' the matter with the foe—only with steel and lead. When in the broad glare of the noonday sun a speckled jackass boldly and maliciously kicks over a peanut stand, do we reason with him? I guess not. * * * * We must save the Union. And don't let us wait to be drafted. The republic is our mother. For God's sake, don't let us stop to draw lots to see which of us shall go to the rescue of our wounded and bleeding mother. Drive the assassins from her throat—drive them into the sea."

("Respectfully referred" to the Pacifists of 1915)

LETTER FROM AN EYEWITNESS OF THE EXECUTION OF ANDRÉ.

This is the only new letter on its subject which has turned up since the publication of our book (*The Crisis of the Revolution*). Dr. Hart's testimony to André's coolness perfectly agrees with that of others who have been quoted for more than a century, since the event. The introduction is chiefly from the History of the Massachusetts Society of the Cincinnati.—[ED.]

Communicated by HON. PRENTISS CUMMINGS, of Brookline, Mass., to the N. E. Hist. Gen. Register of July, 1915

John Hart, the writer of the letter which is here printed, was an Army surgeon in the Revolution, first in Colonel William Prescott's Massachusetts regiment, from May 1, 1775 until August, 1775, then in the Seventh Continental Infantry during the year 1776, and from January 1, 1777, in the Second Massachusetts regiment, serving directly under Washington. In November, 1783, he was retained in Jackson's regiment, in the Continental Army, and served until June 20, 1784. He died April 27, 1826.

He was appointed by Washington one of the medical inspectors to supervise the execution of André, and this letter is dated two days after the execution. It is written on the

four pages of a sheet of paper about 12½ by 15¼ inches, the address being on the lower half of the fourth page, at right angles to the text of the letter.

Tappan, October 4th, 1780

Honourd Sir,

An Opportunity presents to write & As I am sensible you are fond of the news in Camp, will endeavour to give a perticculiar account of the greatest piece of villany that has come to my knowledge since the Commencement of the war—Major General Arnold has acted him self, that is the part of a Horse Jockey; he wrote to Genl. Clinton at New York that for a certain sum of money he would give up the Garrison W: Point into the Hands of the British, in Consequence of which proposal Genl. Clinton sent out Major Andrie Adjutant General to the British Army, to confer with Arnold in what way the matter should be carried into exicution, & this was agreed on between them, that Arnold would draw off as many of the men from the Point as he could, deprive the remainder of aminution & arms as much as possible without being suspected, Give a Draft of all the works & the best plans for Landing, & the number of men to Majr. Andrie; All which was Done, while this was carrieing (?) on there were three thousand British Troops at Fort Washington with their Boats waiting for Majr. Andrie's return, after which they were to push up in the Night, take Arnold prisoner, and then take possion of the Point; which plan, Happy for us, miscarried—When the Affairs were detirmined between Andrie & Arnold,—Andrie procured A pass from Arnold to ("go" *blurred out*) pass our Guards to the White Plains & further if he pleased, Under a pretence of getting intelligence from the Enemy. Arnold likewise Desired one Joshua Smith (who was supposed to be a friend to our cause, but had a hand in this whol affair) to Escort Andrie through our Guards that he might not be suspected,—Smith went with Andrie Almost to Tarry-Town & left him; he (Andrie) went forward in expectation that he was out of Danger, but soon meeting three of our militia upon which he asked them if they were the lower Party; upon which they answered they were, he then said "I am very glad to see you, I am a British officer, have been up as a spy, hope you will not detain me long," upon which the men told him they would not, but desired him to get off of his Horse a minute upon which he did they serched him, & found in his Boots A plan of all our works at W: Point, the number of men at that Post, & every matter that was riquisit to carry their Infernal plan into exicution; they found Arnold was concerned in the matter, & would not carry

Andrie to him, but to Genl. Washington who was then on hiswayfrom Hartford to camp: Arnold haveing notice of Andrie's being taken, & that Genl. Washington was very near, he was Imeadiately struck with Horror, and to save his Life took his boat & went to a British ship that Lay in the river under a pretence of being a flagg ("which" *crossed out*) in order to blind our people, who at that time knew nothing of the matter, otherwise he might of been secured, but Happy for him he got safe to the Enemy—Majr. Andrie was brought before a Bord of Genl. Officers, where he confessed every thing that he had been guilty of himself, but desired not to be asked any thing respecting any other carectors (?); which he was not, He was kept in close confinement & informe that he was to suffer death, which sentence he received with the greatest composure & said it was perfectly right for he came out as a spy, & his intinsion was to get what information he could, to our damage he was informed that he was to be exicuted at such an hour, upon which he caled his servant, ordered him to make tea, which he drank with out any perceivable Uneasiness of mind; he told his servant to dress & shave him, ordered his Cloathes to be brought, which were put on with as much composure as though he was going to a Ball, the time of Exicusion Arrived, he appeared, & I think, the most, Agreable, pleaseing young fellow I ever see, the most agreable smile on his countenance that can be conceived of; when he came to the Gallos he said he was perfectly sensible of his fate but Did not like the mode of exicution, he put the rope round his neck himself, bound his eyes & said with an agreable smile "a few minutes will settle the matter," in doing this there was not the least tremor or appearance of fear: Such Fortitude I never ("saw" *crossed out*) was witness of, nor ever had I such disagreable fealings at an execution, to see a man go out of time without fear, but all the time smileing is a matter that I could not ("of" *blurred out*) conceived (*d crossed out*) of.

Mr. Smith was likewise taken, & is now on Tryal; it is supposed he will be hanged very soon, & no doubt he Justly deserves it, I think he does However———————

This is all the news of impoitance that I have to communicate—Billy is well, & promoted to a serjant,—

Please to give my Duty to mamma & respects to all Friends

Your Dutiful son,

(Addressed) JOHN HART

CAPT. ABRAHAM GOULD

(Capt. Gould was his father-in-law.) *Stoneham*

ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS

AN IMPORTANT INDIAN ITEM

In a recent sale a letter from La Jonquiére, the governor of French Canada, to Sir William Pepperell, protesting against the attempts of the English to stir up the Indians against the French, was sold for the low price of $26. As an unpublished contribution to the history of the French and Indian Wars and the struggle for Canada, it is of great importance, and is here given in full.

Quebec, March 7th, 1751.

Sr.

I received your Letter of the 4th of October. Last by Capn. Phinehas Stephens who did not arrive here till the third of this month. . . . I am not surprized at your Reclaiming of the Inhabitants of your Province whom the Abenakis have made Prisoners of: But I am Extremely so: that you should think the French & the Gouvernour of Trois Rivieres have contributed to employ these Indians to Committ such acts of Hostility.

. . . You ought to do the French Nation more Justice and be more than Persuaded that far from animating the Indians against the English: I do my utmost to keep them at Peace with you.

Is it indeed likely that the Gouvernour of Trois Rivieres would have dared to undertake a thing of this Nature, while I have continually given him orders to stop, as far as he could, any Parties form'd by the Indians to go to war against the English settlements: It is even Certain that if the Indians had Paid Regard to all that has been said to them on these Occasions they would have laid aside all thoughts of this Expedition: tho they had been long contriveing it.

The Gentlemen sent Express by Mr. Clinton were Wittnesses during their abode here last year: that it was with difficulty I accomplished stopping those Indians at the Instant of their going.

In Short Sr. I should be in Dispair if I did not always concur with you in Establishing most Perfect Union and good understanding between the subjects of our two Governments. I came here with this Disposition: and I will Never go from it. I beg you would Cultivate the same on your Part that we may Enjoy all the Sweets & Tranquillity of Peace.

Upon the whole I am not master of the Indians—in my Government they are free and Nothing can hinder them doing as they will—so I think you are very happy in being able to Regulate the motions of yours according to your inclinations.

As to your Prisoners the Indians have Some among them in their Villages in their own Power: I have not Authority enough to oblidge them to Restore them to you. The King my master does not look upon them as subjects but Treats them as his allies All I do is to oblidge the French who shall have bought any of them to Restore them to some or other of your Expresses upon Repaying their Ransom this I have already began to do by sending home one of your Prisoners the latter end of last fall who had been Redeemed by one of your Inhabitants who had an obligation for Payment.

I shall not Enter into the Reasons these Indians say they have for committing this Act of Hostility, I have only heard, their motive was to Revenge the Death of one of their Chiefs-of-Betiantiour, and not of Norridgewalk, who was murdered some time since by the English: and I must inform you there is great Likelyhood these Indians will not stop here resenting it highly that the murtherer has not been put to Death as they had been Promised he should.

The Best Advice I can give you to terminate this Quarrel is to put the Guilty to Death as the Indians have Demanded: Without which it is to be feared they will return to their Insults as they Naturally hate the English and are ever Ready to do them mischif: If you do not take these measures: you must Gaurd your Frontiers well: if you would have your Inhabitants live in Safety.

I am most Perfectly
Sr.
Your most Humble & Obedt. servt.

LA JONQUIERE

LETTERS OF JOHN PIERCE, 1775

When long-established collections of autographs come into the market their examination is often attended by the finding of certain letters or documents apparently of not much consequence, the writer, the contents, or both, being of minor importance, and such items must be discarded in order not to weaken a collection. On the other hand, it is entirely likely among such material as the Lossing collection to find the correspondence of "some mute inglorious Milton," as it were, who discusses in letters more or less intimate, events of great historical importance in which great men are seen to move more like human beings and less like gods after the perspective of a hundred years. Such letters invariably form a valuable contribution to history. Napoleon is no less great because of the Memoirs written by his valet, and who will dispute the claim to fame of Samuel Pepys?

Such chapters in American history are rare, and we should hail with delight some hero guiltless of his country's blood; such a one was John Pierce, who accompanied General Schuyler on his Northern campaign, and wrote back to his homefolks in Connecticut some of the most delightful unwritten pages of history of that campaign.

In June, 1775, the Provincial Congress appointed Washington Commander-in-Chief, and among his aids were Putnam, Charles Lee, the traitor, and Schuyler; General Gates and Nathaniel Greene. In August Washington directed General Schuyler and General Montgomery with a body of troops from New York and New England to proceed into Canada to cut off British supplies. John Pierce accompanied the expedition in a minor official position, and was therefore acquainted

with all the important movements which he recounts in an unimitable manner mixed with current gossip which is not available in history, giving countless details of events in a series of letters written in the fall of 1775 and during 1776. The central and western regions of New York were then filled with the powerful tribes of the "Six Nations." whose alliance, or, failing that, whose neutrality was highly important to the American cause. Pierce's first letter, written August 26, 1775, from Albany, describes the first conference, headed by Little Abraham, the sachem of the Lower Mohawks, and second in influence over the Indians only to Brant himself, and the demeanor of the Indians is thus described:

Yesterday General Schuyler and the commissioner welcomed the Indians, there is about six and thirty Chiefs, and they say five hundred Warriors. They give their Assent to every Sentence by a Powwow, but profoundly silent at other Times, their Orator who spoke was compleat in voice, Action and Pronunciation—and last Night they had an Invitation to Dance, which was before our Door, they kept exact time to the Musick and made a most hideous noise.

The Indians gave as their reason for deserting Guy Johnson that "America is quarrelling with the Red Coats" and when peace is established the "Red Coats will get into the Canoe and go over the Great River" and the Americans will proceed to murder the Indians, "according to their own Principles of Revenge." Three weeks later he speaks of the illness of the soldiers, the want of food and other discouragements Schuyler was undergoing, and mentions the siege of St. Johns by General Montgomery, and again

I suppose 'tis Sunday today in New England tho I have no Circumstance for it-Truth at this Place but by Calculation—Sitting in your Office is more agreable than the fate igues I must undergo. I have not there, Persons of Power and Riches to oppose & at the sams time keep them Friends.

Early in November he reports the fall of St. Johns and the trouble with Schuyler and the commissary department. In the spring of 1776 he is still in bad health and the skirmishes on the frontier meet with little success:

Colonel Beedles Regiment at the Cedar is attacked by about 40 of the 8th Regiment & 500 Indians—Reinforcements have gone to the Succor of our Men. The Army first formed a design of Retreat to Sorel but have again Determined to keep at Point au Trembles.

In August, 1776, Pierce is still lamenting the failure of Congress to support Montgomery and lamenting his death. In July General Gates had been sent to command the troops "in Canada" and as their

retreat had brought the force into New York State, there at once arose the question of command between him and Schuyler, and the most interesting of the Pierce letters have to do with this contention:

Afterwards (the retreat) maintained a Siege thro' the Winter against a Superior Enemy —and it is amazing how the Soldiers endured being denied their Pay—in this Connection who can wonder at their leaving their Station at the approach of more Troops! Such confusion ensued that cannot be described—Terror. Destruction & Death followed them from Place to Place & they came to Ty—in as wretched a Situation as they possibly could—& if the Enemy could have pursued with 200 good Troops they might have drove them to South America.

In this condition Gen. Gates found the Camp—he found it without any necessary—they had left Every thing—nothing to entrentch with & nothing to do anything with—they wandered round like Sheep without a Shephard. He began by first forming them into proper Brigades and introducing Discipline among them—he then set about fitting out the Vessells which he has accomplished with great Expedition and we have now the prospect of a Superior Force on the Lake—Cleared up what they call'd once RattleSnake Hill, now Fort Independence and are building a Fort on it—Our Army compleated repairing the old French Lines which are very strong—The Army are now but 3,300 Effective Men—The Cannon which have supplied by Land & Navy are 120 in all which are all that Remains to them since the Retreat—The Loss of Gen. De Woedtke is not great, he was always in Liquor—was sick in his Boots & buried in them—a Spy has returned bringing Intelligence that at St. Johns was 2,000 men building Boats as fast as possible, at Chambly he thought 800—We have repaired Fort Stanwix and call'd it by the name of Fort Schuyler.

General Arnold I have just heard is laid under Arrest, suppose for his Pillaging the French Inhabitants—Capt. Bigelow has returned and the answer gone to General Washington—he was suffered to proceed no further than Isle Neaux and had not Opportunity to observe any of their Works.

The trouble between Generals Gates and Schuyler was now at its height. Gates had been appointing subordinate officers in New York with the co-operation of Joseph Trumbull, commissary general and son of Governor Trumbull of Connecticut, and therefore Pierce was in a position to hear much of the quarrel; he writes on August 28, 1776:

The General & Mr. Trumbull profess great Friendship—the General gave a very warm speech on the opening of the Congress—In answer they acknowledge the Justice of his Accusations & Beg Forgiveness.

Gen. Gates is a pretty odd composition. He has been of old acquainted with Service and perfectly well understands the Duty of a Camp—He will have everything in Order—But his Passions are like the Winds, tearing up his Virtues by the Roots—I fear he may render himself Odious to the Yankees— General Schuyler & he have kindred souls, if they disagree twill arise from some exterior Circumstance—Gates has yet had the command there & when Gen. Schuyler will go is very uncertain.

Gen. Wooster has had his Tryal before Congress and was so honorably acquited it raised such an Opposition that another Committee was appointed to consider the Matter whose Report was not so favorable.

On September 9, 1776, he writes that General Schuyler is indirectly accused by Congress and demands a hearing of which he says "Let a Trial be the Touchstone," and comments that "so devious are the twistings of public affairs that he sees more in one Month than I should in my whole life in a Private Station." He has heard the rumors of Washington's attack on Boston, of a skirmish on Lake George, the advance of the enemy from Oswego and the loss of all their prisoners—"Last Night all our Tories broke out of Gaol and escaped." Matters have progressed so far on September 26 that General Schuyler and the commissary general both resigned.

Then there is silence until March 25, 1777. He narrates the massacre by the Indians of a party travelling from Tyconderoga and says:

General Schuyler sets off to morrow for Congress—the purport of his Journey I conclude to be that he may have an opportunity to Justify himself—I suppose you know that Major Rogers has gone to the Indian Country.

The correspondence ends with a letter dated Albany, May 1, 1778, in which Pierce reports that the enemy came up to Crown Point with their shipping which alarmed the country "and spread many stories of burning and destroying all before them, but I cannot learn that they have done any material Damage. We have a number of Indians here who are going to join Gen. Washington's Army."

From that time the British centred their forces on the coast and other points and the letters cease.

JOHN ADAMS ON WARFARE

In the Boston Public Library is an interesting letter of John Adams regarding the defences of Boston Harbor, which has an exceedingly primitive sound in these days of fully developed warfare. Writing from Philadelphia, March 29, 1776, to Dr. Tufts, in Boston, he says:

My dear Sir—We are impatiently waiting for intelligence of further particulars from Boston. We have only heard that General Howe and his army have left it, and that General Washington with a part of his has taken possession of it.

How shall I express my joy to you at this great event!

As we are in possession of Dorchester Heights, Charlestown Heights and Noddles Island,

I think there can be no danger of their returning to Boston very soon. I hope the instant they leave the harbour that our Colony will begin to fortify it in such a manner that no hostile fleet shall ever enter it again. I hope we shall fortify upon the heights of Point Allerton, upon Lovell's Island, George's Island, Governor's Island, Castle Island, Dorchester Heights and Noddle's Island. I had like to have forgot Long Island and the Moon and Squantum, for there should be a fortification upon each of these.

What can be done to obstruct the channel between the west head of Long Island and the Moon?—But more especially can nothing be done in Nantasket Road, or in the Narrows, to obstruct the Channel?

Will gallies carrying heavy cannon be of any service? The men of war seem to dread them exceedingly. They convey a sure shot and a terrible one, and they are very nimble and alert. But cannot something be done with fire? Fire ships, or sloops, or schooners, or fire rafts?—or all together, I should think might be used to some purpose.

They are making preparations to defend this river in this way, I mean with fire. They have several fire vessels, beside several hundreds of fire rafts ready. They would fill the whole river with flame.

If the bottom of the narrows of our channel is hard I should think that the Vesseau de Frise, or all together, can se-? [illegible] river would do. They are large frames of great timber, loaded with stone and junk—great timbers barbed with iron, pointed and feathered, are placed in such a posture as to entangle a vessel—and shatter her and sink her. I hope that no effort, no labor or expense, will be spared in securing Boston Harbour against enemies. It will be our interest to do it, for as privateering is begun, and trade will be opened, nothing will draw into our country so many prises, so much trade and wealth, as an impregnable harbour. It will become the principal rendezvous in my opinion, of privateers and American men of war—as well as a principal mart. I hope if batteries fixed or floating, fire works, gallies, Vesseau de Frise, or all together, can secure that harbour let it be done. We are taking every precaution to secure New York, Virginia, Carolina and Canada, and, by the blessing of Heaven, I have great hopes we shall do it with success.

My duty to Mrs. Tufts, and love to Mr. Cotton, and believe me to be

Your true friend,

JOHN ADAMS.

LENITY TO A BRITISH PRISONER

(The use of the English term "Admiralty" here is noticeable. The Board, of which Lewis was Commissioner, had been constituted in 1779. Lewis was, of course, the Signer of the Declaration.)

Admiralty Office, Apr. 14th, 1781.

WHEREAS, an application hath been made to this board that Robert Lindsay late Captain of the *Amelia* and now a prisoner in the new Gaol, should be permitted to take lodgings in some private house in this city; and to induce the board to grant this request Levi Hollingsworth of this city merchant, hath represented to them, that Captains of Vessels belonging to these states, captured and carried into the British Islands, are paroled and treated with humanity; and that the said Lindsay, by the information he gave to the Captain of the Vessel,

belonging to the said Hollingsworth and company, which took the *Amelia*, said vessel was stopped from going to St. Eustatius; then in possession of the enemy, and thereby saved. For these reasons the board think fit to permit the said Robert Lindsay to take lodgings in a private house, to be confined to such house, you are therefore hereby directed to take his parole accordingly, the said Levi Hollingsworth giving his security for the Performance of such parole.

FRA' LEWIS by ord.r

Thomas Bradford, Esq.
D. [eputy] C. [ommissioner] of P. [risoners]

INTERESTING AUTOGRAPH LETTERS

An Autograph of unusual interest, recently sold in New York was an unpublished letter of Richard Henry Lee, the signer of the Declaration, member of the Continental Congress, and lifelong friend of Samuel Adams, which shows that his attention was not altogether given up to political and military affairs. The letter is written to Mrs. Anne Livingston, at Doctor Shippen's in Second street, Philadelphia, and is dated New York, October 22, 1785. In this letter, which is delightfully intimate, Lee writes:

My dear Cousin: I am partly resolved to purchase for my daughters a Muslin Gown apiece, and the more especially as Capt. Bell's ship will probably have supplied the Shops with choice of pretty muslins and upon reasonable terms. This last part of the business with me is a very important part. . . . Find out where the prettiest, fittest, and best bargain is to be met with in Muslin for a Gown apiece for Molly, Hannah, and Nancy & an Apron for each. Also an Apron for Mrs. Lee. In doing this will you pardon me for saying that some femality is to be laid aside—Such as preferring one shop to another for slight reasons, or any indeed but for better and cheaper goods—Not joining economy to fancy—And too hastily supposing prettiness, cheapness, & a Good bargain, without proper attention & pausing a little until different Shops are examined and fair comparisons made. . . . I shall be very much obliged to you for informing me what quantity of Muslin will be necessary for the above purposes, and what the price, and whether it is very pretty indeed—Also the quantity & kind of trimming proper and its cost, to the end that I may have an exact knowledge of the whole expense—And if it comes cleverly within the Compass of my finances, I will then write to you to secure the bargain for me.

LETTERS OF JOHN PAUL JONES

Two holograph letters of John Paul Jones, which have recently come to light are of the highest interest to collectors.

These letters relate to an important period of the diplomatic career of Paul Jones. Students of history will remember that three of the

prize ships captured by Jones as commander of the squadron of American and French ships off the coast of Great Britain, were sent by the treacherous Landais to Norway, and that the Danish Government restored them to the British ambassador upon the ground that the vessels had been captured by a people not recognized by them as an independent government, practically sustaining the British claim that Jones was a mere pirate. The prizes thus lost were valued at $250,000. Upon the threatened surrender of these prizes Franklin sent a note to Count Bernstorff, the Danish Prime Minister, claiming reparation from the government for the surrendered prizes, which were the *Betsy*, the *Union* and the *Charming Polly*. Jones had been so successful in his negotiations with France in recovering prize money, that he was sent to Copenhagen to seek redress from the Danes. In Paris he received the flattering announcement that the Empress of Russia desired to engage his services as an officer in the war then being carried on against the Turks. In March, 1788, he reached Copenhagen. Here M. Simolin, the Russian Ambassador, confirmed the offer of the empress.

Jones had therefore a double motive for making haste, and addressed a letter to Count Bernstorff, which was considered by his enemies as savoring of toadyism. This letter reads:

Copenhagen, March 24, 1788.

Sir:

From the Act of Congress, the Act by which I am honored with a Gold Medal, I had the honor to show your Excellency the 21st of this Month, as well as from the Conversation that followed, you must be convinced that circumstances do not permit me to remain here; but that I am under a necessity either to return to France or proceed to Russia. As the Minister of the United States at Paris gave me the perusal of the Packet he wrote by me, and which I had the honor to present to you on my arrival here, it is needless to go into any detail on the object of my Mission to this Court, which Mr. Jefferson has particularly explained. The promise you have given me, of a prompt and explicit decision, from this Court, on the Act of Congress of the 25th of October last inspires me with full confidence. I have been very particular in communicating to the United States all the polite attentions with which I have been honored at this Court; and they will learn with great pleasure the kind reception I had from you. I felicitate myself on being the Instrument to settle the delicate National Business in question, with a Minister who conciliates the views of the wise Statesman, with the noble sentiments and cultivated Mind of the true Philosopher and Man of Letters.

I have the honor to be, with great respect, Your Excellency's most, obt. and most hbl. Svt.,

J. Paul Jones

Son Excellence

M. le Comte de Bernstorff.

A DIPLOMATIC DUN

That Jones could write in another tone, however, is shown by the second letter to Count Bernstorff, which was written six days later, dated March 30. To this decisive communication the Danish minister returned an evasive answer, the king having no money at his command to pay the claim. Under the circumstances Jones turned the business over to Jefferson and at once went to St. Petersburg, where he entered upon his Russian campaign. The second letter reads:

Copenhagen, March 30, 1783.

Sir:

Your silence on the subject of my Mission from the United States to this Court leaves me in the most painful suspense; the more so, as I have made your Excellency acquainted with the pressure I am under to proceed as soon as possible to St. Petersburg. This being the ninth Year since the three Prizes reclaimed by the United States were seized upon in the Port of Bergen in Norway, it is to be presumed that this Court has long since taken an Ultimate Resolution respecting the compensation demanded by Congress. Though I am extremely sensible of the favorable reception with which I have been distinguished at this Court, and am particularly flattered by the polite attentions with which you have honored me at every conference; yet I have remarked, with great concern that you have never led the Conversation to the subject of my Mission here. A man of your liberal sentiments will not therefore be surprised or offended at my plain dealing, when I repeat that I impatiently expect a prompt and categorical answer, in writing, from this Court to the Act of Congress of the 25th of October last. Both my duty and the Circumstances of my situation constrain me to make this demand in the name of my Sovereign, the United States of America; and I beseech you to believe that though I am extremely tenacious of the honor of the American Flag, yet my personal interest in the decision I now ask would never have induced me to present myself at this Court. You are too just, Sir, to delay my business here; which would put me under the necessity to break the promise I have made to her Imperial Majesty, conformable to your advice.

I have the honor to be, with great Respect, Sir, your Excellency's most obedient and most humble Servant.

J. PAUL JONES

Son Excellence
M. le Comte de Bernstorf

Transcript, BOSTON

NOTES BY THE WAY

WOMAN HOLDS OFFICE AT 83

Eighty-three years old and rounding out fifty years as a Government employee in the Treasury Department is the record of Miss Emma R. Graves. Forty-nine years of this service, was spent in the redemption division of the Treasury, and despite the fact that Miss Graves pleaded to be left in that division for one more year so as to celebrate her golden anniversary in one division she was transferred to the register's office. She still occupies the position of an expert counter, counting notes which have been turned into the Government and which are cut in half before being destroyed.

Miss Graves was among the first woman employees of the Government, a number having been placed in service in 1864 by Frank E. Spinner, then Treasurer of the United States. When she was called upon in her workroom by a reporter she was very much opposed to being interviewed.

"Can't you use what I tell you without using my name? I don't like to be interviewed," she said.

After much persuasion Miss Graves finally consented to have her name used, and, believing he had gained a point, the reporter then asked for her photograph. Up flew Miss Graves' hands.

"Goodness!" she smilingly exclaimed. "I couldn't think of having my picture printed. Besides, I haven't had one taken for the last twenty years.

I came from Bloomville, N. Y., fifty-five years ago, on a visit to relatives," said Miss Graves. "It was right at the beginning of the Civil War. And I tell you I saw some exciting times right here in the city of Washington. The people were always watching for an invasion of the city by the Confederate forces.

I was persuaded to stay here by my relatives and take a position in the Treasury Department. At that time the north wing had not been built. The State, War and Navy Departments were located in a small brick building in the northeast corner of the ground on which the Treasury is now located.

In what is now the old cashroom in the Treasury a large stock of arms was kept. These were for the use of the clerks in the Treasury in case of an invasion. However, the war was over when I assumed my position in the Treasury Department.

You know Secretary Chase, of the Treasury Department, was very much opposed to woman employees in the Government service. Francis E. Spinner, then Treasurer of the United States, after much persuasion on his part finally secured the permission of Secretary Chase to give the women a trial as Government clerks. It had practically become a necessity for the Government to employ women. All of the men and boys had gone to war, and the work had to be done, so the only course open seemed to be to give the women a chance. Mr. Spinner told Secretary Chase that if, after a trial, the women proved satisfactory, he would employ more. Then, of course, there wasn't much gold and silver, and they had to have more of the fractional currency, and they used to have to cut the money by hand. Mr. Spinner also pointed out that women were more skilful with the scissors than the men, and this was another argument why they should be given a chance. The redemption division was established at that time, on account of the paper money.

Finally, after a year's trial, Treasurer Spinner went to Secretary Chase and told him how satisfactory the work of the women had been, and said that he hadn't lost a cent, and that was more than he could say for the men.

We never forgot Treasurer Spinner. After his death we felt that we owe the appointment of women to him, so the women contributed to a fund, and a monument costing $10,000 was bought. It is now located in Myers Park, Herkimer, N. Y. We made several attempts to get permission to place the monument on the front steps of the Treasury, but the officials refused, on the ground that it would furnish a precedent.

The appointment of women to the Government service at that time, in my opinion, opened many fields for them," declared Miss Graves. "Before that time they had never thought of leaving home, and all they did was to get ready to marry."

Miss Graves is yet active, despite her eighty-three years. When the reporter called upon her she was counting the half notes and plac-

ing them in packages. She gets about just as quickly as many of the younger clerks in the Department. She is the oldest of three sisters, the only members of her family now living. The other two sisters, Mrs. Elizabeth G. Menet, of Kansas City, and Miss Amelia B. Graves, of Bloomville, N. Y., are living in the city at this time with Miss Emma Graves. Her father, she says, lived to be eighty-six.

Her father and brother both served in the Union army during the Civil War, both in the Ninety-seventh New York, familiarly known as the "Conkling Rifles," named for Senator Conkling. Her brother, she said, at the time he enlisted as a drummer boy was so small that he could not march, and he had to be placed on the baggage wagon.

Washington Star

SAVING THE OLD TRAILS

An obscure item in the news of the day announces a movement by the D. A. R. of Petoskey to mark some of the old Indian trails in the Grand Traverse and Straits district before it becomes too late. Such an idea appeals strongly to anyone who from year to year has followed these paths up hill and down dale and through delectable twists and turns under the forest trees, but always with a half-sad consciousness of their increasing dimness and desertion. Already only traces remain of many of them and others have totally disappeared or their history and character have been forgotten.

These trails are among the very few physical traces remaining of the life of the Indians before they became hopelessly and finally entangled in the net of civilization. In a sense they are prehistoric and as such they should not be allowed wholly to disappear.

Detroit Free Press

PHILLIPS STATUE UNVEILED

Men and women who are reaping the benefit of the great reform for which Wendell Phillips struggled, or who are still carrying on the work of bringing to fruition movements to which Boston's famous citizen lent his aid, were among the several thousands who gathered on the Public Garden late Monday, July 5, 1915, to participate in the unveiling of the memorial which the City of Boston has erected.

The monument, a masterpiece by Daniel Chester French, the sculptor, represents the great abolitionist standing at a reading desk, his right hand resting upon the desk, his left outstretched and holding a bit of a broken fetter. Upon the marble background above the head of the statue are the words, "Whether in chains or in laurels, liberty knows nothing but victory." On the reverse side of the background is this quotation from Phillips: "I love inexpressibly these streets of Boston, over whose pavements my mother held up tenderly my baby feet, and if God grants me time enough I will make them too pure to bear the footsteps of a slave."

The veil that had hidden the monument from public gaze was removed when a cord was pulled by John C. Phillips, Jr., son of Dr. John C. Phillips of Wenham and great-great nephew of Wendell Phillips. As the mantle fell away and revealed the likeness of the man who did so much to free the slaves a chorus of negro women from Boston Church broke forth into "Glory, Glory, Hallelujah," followed by "America."

Three venerable Germans who, as members of the Turnverein, were in Phillips's bodyguard in the turbulent abolition days, George Gramlich, Henry Foss and John Koch, laid a wreath at the foot of the statue; Dr. George Galvin paid a similar tribute in recognition of Phillips's interest in the labor movement, and Mrs. Evelyn Peverly Coe and other members of the Massachusetts Woman Suffrage Association placed a wreath, attached to which was a card bearing the words, "In memory of the prophet of liberty on the eve of its fulfilment." A streamer on the wreath bore the words: "The right of suffrage for women is the cornerstone."

Transcript, BOSTON

THE AMERICAN PARK IN DENMARK

(We have not seen any subsequent mention of the park.)

The American committee having charge of the plans for the dedication on August 5, 1914 of what is to be known as "The Danish-American National Park" at Rebild Bakker in the Province of Jutland has extended its activities to Denmark. Danish headquarters have been established in Copenhagen, at the office of the Scandinavian American line on Kongens Nytorv. It will be in charge of Mr. Mads Henningsen of Chicago, assistant secretary, who has arrived from the United States.

Americans of Danish descent have purchased a tract of three

hundred acres of typical and virgin Danish heather landscape which is to be preserved for all ages to come as a national park. The park is a gift to the Danish nation from Danish Americans, as a memorial of their love and good will.

The wonderful picturesque Danish heath, which for ages has furnished inspiration to national artists and poets, has been disappearing fast under the onslaught of the thrifty Danish farmers, who are bringing every available square inch of Denmark's soil under cultivation. While the people of Denmark were discussing ways and means of preserving this soil, Americans of Danish descent had already had a representative on the spot who had bought up from a number of small land owners the three hundred acre tract known as Rebild Bakker (Rebild Hills), considered the most beautiful part of the heath, besides having historical associations dating hundreds of years back.

The late King Frederick VIII, took unusual interest in the plan and signified his intention of personally accepting the deed to the park on behalf of the people of Denmark, at the festivities which were originally planned to take place at the Copenhagen City Hall on August 3. The sudden and tragic death of the monarch, however, caused the American committee to cable cancellation of the City Hall celebration. The cantata written for that occasion by Jeppe Aakjaer, considered the foremost Danish national poet, and set to music by Carl Busch, the composer, of Kansas City, will be rendered, it is hoped, at a private concert at Copenhagen before or after the dedication at Rebild Bakker in Jutland.

Ex-President Taft has accepted the honorary presidency of the festivities. Honorary vice presidents are the United States minister at Copenhagen, Dr. Maurice Francis Egan and the Danish minister at Washington, Count Carl Moltke. Officers of the committee are Dr. Max Henius, chairman; Mr. Carl Antonsen, secretary, and Consul C. H. Hanson, treasurer, all of Chicago. On the committee are a number of prominent and representative Danish-Americans from all parts of the United States.

The Danish-American National Park will be formally presented to a representative of the Royal Government at the dedication. The deed to the park will pass to the people of Denmark, with the proviso that on each Fourth of July the Stars and Stripes are to be hoisted over the park, and the park turned over to the Americans.

THEY REMEMBER JOHN BROWN

Miss Amelia B. Southall, of Harper's Ferry, last year bequeathed $5,000 to Charleston, S. C., for a statue of John Brown. She may have been an unconscious humorist, but we doubt if anything quite so funny has happened in the South this many a day. Of course, the Charleston City Council mindful of its trust and its fidelity to the Lost Cause, has politely rejected the gift, which now reverts to a college for negroes at Harper's Ferry. A statue to John Brown in the home of Nullification and Secession? Perish the thought! Charleston has been liberal enough to include in its public school system a school founded in memory of Colonel Robert Gould Shaw, who lies "among his niggers" on the nearby site of Fort Wagner. But to South Carolina John Brown is still the foremost exemplar of Lynch law, as the *News* and *Courier* puts it. We admit that the Civil War will have to recede a good many years further into the background before the memory of John Brown will be anything but an irritant to the South, which is however, probably far enough along for Charleston to have accepted the bequest, had it proposed a statue to Abraham Lincoln.

N. Y. *Evening Post.*

THE HUMBLE FATHER OF THE ELECTRIC MOTOR

In many ways the history of electrical invention is singularly fortunate. Here, unlike the annals of many arts and crafts, we find accomplishment and recognition accompanying one another with gratifying promptness. The most notable exception to this is the case of Thomas Davenport, inventor of the electrical motor, who died July 6, 1851, unhonored and almost unknown, according to the *Edison Monthly.*

The great trouble with Davenport was that he was more than a generation ahead of his time, it being his fate to produce his motor nearly forty years before other inventors had made a dynamo. Even his model electric railway was dependent on chemical batteries for its power.

Nothing but heaven-sent genius explains the career of Thomas Davenport. Born some time in 1802—nobody considered his arrival of sufficient importance to record the exact date—at ten years the small boy was left an orphan. At fourteen he was apprenticed to a black-

smith in the tiny village of Forestdale, Vt. Just how he could have secured any scientific education in these circumstances is a mystery, but in some way he got hold of a few pages of Joseph Henry's book on the electromagnet. The young man thereupon set up his laboratory in one corner of the blacksmith's shop.

History has never recorded whether Davenport's horseshoes were of a superior pattern or quality. We do know, however, that his wife tore up her silk wedding dress (doubtless the only silk garment she ever possessed) to make insulations for the new motor. Only heaven-sent genius again can explain how the young inventor in this isolated mountain spot, far from libraries, laboratories and schools, hit upon the idea of electric power.

Still in his blacksmith's shop, Davenport built his machine and an electric railway on a circular track, almost a perfect model of the present day electric railway system, and this years before there was even a vestige of steam railroad in Vermont.

Davenport needed money for his experiments, and he moved to New York. But no one would "back" this crack-brained invention, as many called it. The man lectured, gave exhibitions, ran a technical journal printed by electricity, but in all these ventures ill-luck pursued him. Once his models were destroyed by shipwreck, and once again by fire. Sick and disheartened, he went back to Vermont to die, leaving behind him nothing but the records and models in the patent office. In 1910 the Allied Electrical Associations of America visited the little town of Forestdale and placed there the Davenport monument "in recognition of the great service rendered mankind by the invention, to the development of which he devoted his life."

VOL. XXI NO. 4

THE

MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

WITH

NOTES AND QUERIES

Americanus sum: Americani nihil a me alienum puto

OCTOBER, 1915

WILLIAM ABBATT

20 LIBERTY ST., POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

AND

28 WEST ELIZABETH ST., TARRYTOWN, N. Y.

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THE MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

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THE STORY OF SAG HARBOR, N. Y.

IN 1845 this village had a population of 2,700 souls; the last census gives it but 3,100, an increase of but 1,400 in forty-five years. The grand list of the town shows a more startling decrease, all attributable to the loss of the whaling interest, which seventy years ago lined its docks with ships and made the town a familiar name in every Old World port, and in the islands of the sea as well. This decadence is made more manifest by a stroll through the village. You walk through streets where a slumberous quiet prevails, and whose dust rests undisturbed by traffic. You pass fine old country seats gained by adventurous voyages in the Atlantic and Pacific, from the Arctic to the Antarctic, but whose occupants are rarely to be tempted now from their snug harborage. Along the water front are ruins of oil-cellar, warehouse, cooper-shop and sail-loft, covering acres; two or three old hulks, foundered and rotting on the shallows, and a long dock, untenanted save by fishing smacks, with perhaps two or three old whalemen lounging listlessly upon it, and a single cart loading with cordwood, sole representative of the hurry and bustle that once characterized it. For a century whaling was the main support of Sag Harbor, and the value of the whale-oil products secured by her vessels amounted to twenty-five million dollars. To gain a vivid idea of the town at its best estate, however, one must win the confidence of one of the old ship captains who still remain snugly moored in the port, or, better still, get an interview with some member of the old shipping firms, who once had their score of vessels out in as many seas, and handled products to the value of millions annually. In his former shipping-office I met recently a gentleman of the latter class, who favored me not only with many interesting facts concerning the prosecution of the business in former days, but with much agreeable reminiscence besides. The shipping-office was in itself a study: a small room, with bare floors, fitted with a stove, desk, arm-chairs, and a quaint old secretary, in which was stored a

variety of books and documents—ledgers filled with long columns of figures, musty log-books, records of long-forgotten voyages, invoices, manifests, clearances, contracts, advances, outfits, leases of vessels, and the like, with samples of oil, whaling relics, and curiosities from foreign climes. Quite frequently during the conversation my informant refreshed his memory by a reference to this store of documents.

It is a fact not generally known, perhaps, that the first vessel to make a long-distance whaling voyage sailed from Sag Harbor. She was gone but a few months, running down into the South Atlantic, and returned unsuccessful. Nothing daunted, her owners fitted out other vessels, which returned with full holds, netting them a handsome profit. New London, Stonington, New Bedford, and Nantucket—all nearly opposite—were quick to perceive the possibilities of the whale fishery assured by this successful voyage, and engaged in the business with ardor. The palmy days of the town and of the whaling industry culminated in 1845. At this time the village had sixty-four ships scattered over the globe in pursuit of whales; and my informant had counted as many as fourteen ships lying in the harbor at one time waiting to unload cargo. He gave a vivid picture of the "high days" witnessed in the village then. Ships lay three abreast at the long dock. Eight hundred riggers, coopers, sailmakers, and stevedores went on and off the wharves daily. Thousands of barrels of oil lay in the oil cellars, piled tier above tier and covered with seaweed. Great warehouses, three stories high, the upper stories filled with whale-bone and sperm-aceti, the lower used as sail and rigging lofts, alternated along the water front with rows of long cooper shops. Lighters were coming and going from the ships in the bay, hundreds of carts moving oil and bone from the docks, the adze of the cooper and hammer of blacksmith and outfitter rang all day long, and the streets were filled with crews of outgoing or incoming vessels, attended by their wives, daughters, and sweethearts, mingling welcomes and farewells, weeping and laughter. Four firms in the village at this time were among the heaviest owners in the trade—Howell Brothers & Hunting, Mulford & Slote, Charles T. Deering, and H. & S. French. The majority of the ships, however, were owned by a number of stockholders who formed regularly organized companies.

The vessels employed were rarely new, more often packet ships whose defective sailing qualities unfitted them for passenger traffic, or old craft that had outlived their usefulness. Of the latter class some

notable vessels came into the hands of the shipmasters, among them the *Thames*, famous in missionary annals, and the *Cadmus*, the ship that brought Lafayette to this country in 1824. These were purchased or leased by the shipping firms, refitted, and sent out on voyages of from one to three years' duration. Whaling cruises were at first limited to the North and South Atlantic but as the whales became less and less plentiful there, they were extended until they embraced the entire circuit of the globe. A favorite three years' voyage in 1845 was to the Azores, thence to St. Helena, and down the West Coast, around the Cape of Good Hope, through the Indian Ocean to Australia, thence to the North Pacific, thence south through the Polynesian Islands around Cape Horn, and home.

It was no light matter to fit out a vessel for one of these voyages. The sails, running rigging, cables, and boats were inspected with the utmost care. From a paper containing instructions to the outfitter of the bark *Pacific*, bound on a three years' voyage, I find he was to "have yards all up to topmast heads, spare spars, if any, on deck, jib-boom rigged in, anchors on bows, both chains on deck and forward to windlass, or between windlass and bow; rigging all overhauled, mizzen rigging all new, including backstays; all head rigging new, also fore topmast and topgallant stays." This done, a crew of twenty-two picked men was to be provided, with three boats and their complement of harpoons, lances, lines, and hatchets, together with 2,000 or 3,000 well-seasoned barrels and a great variety of provisions and miscellaneous stores. A little book containing the list of articles furnished the bark *Pacific* above mentioned in 1852 lies before me, and to satisfy the reader's curiosity I subjoin a list of the most important. Under the head of provisions and cabin stores were: 1 barrel kiln-dried meal, 500 pounds pork hams, 100 gallons vinegar, 2 quintals codfish, 500 pounds sugar, 400 pounds coffee, 400 pounds dried apples, 2 boxes raisins, 30 barrels beans, 20 bushels corn, 100 bushels potatoes, 200 gallons lamp oil, 1 box sperm candles, 3 boxes hard soap, 1½ chests of tea, 50 pounds crushed sugar, 6 pounds mustard, 25 pounds black pepper, 20 pounds ginger, 28 pounds spices, 30 pounds saleratus, 1 box pepper sauce, 3 bags table salt, 5 packages preserved meats. In her medicine chest she carried 1 case Holland gin, 1 gallon brandy, 1 of port wine, and 10 of whiskey. Under the head of "miscellaneous" articles were tar, 20 cords of oak wood, chains, head straps, old junk, white oak butts, boat knees, stems and timbers, 15 pounds sand, 1 cask sawdust, 1 cask lime, 3 whal-

ing guns, 50 bomb lances, lance powder, 1 spun yarn winch, 1 mincing machine. As "ship chandlery" she carried scrubbing brushes, chopping knives, lamp wicks, coffee mills, Bristol brick, sieves, 4 sets knives, beeswax, tacks, brass and iron screws, shovels, hoes, rigging leather, pump leather, matches, and ensigns, 29 varieties of coopers' tools, and quite an assortment of crockery and tinware. Under the head of "cordage" there were 20 manila lines, 2 tarred, 1 coil lance line, 1 coil marine, 4 coils spun yarn, 12 coils ratlines, ropes for jib-stay, and 8 coils manila rope. Under head of "slops," tobacco, reefing jackets, duck trousers, and denims, Guernsey frocks, twilled kersey shirts, tarpaulin hats, southwesters, mounted palms, shoes, and brogans are enumerated.

Captain, mates, and seamen all sailed "on the lay," that is, for a certain percentage of the cargo secured. This percentage varied with the different owners and captains. Usually a captain received one-sixteenth, a mate one-twenty-fourth, a boat-steerer one-ninetieth, and ordinary seamen one-one-hundred-and-tenth of the catch. The remainder fell to the owners, who bore all the expenses of the voyage. This system gave every man an interest in securing a "big lay," and worked admirably. An outcome of this plan, which entailed no end of loss and vexation on the owners, was the system of "advances," by which they advanced to the men tobacco, clothes, and money, often to the full value of their share in the prospective cargo.

The return of a vessel from a three years' voyage was an event in the village. Keen eyes were generally on the watch, and as soon as she was sighted a pilot-boat, filled with the owners and friends of the ship's officers, sailed down the harbor to welcome her. Meanwhile news of the arrival spread through the village, and with marvellous rapidity to the outlying hamlets, Bridgehampton, Easthampton, etc., whence the crews were largely recruited, and as the vessel drew up to the dock a throng of friends and relatives of the crew were gathered to greet them. The scene that ensued may be imagined; it was not without its more sombre aspects, however, for often it could only be said of some one that he had been crushed in the whale's jaws, or by a fall from the masthead, or had perished of fever and been buried on some island of the sea. The men ashore, the owners and skipper made an inspection of the cargo; vials were filled with samples of oil to be forwarded to the commission houses in New York through whom the cargo was sold, and the vessel was ordered unloaded.

Traditions of wonderfully lucrative voyages made by some of these vessels still linger in the port. The *Thomas Jefferson*, after a year's voyage, returned with $132,000 worth of oil and bone. She cost her owners $17,000, and netted them that year $40,000. The ship *Hudson*, absent from her dock just seven months, thirteen and one-half days, without sighting land in the interim, brought back 2,400 barrels of oil. The ship *Cadmus* made as good a voyage. The bark *Pacific* was most unfortunate at first. At Pernambuco, on her first voyage, she lost her captain, and was obliged to return. On a second venture to the Pacific she was dismasted by a typhoon, and again returned empty. On her third voyage she netted her owners $7,000. Loss and risk were incident to the business, however, as in the case of the ship *Flying Cloud*, owned in Sag Harbor, but sent to New Bedford with a full cargo for a market. There her owners were offered seventy-two cents per gallon for their oil, but preferred to ship it to England, where they secured, after nearly a year's delay, twenty-six cents per gallon.

I was curious to learn the cause for the decline of this once lucrative business, and was surprised to find it attributed almost solely to the California excitement of 1849. Whalemen, from their life of adventure, were at once attracted by tales of the richness of the new El Dorado, and removed thither by hundreds. Whole crews deserted from whale ships lying in San Francisco, and made for the diggings, so that, with none to man them, the vessels were laid up at the wharves. The discovery of petroleum and the growing scarcity of whales also were factors in the case until the industry which dated from 1785, declined until 1871, when the *Myra*, the sole survivor of the once great fleet, made her last voyage. A great fire in 1845, which destroyed docks, warehouses, and other appliances, also contributed to this end.

NEW YORK C. B. TREAT

CASPAR HANWAY AND THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW

SIXTY-five years ago, in the small town of Christiana, Lancaster County, Pa., occurred an event of far-reaching importance, but of which probably few persons outside of the neighborhood and under fifty years of age, now living, ever heard.

In 1888 Christiana celebrated the 37th anniversary of the affair, and we record the story of 1851 as an integral part of the Anti-Slavery story which now seems as of the Dark Ages but was then an issue of the "livest" kind, and was a part of the eventful ten years which were to usher in the great Rebellion. The ten years lacked only two months when Bull Run was fought. The event that occurred there sixty-five years ago, and of national prominence and importance, owing to the singular legal complication that followed it, the terrible tragedy that was part of it, and the fact that it involved the trial for high treason of the only person besides Aaron Burr that was ever placed on trial in this country on that charge.

There was no place in the United States seventy years ago where the abolition feeling was so strong as it was among the Quakers of southern Lancaster, and all parts of Chester and Delaware Counties. That element predominated, and it was an open secret that runaway slaves were protected by the Quakers and helped on their way to safer localities in spite of the Fugitive-Slave Law and its severe penalties. On the other hand, there was an organized band of desperadoes, led by men prominent in southern Lancaster, who, besides operating extensively as horse thieves, counterfeiters, and general robbers, carried on a profitable business not only in capturing runaway slaves, who were constantly fleeing over the southern border of the State, and restoring them to their masters for the reward offered for them, but as kidnappers of negroes who were free residents of Pennsylvania. These kidnapped negroes the gang ran off over the Virginia, Maryland, and Delaware borders and sold into slavery. The band of outlaws was called the "Gap Gang" by the general public, owing to their having their principal rendezvous in a place called the Gap, in this portion of Lancaster County, but the Quakers and negroes called them the "Bloodhound Gang." In many instances this gang went boldly to farms where native free negroes were working, and on pretence of arresting them for some alleged crime,

carried them off and they were never heard of again in the community. Amos Clemson, a man of excellent family connections, and the keeper of a famous inn, was the chief of the Gap Gang. His principal lieutenant was the notorious outlaw Bill Barr. Among the leaders of the Quaker abolitionists in that community were Casper Hanway, a miller, and Elijah Lewis, a farmer.

In the summer of 1851, four slaves belonging to Col. Edward D. Gorsuch, a prominent citizen of Baltimore Co., Md., ran away from their master's plantation near Cockeysville. It was shortly after the passage of the Fugitive-Slave Law, and Col. Gorsuch, having traced his slaves into Pennsylvania and located them as hiding in the vicinity of Christiana, applied to United States Commissioner E. D. Ingraham for authority to reclaim and recapture the runaways under the provisions of the new law. Commissioner Ingraham issued warrants, directed to H. H. Kline of Lancaster, as United States Marshal, for the apprehension of Noah Bailey, Nelson Ford, Joshua Hammond, and George Hammond, the fugitives. Marshal Kline received the warrant on September 10, 1851. It had been ascertained that the fugitives were at a public house kept by a negro named Parker, three miles from Christiana, in an isolated part of the valley. Col. Gorsuch, his two sons, Dickerson and Joshua Gorsuch, and his nephew, Dr. Pearce, accompanied Marshal Kline and his posse. They reached Parker's at daybreak on the morning of September 11. As they approached the house Col. Gorsuch saw one of his slaves in a lane. The negro ran into Parker's house. Marshal Kline stepped inside the door and demanded the surrender of the runaways. An axe was thrown down stairs at him and a shot fired from an up-stairs window. Loud blasts were also sounded on horns from the upper windows. Almost immediately the Marshal and those with him were surrounded by a hundred excited negroes, who had been lying in wait, and who poured from the surrounding corn-fields and woods, armed with guns, corn-cutters, and pitchforks. About the same time Caspar Hanway, the Quaker miller, and Elijah Lewis, the Quaker farmer, came riding on horseback to the scene. Marshal Kline called upon Hanway and Lewis to aid him in executing his warrant or to quiet the negroes. Hanway and Lewis declined to interfere, and in the parley that followed Col. Gorsuch was riddled with shot by the infuriated negroes, and he fell to the ground. He was then attacked with corn-knives and pitchforks, and his dead body terribly mutilated. His son Dickerson was badly wounded, and Dr.

Pearce and the others narrowly escaped with their lives. Kline and his posse ran away. The body of Col. Gorsuch was finally rescued from the negroes and carried to Christiana, and finally to his home in Maryland. It was months before the wounded son recovered from his wounds.

Caspar Hanway, Elijah Lewis and fifty or sixty negroes were arrested and lodged in Lancaster jail. The United States authorities claimed sole jurisdiction in the case, and the prisoners were handed over to them, but they were indicted for murder in Lancaster County. Hanway and Lewis were charged in the United States Court with high treason, and Hanway's trial was called November 19, 1851. The court was an extraordinary session, and its proceedings are a part of the country's history. It was presided over by Justices Grier and Kane. But one other court in this country ever had a case of the kind, and that was the one before which Aaron Burr was tried. The counsel engaged in the case was chosen from the most brilliant and eminent lawyers of the day, nearly all of them with national reputations. Hanway's counsel were Thaddeus Stevens, John M. Read, subsequently Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania; Theodore Cuyler and Joseph J. Lewis. The prosecution was represented by United States Senator James Cooper; Robert Brandt, Attorney-General of Maryland; James R. Ludlow, United States District Attorney; George L. Ashmead, and others of less note.

When the jury to try the case was being selected, among those called was "Simon Cameron of Dauphin County." Simon Cameron responded to his name, but begged to be excused from serving on account of his ill health. He was excused. Another call was for the famous Philadelphian, Caleb Cope. He asked to be excused "because of his infirmities," and was excused.

(A strange feature of that celebrated case is that of the jury that was finally obtained —all strong, healthy men of middle age no one survives. Both judges were dead and not one of the counsel engaged in the case survived in 1882.

The trial occupied seventeen days. Among those who crowded into the court-room and gave encouragement to the prisoner was Lucretia Mott, the famous Quaker preacher. The trial resulted in the acquittal of Hanway, his defence being that he had gone to the scene of the riot because he had been summoned by a neighbor, who told him that Bill Barr's gang of kidnappers were at Parker's, trying to carry off some negroes. He alarmed Elijah Lewis, and they rode to Parker's to prevent the kidnapping if possible. The persons they found there were all strangers, and Hanway declined on conscientious grounds to help capture the alleged runaway slaves. He was unable to prevent the death of Col. Gorsuch.

The acquittal of Hanway caused all other proceedings to cease, as it was impossible to identify any of the negroes who had been concerned in the riot and murder.)

A MASSACHUSETTS ARCADIA

ARTISTS, in their instinctive search after the picturesque, are like bees on the scent of honey. It is no wonder, then, that several of the craft have nestled in this leafy, elm-shaded town, where all things are as they have been from time immemorial, and are likely so to remain for ages to come. Birds, children, and other people make up the staple of its inhabitants. If you wake early on a June morning and listen to the merry chuckle of the bobolink, the small pipings of the song sparrow, the brief note of the robin, intertwined with trillings and flutings of thrushes and orioles, you may easily fancy that the first-named class of citizens has pushed the others to the wall.

These beautiful old houses, kept unchanged as to exterior, with religious devotion, from times " 'way back," contain as genuine a New England stock as can be found—many of them the direct descendants of the men who battled with the red devils when the woods were alive with stealthy, creeping foes, and not an inhabitant dared venture to mill, to church, to the field, or the neighboring town without his musket in his hand.

But the oldest inhabitants, the grandest in bulk and stature, some of which saw the Indian raids and massacres, and still seem to be whispering the story over and over with their million leaves, are the village trees. There are elms and elms, and the elms of this old town strike you at once as the grandest anywhere. They have an individuality and character, a poise and dignity, that set them apart from the common herd of trees. You feel like making special inquiry into the genealogy of each one, when it was planted, under what favorable conditions it has grown to be what it is, and indeed many of them have a history written in the memory of householders. When one of them dies or is blown down, there is general mourning.

The village is not a village in the ordinary sense. It has no centre, and perhaps, like a true story, would have no end were it not for the north and south meadows which confine it within the limits of a mile. For more than two centuries it has so remained, for it occupies an elongated plateau in the pleasant Deerfield valley, flanked by rich intervale and circled by softly undulating hills. The plateau rises about twenty

feet higher than the grassy or cultivated lowlands. Nature laid it out on an ideal plan, and the limits of its expansion are fixed. Even to this day it is called the "old street," in distinction of all other streets of less antiquity and renown. It gently rises and falls, climbs little hills, sinks into small declivities, and is doubtless much the same grassy, leafy, embowered place as in the old time.

But now the trees have grown to vast dimensions and the old houses nestle under them in quiet contentment, and back of the houses are long congeries of sheds and barns, and carriage-houses and summer kitchens, and behind these are the grass fields and the land devoted to tobacco culture. The old street is a vaulted arcade of rich verdure with wide, grassy strips of turf along the roadway, and the dappled light and shifting shadows of a forest path. Even the wild growths of the woods encroach on the place as if they had mistaken the village for their habitat. The slopes of the little hillocks and the edges of door-yards are plumy with lady-ferns and knots of the wild violet.

There is no business but agriculture; almost every house turns its village face to the street and its farm face to the barns and sheds that link it to the fields. In the early morning the dewy solitude is only broken by the songs of innumerable birds that live here in perfect safety. The Baltimore oriole, the scarlet tanager, flash in and out among the trees; squirrels dart up the tall stems of the vast elms, whose denuded roots make charming playhouses for the children; then a chorus of cocks runs in a long scale of cock-a-doodle-doos all round the village—exultant, triumphant, boastful, defiant, it vibrates up and down the mile of houses. Later the school-bells ring and children with their books and satchels, by twos and threes, go under the dappled shade which the great trees have flung down upon so many generations. Then you hear the whetting of a scythe, the click-clack of a mowing machine. Farm-wagons begin to go past, people by twos and fours in buggies and open surreys.

But the small eddies of motion and sound do not disturb the forest village silence. The railroad is too far off to interfere; the birds, the whispering leaves, again possess it, and it sinks back into its usual enchantment. The hills are all around in hazy blues and violets, and key-hole views and pretty vistas come in between the trees and houses. Nearly all the fences have been taken away, which adds much to the park-like spaciousness and verdure. These picturesque vistas, ar-

ranged as if on purpose for the delectation of artists and idle folk, at first take your attention from the interesting old houses which line the way with varying degrees of antiquity, religiously preserved by the owners. Building never seems to take place here unless a house burns and is replaced by a new one. Not a single Queen Anne shows its mixture of disjointed styles and spotty colors on the plateau. It would not dare to lift its head among the hip-roofed, gray old houses, with the small-paned windows, and the long extensions of barns and lean-tos, and other appendages that make these venerable dwellings of Deerfield mazes of staircases, closets, steps up and down, queer-corners, and cupboards.

Some of these dwellings, so religiously preserved, have beautifully proportioned rooms, fine entrance-halls, and mouldings and wood finish of the best colonial period. They are more commodious and ample than the village houses of today. Some few have been remodelled or restored, but on the old lines. One of the most charming of these is the manse of Parson Willard, the beloved minister, whose name is still a sweet savor in this shady old town. It was through him mainly that the old First Church, the venerable red brick edifice on Meeting-House Hill, went over to Unitarianism in 1807. He was a man of singular intellectual force, earnestness, and sweetness of temper; and pleasant traditions of all the good and great who partook of his large hospitality are still extant. Parson Willard was an ideal shepherd, for he led his flock not only in the spiritualities, but in the temporalities. He set out many of the trees, and helped to adorn the town, and even after he became blind he attended actively to all the duties of his large parish. He was a compiler of school books, a musician and the author of the Deerfield Collection of Hymns and Tunes, and he eked out his limited salary by fitting young men for college. He was a man of large brain and large heart, and a pervasive geniality and goodness. His nephew, Professor L. J. B. Lincoln, the lecturer, for several years conducted here in the High-School building a Summer School of Fiction and History. Richard Hildreth, the historian, was born in the old manse, and the rear part is supposed to have been in existence at the time of the Indian massacre of 1704. It is now occupied by Mrs. Catherine B. Yale, the widow of the inventor, who is admirably adapted to carry on the good and beautiful traditions of this honorable old house. She has written a charming account of the Willard mansion for the Deerfield Memorial Association, which has been daintily illustrated by the artists of her family, and published in a beautiful monograph.

Here, as in many of the old New England villages, much of the history and interest in progress and development clusters about the long line of ministers, godly and sober men, who led their flocks in the way of virtue and exercised almost magisterial sway. The excess of the Puritanical spirit showed itself in the earliest times, when an Indian was fined for travelling on Sunday. About the same time—1683—William Arms was prosecuted "for driving his cart into town half an hour after sunset on Saturday. Having been hindered with his cart and appearing concerned, he was let off with a reprimand and a fine of 2s. 6d. in cash."

When the French and Indian massacre of 1704 occurred, Deerfield had about two hundred and fifty inhabitants; Greenfield and several other towns have been set off from the original grant to the mother town. The plateau and old street now contain about four hundred people. The thriving manufacturing village of South Deerfield has sprung up at Bloody Brook, where Lothrop's band fell into an ambush and was slaughtered by the Indians in 1775. Nearly every old house here still keeps some memory of that February night, when the stockade on Meeting-House Hill was assailed by the Rouville band of French and Indians, and the greater part of the people were either slaughtered or carried away captive to Canada. The gentle, solemn presence of the first settled pastor, the Rev. John Williams, seems still to linger here in the place where he was once known and reverenced.

His little book, the "Redeemed Captive," is one of the classics of our early history. It recounts the tragic story of that night when two of his little children were murdered by the savages, and he and his wife and four others were carried away into captivity. A great number of his neighbors and parishioners shared his fate. His wife was murdered the day after the massacre, about six miles from this place. Those passages in the "Redeemed Captive" where he recounts their parting can scarcely be read with a dry eye. The little book is luminous with hope and trust and submission to the Divine will, quaintly mingled with a childlike belief in direct answer to prayer, Providential intervention, and a vivid and picturesque idea of a personal devil.

The Rev. Mr. Williams was finally ransomed, and returned to Deerfield with three of his children. The fourth, a girl of seven, adopted the Indian life, forgot the use of her native tongue, married a brave, and became the mother of dusky children. Years after, she returned

to her native town with her husband, wearing moccasins and a blanket, having completely imbibed the spirit of savagery. She slept out of doors, and scorned the appliances of civilized life. From her, it is said, descended the Rev. Eleazer Williams, who years ago claimed to be the Dauphin of France, Louis XVII. Several other Deerfield children carried captive to Canada refused to be ransomed, married there, and adopted the wild life. None of the descendants of Rev. John Williams is now living in Deerfield. The famous old Indian fort of Sergeant John Sheldon, which was so fiercely assailed by the French and Indians on that terrible February night, stood firmly on its foundations until 1848. Its door of double planks, studded with large-headed wrought-iron nails, was carefully preserved. In its centre is a hole, made by tomahawks, and through which Mrs. Sheldon was shot dead as she was getting out of bed. The town tried to buy the place as a memorable relic of its history, but did not come to terms with the owner, who ultimately pulled it down, as he did not deem it a proper bower to shelter his bride. The old house, with walls filled in with brick, sternly resisted axe and levelling tool, and was finally pulled down piecemeal. This was the way our precious American antiquities were regarded less than half a century ago.

The splintered door of the old house is now the chief treasure of the memorial collection housed in the old Academy Building. It would seem that every quaint and curious utensil and object of interest pertaining to Deerfield for the past 200 years had been gathered into these interesting rooms. They are a perfect epitome of the life and occupations of the people. The completeness of the collection is largely due to the Hon. George Sheldon, the antiquary and historian, who is a resident of this place, and a direct descendant of the doughty Indian fighter, John, who went four times into the Canadian wilds in winter, travelling hundreds of miles on snowshoes, to ransom and lead home the Deerfield captives. Mr. Sheldon has compiled a valuable history of Deerfield, which has already appeared in a local newspaper, and it is hoped will soon see the light in more durable form.

AUGUSTA LARNED

(The Editor can endorse everything Miss Larned wrote in praise of Deerfield. It is most charming in itself, and the museum a place where one could well spend several days profitably. Any tourist who has not seen Deerfield has missed a unique experience, and ought to repair the omission next summer.)

THE FIRST PACIFIC STEAMER

THE *Beaver*, the first steamer to enter the waters of the Pacific Ocean, went to pieces on the rocks of Burrard Inlet in 1890. This little vessel had a romantic history. In 1835, while the science of steam-navigation was yet in its infancy, she was built in England for the Hudson Bay Company, the famous corporation which then virtually ruled the northern half of North America. Her hull was of British live-oak, and many of her timbers remained for nearly sixty years as sound as when they were cut. The engines and boilers were made by Boulton & Watt—the junior member of the firm being a son of James Watt, the Scottish inventor.

The fact that the *Beaver* was destined for service in the North Pacific, a region of which but little was then generally known, rendered her an object of deep interest from the day when her keel was laid until the hour when she passed out into the ocean. Titled men and women watched the progress of her construction; and King William and 160,000 of his loyal subjects witnessed the launch. A duchess broke the traditional bottle of champagne over the bow and bestowed the name. When at last she started forth on her long cruise, thousands cheered her from the banks, and her six nine-pound guns gave answering salvos.

It was feared that her engines might give out if they were used on the passage; and so the *Beaver* was rigged as a brig and came out under sail. A bark accompanied her as convoy, to assist in case of accident; but the *Beaver* set all her canvas, ran out of sight of her protector, and reached the Columbia River twenty-two days ahead. The voyage from England to Astoria, then the chief trading post of the Hudson Bay Company on the coast, occupied 163 days.

Soon after her arrival she got up steam, and, to the great astonishment of the Indians, who had come from miles around to see the strange ship, she sailed out of the river and up the coast into Puget Sound. During the next few years she was busy running from one of the company's stations to another, carrying furs, ammunition, and other supplies. In 1839 she took to Sitka the party of Hudson Bay officials, who negotiated with the Russian officers there the lease by which the company secured the lower part of Alaska for trading purposes. Four years later she brought Roderick Finlayson and the small squad of men

to Vancouver Island, where they felled the first trees for Fort Victoria, now the capital of British Columbia.

Later the *Beaver* was chartered by the imperial hydrographers and employed in their work along the north coast. While engaged in this service she one day struck on a rock with such violence as to throw every man on board off his feet. As she was under full headway she passed on. Serious injury was feared and the pilot headed her for the shore and sounded the pumps, but no water was found, and to all appearances no damage had been sustained. Some months afterwards she was placed on the ways for repairs, and the ship carpenters discovered then, embedded in her live-oak planking, a fifty-pound piece of stone, carried away as a trophy at the time of the accident.

In 1874 the Hudson Bay Company sold her to be converted into a towboat. In this employment she plied up and down the Sound and to the saw-mills of British Columbia until a few years after, when she ran on the rocks at the entrance to Burrard Inlet—the harbor of the city of Vancouver. She lay there half submerged, with her engines and boilers still intact, and her mainmast and smokestack standing. She was one of the sights of the place; and a good deal of her woodwork was cut away to make relics for the tourists.

Later the Steamer *Beaver* Exhibition Company was formed, with a capital of $125,000, to raise the wreck and ship it to the World's Fair at Chicago. But a day or two after a passing boom of logs struck her. The ancient hulk was so shaken that it slid off into deep water, and the fragments were swept by the tide out into the ocean.

The *Beaver* was the only steamer of importance engaged in traffic on Puget Sound until 1859. Then the *Eliza Anderson* was built, and for ten years she did the bulk of the passenger and freight business. In 1870 the towns on the Sound began to grow, and several fairly good boats were built to handle the rapidly increasing traffic. The competition among them for supremacy resulted in a series of steamboat races not unlike those of the Mississippi River in the old days. Until 1890 the water routes of Puget Sound constituted almost the only lines of travel in western Washington, and in consequence the steamboat owners made fortunes. But the extension of the railway system wrought the same changes that came earlier in the East; and the cheapness of rail transportation put an end to the palmy days of the steamboat.

THE LAST WOODEN PADDLE STEAMSHIP

AMONG the interesting pictures of new and old ships on the office walls of Charles V. Dasey & Son, 8 Broad street, Boston, there is one of the old Collins Line steamer *Adriatic*, which was not only the last wooden paddle steamer, but was the ship that represented the last desperate effort of the Collins Line to maintain the Stars and Stripes on transatlantic passenger steamers.

Although not now generally known the United States nursed and strengthened her increasing ocean traffic by subsidies, one of the most important having been granted to the Collins Line, in the amount of $19,250 per round trip or $385,000 per year, afterwards increased to $853,000 per year, by which encouragement the service secured the bulk of the passenger traffic and it served to reduce the high freight rates by nearly one-half. Through the sectional politics of Southern congressmen—perhaps preparing for the Civil War by neglecting the Federal navy and discouraging the merchant marine—the subsidy was reduced to $385,000.

The line had lost the *Arctic* by collision with a French ship, the *Vesta*, and in an effort to recoup their failing fortunes decided to build the most magnificent ship afloat. Not disheartened by the loss of the *Arctic* and another ship, and despite a greatly reduced subsidy, the company valiantly launched and fitted the *Adriatic*, a wooden ship 355 feet long, 50 feet wide and 33 feet deep of 4144 gross tonnage and costing $1,200,000. Their fight was lost, however, and after only one trip the *Adriatic* was sold to the newly subsidized Galway Line, in 1861, having been laid up since 1857.

The Galway Line, the Royal Atlantic Steam Navigation Co., had in 1853 and 1859 obtained mail subsidies and contracts from the British Government to cover a service from Galway, Ireland, to St. John's Newfoundland, Portland, Boston and New York, with a grant of $3000 per trip. They ordered four new iron ships, apparently named the *Connaught*, *Ulster*, *Munster* and *Leinster*. Misfortune followed. them, probably owing to faults in design and construction. On her second trip to Boston October 7, 1860, the *Connaught* was burned, a total loss. Because of that disaster the three nearly completed ships were given different names and called the *Hibernia*, *Anglia* and *Co-*

lumbia, 360 feet long, 40 feet broad and 32 feet deep. In March . 1861, the *Hibernia*, strained in a gale, was rejected by the British Government; the *Anglia* was soon afterwards severely criticised by the inspectors and in April the *Columbia* was damaged by ice. Remember, these were old style ships before the days of modern steel ships, with watertight compartments and safety appliances.

It was then that the Galway Line bought the *Adriatic* and chartered the *Prince Albert* and *Duc de Brabant*, but the two chartered boats could not make the required speed and the mail contract was cancelled in 1861. The line was again started in 1863 and abandoned in 1864. The *Anglia* and *Columbia* were sold to the Turkish Government, the *Hibernia* was made into a twin screw ship, sold to the Telegraph Construction Co., and wrecked in 1870. The *Adriatic* was converted into a sailing ship, made two or three trips to San Francisco and finally ended her days, a hulk on the west coast of Africa. Dasey & Son also have two excellent pictures of the side-wheelers *Columbia* and *Hibernia*.

MINOR TOPICS

A ROMANCE OF THE PENSION OFFICE

Among the million claims filed away in the Pension Bureau is hidden material for more thrilling romances than Rudyard Kipling ever dreamed of, says a writer in the Washington *Post*. There was a case brought to final adjudication that even when told in the rigid, concise phraseology of the legal documents, verifying its strange features, reads more like the fanciful creation of a novelist than cold reality.

September 1, 1862, there enlisted at Van Wert, O., in the Fifteenth Ohio Volunteer Infantry a slender, blue-eyed youth of 20 named Hugh Thompson. There was nothing to distinguish him specially from a thousand other farmer lads who donned the blue and marched away to the front in the early days of the great war. His surviving soldier comrades recall him as a bright, cheerful young fellow, with a low pitched voice, as one of them remembers, and always cheerful and ready for duty. At the battle of Chickamauga, as a comrade relates, while they were lying on the ground at the front to escape the tempest of balls that swept the thin woods where his regiment was engaged, a case shot, probably deflected from a tree, struck him in the head and his face was instantly covered with blood. His companion spoke to him, but he did not answer.

Just then the order to fall back was given. He was assisted to his feet, staggered a few yards in a dazed way, and then fell in a heap as a Confederate brigade swarmed into the woods, and his comrades were forced to leave him, evidently dying from a mortal wound. He never rejoined them.

The War Department records bears opposite his name this note: "Wounded and missing in the battle of Chickamauga, September 19, 1863." And so he disappeared from comrades, and friends, and home, one of the unknown dead, remembered only as a component of the myriads of soldier boys who gave their young lives for their country. His father, years afterward, applied for a pension on account of his service, his mother having died prior to his enlistment. No doubt was raised as to his death in the army, but the claim was rejected on the legal ground of non-dependence.

The next scene in this strange history opens on a snowy country road in Northern Illinois, near the village of Cleveland, in the winter of 1870. Night was coming on as a small-sized but sturdily built traveler breasted his way against the keen winds that swept the bleak prairie. He was comfortably dressed in a good working suit, with a pair of new boots and a coon-skin cap. He carried an old-fashioned oil-cloth valise, and appeared to be looking for a place to stay over night. And there on the lonely road in the darkening twilight of that freezing February evening in the year of grace 1870, Hugh Thompson, the wounded soldier of Chickamauga, "came to himself," as he expressed it. It was just as if at that moment he had awoke from a dreamless sleep of seven years and become conscious of existence.

But his memory was gone, totally and absolutely. His other faculties were keen enough, but he could not recall his own name, where he had been, his family, or his home. His entire past up to that moment was simply a blank. The only thing that connected him with a former existence was an idea that he was looking for a Mr. Baker, who needed men to work. This turned out to be correct. He found him, and was given employment in a coal mine.

When asked his name he replied mechanically, "Henry Thompson," though why he said "Thompson" rather than "Brown" or "Smith" he could not explain. He was a good and reliable worker, but subject to spells, when he would disappear for days or weeks, but always returned and took up the thread of existence where he had left it.

The cloud on his darkened mind gradually lifted, and old scenes and incidents came back to him more or less vividly. He became aware that he had been in the army and had been wounded. Along in the '80's he drifted to Kansas and entered a homestead, on which he settled, having married in Illinois.

He finally became satisfied that he had served in an Ohio regiment, and then, aided by the Grand Army men of Kansas, to whom he told his story, he set about discovering his home and his family. The discouraging feature to him was that he did not know whether the name he went by was really his own or not. The local newspapers took up the matter, gave accurate descriptions of him, and the strange history of the Nameless Soldier, as he came to be known, traveled to Ohio, and was read in the columns of the Van Wert *Gazette* by his aged father.

The personal description tallied in a measure with that of his long-mourned son, and correspondence followed.

The son, while not able to recall Van Wert, had a clear vision of his boyhood's home, and wrote an exact description of it as he had last seen it, a quarter of a century before—log house and stone chimney, the well with the long sweep to raise the bucket, the high-banked stream that ran through the farm—all still as he had left them, for changes are slow in the backwoods.

The result was that he returned home in 1887, was easily identified by his family and former comrades, applied for a pension, and finally (1890) the certificate directing payment to him as the wounded and missing Hugh Thompson of Chickamauga was duly forwarded.

Through all his wanderings—and this sounds like a Sunday-school tale, but the incident is legally proved, and forms part of the evidence of his identity—he carried a little Testament, given to him by a sister, with an inscription in rhyme, when he enlisted. The sister, still living, recognized it at once when he exhibited it upon his return. All his efforts have so far failed to recall to him anything that occurred to him from the time that he tumbled over on the bloody field of Chickamauga until the strange awakening of his dormant perceptive faculties in 1870.

He has a dim impression of working in a village or town, with a fountain in the square, and of a bright-faced German girl there named Tinie, but where this was or when is a blank. Should his memory ever be thoroughly rehabilitated what a strange tale of a double life it might unfold.

Mr. Thompson is still living at this writing.—[Ed.]

THE ROMANCE OF OLD NEWSPAPERS

The following are from the early files of the New Hampshire *Telegraph*, published at Nashua, N. H.:

We have seen a great deal of country mustering, some of which was conducted in a manner rare enough; and we have heard commands couched in all kinds of language, but never till recently had we heard a

regiment of soldiers, when commanded in their evolutions, addressed as "Gentlemen!" or the command to halt given "Stop! Stop!" or when a retrograde movement was desired: "Here, come back here a minute!" Oh, we have seen and heard strange things lately—there is no denying it—ample stock for a most capital burlesque!—but no matter. [Issue of September 28, 1833.]

The Memphis *Advocate* of the 4th inst. states that on the 1st the steamboat *Lady Franklin* passed that place with a cargo of FIFTEEN THOUSAND CHICKENS and an almost unprecedented number of other LIVE STOCK, bound for the New Orleans market. [Issue October 5, 1833.]

[Died] In Seneca Village, N. Y., Mary Jameson, 91. She was taken captive by Indians in her childhood, and in spite of entreaties remained with them till her death. [Issue October 12, 1833.]

(She was the famous "White Woman of the Genesee.")—[ED.]

STAGE ACCIDENTS

A stage, we understand one of the Concord line, broke down on Tuesday afternoon, a few miles this side of Lowell, owing as is supposed, to the great weight of the load. There were eight passengers in and upon the carriage, but fortunately none were essentially injured. [Issue of November 2, 1833, quoting Boston *Mercantile Journal.*]

On Tuesday evening last, about 5 o'clock, the Eastern Stage, while passing the corner of Cornhill and Court street (Boston?), was suddenly upset by the breaking of the forward axle tree. There were six passengers inside, among whom were Mrs. Brodhead of N. H., and Mr. and Mrs. Mudge of this city, who all escaped injury. No blame whatever is attributed to the stage-driver, who is known to be one of the most careful drivers in any of our lines of stages. [Issue December 14, 1833, quoting from *Atlas.*]

Mr. Edward Gault, one of the drivers on the Lowell Railroad, when opposite the Insane Hospital, one day last week, jumped down from the car to prevent the horse from sheering out of the track, when the horse trod upon his foot and he fell forward upon the rail. Six loaded cars passed over his shoulder and neck obliquely. [Issue of December 14, 1833.]

What resulted to Edward we are left to guess, perhaps he was "essentially" hurt.—[ED.]

NEWS ROOM

By reference to Mr. Thayer's advertisement, it will be seen that he proposes to establish a Reading Room upon the most liberal principles. Nothing need be said at this time in favor of such an establishment farther than that the entire journal and debates of Congress will be regularly received. There are certainly people enough in this town who feel an interest in these proceedings to give a fair support to the concern. [Issue December 14, 1833.]

Folks had more time then than now. Fancy reading the Congressional Globe at present!—[Ed.]

[Died] In Billerica, on 29th ult., Joseph Tyler, Esq., ae 85, formerly a merchant in Newburyport. He bore an active part in the Concord Fight. [Issue February 1, 1834.]

Joseph Tyler was one of Captain Oliver Barron's Co., of Minute Men, of Chelmsford, Mass.—[Ed.]

CHAIN ACROSS THE HUDSON

In grappling for a lost anchor in the Hudson River a little below West Point, a number of links were brought up which formed part of the great chain stretched across the Hudson river during the Revolutionary war to prevent the British fleet from passing up to West Point. The number of links recovered is fifty-one; they are said to be over a foot each in length and averaging from thirty to 35 lbs. each in weight. They are supposed to have diminished one-third in size and weight by corrosion, and were raised with difficulty in consequence of their close adhesion to the bottom. They were so imbedded with the rocks below that it took three days hard pulling to get them up; and large stones adhered to them, some of them weighing from fifteen to twenty pounds each; the 51 links weighed fifteen hundred pounds. [Issue March 22, 1834.]

It would be interesting to know what became of this part of the chain. Inquiry at West Point shows that nothing is known there about it and the part of the great chain now there, which is familiar to all visitors, is only one-third as long as these fifty-one links would be.—[Ed.[

RAIL ROAD ENGINE

Ship *Choctaw* at this port (apparently Boston) from Liverpool has on board another locomotive engine with apparatus complete intended

for the Lowell Railroad. She has also brought for the same purpose about 2000 bars of railroad iron. (New Hampshire Telegraph, Nashua, N. H., Nov. 17, 1832.)

THE "PORT" OF AMESBURY

On the 22d day of September a fine ship was launched in Amesbury (Mass.), named at the launching "Walter Scott." On that very day Sir Walter Scott died. [*Ibid.*

SMALL POX

This frightful disorder has made its appearance in the easterly part of Lempster, N. H., on the second N. H. turnpike. Travel on the road has been interdicted and every precaution taken to prevent its spreading. Infection broke out in the family of Mr. Asa Spaulding, and was communicated to them by some stray foreigners who enjoyed their hospitality over night. (Gazette.) [*Ibid.*, December 29, 1832.

ANTE-BELLUM

A large meeting in Greenville, S. C., has passed the following resolution: That we never can be induced to raise a par[r]icidal arm against the Union of these States, let the order come from what source it may, and that the attempt to force us to such a course will be met with drawn swords and fixed bayonets. [*Ibid.* Idem.

(Pity they did not adhere in 1861 to the resolution of 1832.)

The Reading, Pennsylvania, battalion of Volunteers have offered their services to the President in case it should be necessary to use military force against the nullifiers. [*Ibid.* Idem.

"UNPRECEDENTED DESPATCH"

A Government Express left Washington for Charleston a few days since and returned in 48 hours, the distance going and returning being FIVE HUNDRED AND FORTY FOUR miles. This is the most rapid traveling of so great a distance which has come to our knowledge. [*Ibid.*, February 2, 1833.

SPORTING

Wolf Hunt.—We learn from Hopkinton [N. H.], that on Tuesday, 12th inst., a large wolf was started in that town and followed by a portion of the citizens until Friday, when he was killed in Concord. He was a fine fellow, but we have not heard his dimensions or his weight. [*Ibid.*, February 23, 1833.

JUSTICE TO ALCOTT

Amos Bronson Alcott is thought by the careless and ignorant to have dealt only in abstractions—and these of so little value that Emerson one day, seeing it was raining, found compensation in the chance that it would keep Mr. Alcott indoors. Emerson, as a matter of fact, acknowledged him as the source of some of his best inspirations. So far from being abstract and uncomprehended, he was often as practical and direct in the application of his wit and wisdom to conduct as Ben Franklin. Someone has recently turned up his series of reflections on fellowship, and they shine everywhere with apothegms of purest ray serene, such as:

While one feels company in himself and his pursuits, he cannot be old, whatever his years may number.

Alone and apart, however well occupied, we lose the elasticity and dignity that come from sympathy with the aims and prospects of others. Nor has anyone been found equal to uninterrupted solitude.

It is no wonder that with one able thus to extract the most from both sides of a question, "conversation became a monologue." Who could have wished to interrupt, with such thoughts, flowing in such mellifluous phrases, as the following from the same discourse?:

Modesty is bred of self-reverence. Fine manners are the mantle of fine minds. None are truly great without this ornament.

All hearts crave eyes whereby to measure themselves. Not until one rejoices in being helped to discern excellence in another, desiring to comprehend and complement his own therein, is he freed from the egotism which excludes him from the best benefits one can bestow.

We have three friends most useful to us: a sincere friend, a faithful friend, a friend that hears everything, examines what is told him, and speaks little. But we have three also whose friendship is pernicious: a hypocrite, a flatterer and a great talker.

NEW ENGLAND EPIGRAMS

Here's to Massachusetts,
The home of the sacred cod.
Where the Adamses vote for Douglas
And the Cabots walk with God.

Rev. Dr. Samuel C. Bushnell of Arlington paraphrased this twenty-fifth anniversary song of Harvard's 1880, at a Yale dinner at Waterbury, Conn., as follows:

I come from good old Boston,
The home of the bean and the cod,
Where the Cabots speak only to Lowells.
And the Lowells speak only to God.

To this Dean Jones of Yale replied as follows:

Here's to the town of New Haven,
The home of the Truth and the Light,
Where God talks to Jones
In the very same tones
That he uses with Hadley and Dwight.

("Truth and Light" are in the Yale seal.)

"C. T. G.," for Dartmouth, wrote Dr. Bushnell, with apologies:

Here's to the town of Hanover,
The home of the "Indian voice,"
Where God talks to all
Who will hark to his call—
Words of wisdom, and does it from choice.

Thereafter M. V. Kellen of Brown, lawyer, and trustee of the college, sent what Walter F. Angell of Brown (Providence *Journal* man), rewrote as follows:

Here's to New Haven and Boston,
And the turf that the Puritans trod,
In the rest of mankind little virtue they find
But they both feel quite chummy with God.

The other doggerel that some Brown man wrote is:

Here's to Providence, good old town,
Home of Roger Williams and good old Brown,
Where religious liberty is on a broad plan
And the Lord drops in as often as he can—
Gives us a talk in an informal way,
Takes in the sights on Narragansett Bay;
Everyone's as happy as a high-water clam,
And for bug-a-boo creeds we don't give a d--n.

Transcript, BOSTON.

NOTES BY THE WAY

A HAVERHILL MONUMENT

A massive granite boulder has been erected to the memory of the men of Haverhill, Mass., who served in the Revolution, It was placed in City Hall Park, by Judith Badger Cogswell Chapter, Daughters of the Revolution, and was dedicated with appropriate exercises. The boulder, which is suitably inscribed, stands at the upper end of the park, facing Crescent place, and is set upon a solid concrete base six feet in depth. When the monument was unveiled, the exercises opened with the singing of "America," led by the Whittier Male Quartet. The boulder was then presented to the city by the Regent of the chapter, Mrs. Emma C. Hayes, and accepted in behalf of the city by Mayor Bartlett.

Another statue to Sakakawea, the Indian woman-guide of Lewis and Clark, was erected in City Park, Portland, Oregon, in 1905.

T. H. S. in BOSTON *Transcript.*

SQUIRREL HUNTING IN 1822

At the dedication of the monument to Ludwig Sells and his wife in the Dublin cemetery in Franklin County, Ohio, Rev. Byron R. Long gave an interesting account of the great squirrel hunt of September, 1822, which was said to have ended the serious depredations of the squirrels in the fields of the farmers there.

The Columbus *Gazette* of August 20, 1822, referred to the great damage being done by squirrels and published an address to the farmers suggesting a county squirrel hunt. The farmers of several townships were asked to select representatives to make the arrangements.

The preliminary meeting, says the Columbus *Dispatch*, was held. One of the delegates from Washington township, in which Dublin is located, was Peter Sells, a son of Ludwig Sells. The hunt was held and the farmers turned out *en masse*, spending two or three days slaughtering the squirrels. The count as far as made reached a total of 19,960

skins, but as many of the hunters failed to report the number shot by them the total was no doubt really in excess of that.

Still this number, great as it was, would not in itself have had any very great effect on the damage done by the squirrels. But the pioneers tell of great migration by the squirrels following the raid. The little animals moved like ants, in countless droves, going straight ahead and turning aside for no obstacle. They went over precipices and swam rivers in their persistent course. They seemed to be in command of some leader and obeyed without fear of ordinary enemies.

ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS

LETTERS OF JOHN MOFFATT AND PETER LIVIUS, OF N. H.

From a recent auction sale of autographs we have taken these interesting New Hampshire items:

More than 500 closely written pages, containing much valuable material, not accessible in other form, relative to ship-building, ship-masters and commerce of Portsmouth at the period indicated.

Moffatt was the merchant prince of Portsmouth, and these letters to his correspondents in London, Boston, New York, Biddeford, Halifax, Bilboa, Barbadoes, Antigua, etc., point to methods which even at the present day would command attention.

His sailing orders to his several captains are choice examples of mercantile caution, especially when referring to his cargoes containing "such goods as are lyable to seizure," which with his oft recurring advice: "be a good husband of vessell & stores, and let no vessell speak with you that you can go from" would seem dictated by existing conditions, judging from the frequent references to capture of his ships by the French, Spaniards, and privateers.

The merits of his town are referred to more than once; "there is no part of N. England like this for lumber both in respect to quality & price, it being much cheaper than anywhere else & likewise as good ships, built here & much cheaper than in Boston; Portsmouth shipbuilders are as good as any in New England."

January 3, 1747, he wanted "a good likely negro boy not exceeding 14 years for a house slave," presumably the same referred to November 14, 1748: "Cupido the Negro is an exceeding likely fellow, if you have enough to purchase a load without him or that he will not fetch an extraordinary good price would have you bring him home again. I suppose . . . he will fetch 30 barrels of pork, but I leave that to you perhaps he may fetch more."

October 27, 1753, he writes: "if at Cape de Verde there is Negros to be bought if you could get a likely boy & girl from 12 to 16 years old I would have you by all means do it as I very much want them & I understand they are to be bought reasonable I had a fine boy bought there for 45 dollars. I have heard that if a parcel of asses were purchased and carried to the river of Gambia you might purchase one good slave for two asses, if that could be done it would be a way to make a fine voiage & you have full liberty to do that & bring the slaves home but I would have you be well advised about that before you undertake such a thing."

The latter order is addressed to Wm. Whipple, then commanding a ship of Moffatt's fleet, and bears his signature (so familiar through reproductions of the Declaration of Independence, which was signed by Whipple, representing New Hampshire).

In 1751 one of his captains is advised to take, at Londonderry, Ireland, live freight in the form of passengers and servants; a letter to Capt. Peirce, May 25, 1752, refers to the flight of "a man servant, an Irishman, . . . the price I sold such for was from £120 to £140, old tenor . . . the little Frenchman that is going passenger with you [Capt. Peirce] would have Ingaged me three hhds. of molasses for one of them."

March, 1748-9: "trade is quite stagnated since the suspension of arms, and they are calling in all our paper currency;" "The new settlement of Hallifax, makes now [May, 1750] the greatest noise of anything here—I suppose one-third of our tradesmen, labourers & fishermen are gone there. So that it may be a considerable place in time & if well fortified a very good barrier for us in case of a war. . . . I am credibly informed Hallifax has now 1,300 houses in it & 12 months ago there was not one house in the place & in this Town we have not more than 500 dwelling houses. Our W. India trade is quite ruined;" April, 1752: "our trade is almost stagnated with Boston on account of the small pox" (in Boston).

References are frequent to the war with France, the Louisbourg expedition, the surrender of Cape Breton, the settlement of Nova Scotia and the decay of business following the close of the war.

LETTERS OF PETER LIVIUS OF PORTSMOUTH, 1764-1766

Peter Livius (born at Bedford, England, 1727) settled in Portsmouth, 1763, following his marriage with Elizabeth Tufton Mason, whose only sister was married in 1764 to Samuel Moffat (Harvard College, 1758), only son of John, one of the wealthiest inhabitants of the Province. In 1764 Livius formed a partnership with Moffatt; received the honorary degree of M. A., Harvard College, 1767; became a member of New Hampshire Provincial Council under the Royal Government, and was Chief Justice in Canada, 1777-1786. He was proscribed as a Loyalist in 1778, and virtually banished from New Hampshire.

His letters (of which we submit a few extracts, as examples) have much historical interest—relating to settlements in New Hampshire: Wolfborough, Tuftonborough, Palmer's Town, etc.; the dispute relative to property of his wife, her brother and sister (inherited from their ancestor Col. John Mason) at Laconia; Portsmouth families and events;

the Stamp Act and its consequences, and other events of local and national importance.

February 6th, 1764, he writes to his wife's brother, Col. John Tufton Mason (then guarding the family interests at London): "The 24th January, Harvard College at Cambridge was consumed by fire & the library & philosophical apparatus reduced to ashes; this is considered a very severe loss by those who know the Importance of Learning to a Country; there seems a spirit in Every body to contribute something towards the re-establishment of the Library & apparatus & I propose making them a present in your name of one of the Azimuth Compasses you gave me & I wish you would let me accompany [it] with a sett of the Surveying Instruments, you have two complete setts, you might keep one notwithstanding & you could never bestow the other more profitably to the public or more honourably to yourself: besides it may be in aftertimes a Remembrance that Senegal was taken by you.

I wrote you the 9th ulto., accompanying the papers, concerning Laconia; I hope soon to have good news from you relative thereto to confound the two opposers of the Title here, the Governor & Col[l]. Atkinson."

Three weeks later he writes, to Col. Mason: ". . . People in General seem heartily to wish for vour coming over here in authority & thou' I have kept such thoughts secret, yet every body wonders you have not attempted it before; & they say they know if you come they shall have an uncorrupt & disinterested administration: People are very fearfull that unless timely methods are taken to prevent it they shall be bless'd with a North Briton. You have namely: the security of your Interest in Laconia the good of your family the wellfare of your friends & your Country which is suffering under a very bad conductor & the imminent danger of such a successor as I have named."

February 28, 1764, he writes to Felix O'Hara, at New York: "Col. Mason is not here, being determined to stay in London till the affair of Laconia is settled; he has presented a petition relative thereto to the King in Council: I have opposed as much as lay in my power any new Grants here: whether our Endeavours for the recovery of this valuable property be successfull or not, you may rest assured we have a just sence of the Important Service you have laboured to do us.

Mr. Dwyer told me . . . you were in great perplexity, expecting in the spring several families from Ireland & not knowing where to place them; you would do very well to send them hither I will engage to take 40 families off your hands & give them 100 acres each: I propose placing them near Winnepissiokett lake in this province in a Tract of Land of Col[l]. Mason's & some of his friends & I doubt not that you might easily settle 20 families more at the same rate of 100 Acres Each, as several Townships round the lake want settlers . . . The most flourishing township in this province is called Londonderry & is wholly peopled by your countrymen: land now sells there as dear [as] in this Township: though 30 years past there was not a family there;" some days later he writes Jonathan Moulton, of Hampton: "Mr. O'Hara of New York . . . apply'd some time ago to his Excell[cy] [the Gov. of N. H.] for a township for his Settlers & obtain a warrant of survey with which he proceeded into the Country to lay out a Township, but was interrupted by Gen[l]. Gage who ordered him to desist on pain of corporal punishment;" with references to settlers for Tuftonborough and Palmers Town, etc.

In a letter (1765) he reviews at length (ten pages) conditions in New Hampshire, commerce, imports and exports; "the culture of hemp would answer this doubly usefull end cannot be doubted, if it could be cultivated in the Quantity & for the price necessary to make it an article of trade," its method of cultivation, machinery, etc.; discontent of the colonies; climate, weather conditions, woods, rivers, etc., of N. H., flatteringly described, etc.

His later letters refer to the Stamp Act, its effects in New Hampshire and the Colonies in general, etc., and defending the action of the Colonists in resisting the Stamp Act, as passed, whilst admitting that "the people here were I think too turbulent," etc.

30th August, 1766, he writes ". . . As you talk of politics it will excuse my doing so too especially when you blame my Countrymen, as you call them, I do not think they were much in the wrong, unless by carrying right to an Excess; I would beg you to put yourself in their place in order to judge how far they were blameable," etc., proceeding to show how, even in England, measures such as those enacted for the Colonies would not be tolerated; "but this is not a subject to be handled by one who desires heartily to abjure Politics any further than his living in a country must naturally make him wish the peace and wellfare of it: but to the best of my observation . . . the Americans will not be alienated from the Mother Country but by the worst usage."

These letters of Livius and Moffatt contain sufficient material to form an important chapter of New Hampshire history, and present facts, not available in other form, regarding early proprietors and settlements, and affairs of the Province, social, commercial and political, during the troubled period of the French and Indian wars.

LETTER OF IRA ALLEN (BROTHER OF ETHAN) TO BENEDICT ARNOLD

This interesting letter with two lines endorsement in Arnold's hand, relates to Arnold's expedition into Canada, for which expedition Ira Allen was acting as a scout. It displays the same true grit exhibited by his brother Ethan Allen at Ticonderoga. His spelling was bad, but his heart was in the right place. We quote a portion of the letter:

Onion River, Vt., June 20, 1775

"Shall Preseed on my Scout as fast as May be: But have one Request to Make to you, (which I Hope & Expect will be a Greeabl as I Send a man on Purpass) it is that You Send no Scout after me or at Least Not under Nine Days from this Date I shall Go Principally in the night so as to Get Down undiscovered to them I Take men with me that are well acquainted Both By Land & water I'll Take all Possible

Care that no army or Scout Shall Pass by me with Out Giving You immediate notice: if there Should another Scout Come Perhaps They would Not Know the make of the Country So well as we Do and might Be Discovered that would flustivart our Plan: if there Dont None Come —Ill Loose my Life or See St Johns & Know their Numbers and motion and Whether there is any Canadians or Indians Joind them. There is Creeks and Places that we Know of that we Can Hide our Botes in & Go as many as is Proper & Vew their motion Till Shall Be fully Satisfyd," &c.

LETTER OF JOHN PARKE CUSTIS

Letters of Custis' are very scarce. This one was to his uncle Burwell Bassett, who married Anna Maria Dandridge, sister of Mrs. Washington.)

Mount Vernon, October 7, 1776.

I return you many thanks for your favour of the 13th ult°. and the oblidgeing offer contain'd in it. I should with the greatest Chearfulness have accepted your offer, if Mr. Calvert had not made me a Tender of a pair of his, which I was induced to accept, from a Consideration that your Horses would have 150 miles to travel before I should use Them. The very Friendly Conduct shewn Me on Every Occasion claims my warmest acknowledgements, and I must beg of you, Sir to believe, that I entertain a just Sense of your Kindness, and shall gladly seize every Opportunity to evincing it. Mrs. Custis joins Me in Thanks for your Congratulations on the Birth of our little Daughter —they are both very well. I have no news to communicate but a Proclimation of Lord Howe's: everyThing else you must see before this reaches you. When we last heard from N-Y-k the Genl. was pretty well, his army much recruited in Health and spirits. I hope He will be able to make a good Ending yet.

I have sent Joe to bring up the Boy You were learning to ride as Postilion. I hope he has proved an apt Scholar. I expect to have the pleasure of seeing you at Eltham shortly. Mrs. Custis and Miss Calvert will accompany Me. Mrs. Custis joins Me in Love to Self, Aunt and all Friends.

I am, dear Uncle, Your most affec^te^ Nephew,

JOHN PARKE CUSTIS

The "Gen'l" he refers to was of course Washington, then at New York and shortly to experience the great reverse of the loss of Fort Washington with 2,500 men.

The "Eltham" he mentions was the home of the Bassetts. It is in New Kent County.

LETTER OF ELEAZER RICE

(Communicated by H. W. Kimball, Esq., Boston)

Private in Capt. Holcomb's Co., 18th Reg., Connecticut Militia, serving in New York, August-September, 1776, addressed to his wife, Rosannah Rice and superscribed "Mr. Abner Vietts, Simsbury, Conn."

(No great hero, this Ebenezer—not mentioned in history, just a plain Connecticut farmer or shopkeeper, one of many, "doing his bit," as our English cousins say today, sleeping on the bare ground, hoping the war will not last long, not a little worried as to his "Bisness" and "cattel" and the farm-work, but doubtless ready to stand his ground and do his best against the enemy; in a word, an honest letter from a plain man. Carlyle would have enjoyed so simple, straight forward a epistle.)

Camp Near New York, Sept. ye 6th, 1776.

Dear and Well Beloved Wife, these are to let you know that I am comfortably Well, Send Love to you and your littel Babe and send Duty to Father and mother & Love to Brothers and Sisters. Their is a great Deal of News But it is Camp News—we no not what to Believe & what Not our people have had Battle on Long island, and many killed on Both sides, our People kept their Lines, But Have Since Left the Island. We are Incamped in a Copps of Wood and Have nothing But a few Bushes to cover us & the ground to Lie upon, Hope to return in a little time, in Haste I am Your affectionate Husband till Death

ELEAZER RICE

NB Abner I hope will take care of my Bisness as He promised, I depend upon him to Do my moing and plowing and Soing & to take care my cattel (two words here illegible)

JOHN BROWN AND HIS RAID ON HARPER'S FERRY:

INTERESTING PEN PICTURE BY A PERSONAL ACQUAINTANCE

From the Doolittle Correspondence.

Contributed by Duane Mowry, of Milwaukee, Wis.

The contributor submits the subjoined copy of an original letter in his possession which deals with a prominent historical character in American history. The publication of it seems to be justified, if for no better reason than merely to offer additional proof of the facts, cir-

cumstances and conditions which the writer so clearly and intelligently presents. He feels certain that such light on a character in American history should not be kept "under a bushel" forever. It may serve as a text for further investigation along lines therein outlined. The letter follows.

Confidential

Herald Office,
Sparta, Wis., Dec. 31, 1859.

Hon. J. R. Doolittle.

Dear Sir:

I see by the papers that you have been placed on the famous committee of investigation into the causes, complicity, &c., of others, in the John Brown raid on Harper's Ferry.

What it will amount to in regard to the connection of others I cannot pretend to guess at, now. But from my personal knowledge of John Brown in Ohio for many years, I have reason to think that the investigation will not be able to elicit much of a positive character, either in establishing the origin, or the complicity of many others in the daring, reckless enterprise.

I first became acquainted with him in Portage County, Northern Ohio, sometime about 1828, and was intimately acquainted with him until 1842. In 1839 I resided in the same house with him. During that year I became somewhat familiar with him and with his character, habits, views, &c.

While in many respects he was a good man, in others he was exceedingly peculiar and untoward. His general characteristics were, a highly sanguine, hopeful temperament, visionary somewhat, but remarkably shrewd and secretive as to his business, plans, and prospects, kind, humane and benevolent beyond most men, but sternly severe in what appeared to him duties; while devotedly pious, he had peculiar views of Christianity, and was possessed of most extraordinary firmness of purpose—even to willfulness in many things.

If he contemplated this foray for any length of time—and from what I know of his past views and feelings on the subject of freeing slaves from bondage, he has, no doubt, had the enterprise in his mind for many years—he let but very few, even of his confidential friends, know of his project, and, particularly, would he keep it a secret from men in high official stations, or those in political strife. It was one of his special mottoes, never to trust either of these classes of men with State secrets.

As for politics or political organizations, he eschewed them altogether. As early as 1838, he had, from his strong prejudice against the system of slavery in general, and having a warm sympathy for all those in bonds, become almost a fanatic or monomaniac on this question of slave liberating, far in advance of even most of the Lloyd Garrison school, having some years previous done considerable surveying in Western Virginia, I think on lands belonging to Gerrit Smith, part of which is now owned by the Hon. E. Thayer, M.C., he had become quite familiar with much of the mountainous region of Western Virginia and probably south as far as Harper's Ferry.

As I have more than one—in 1839, several times—expressed the idea that some day the oppressed negro would assert his rights and freedom, which he could readily do, from certain points in this great range of mountains, with a little aid from white friends, and I referred to the near success of the Nat. Turner insurrection, which happened a few years before, as an example, that all Nat. needed was a few white men of judgment and determination to be entirely successful. I think he, even at that early day, felt a divine mission to set slaves free, if it was within his power, at all personal hazzards.

In view of these facts, I don't think your investigation will bring to light much more positive proof of his own or others' complicity in the affair than what is already known to the public. But you may aid in settling this vexed question of slavery agitation, as it has been done many times within the past twenty years in congressional committee rooms.

It is somewhat of a singular incident that Brown's foray on Harper's Ferry happened on the same Sunday night you slept at my house in Sparta last fall. In every aspect of this case, I deem it as an unfortunate one for himself, his family and numerous friends. It was a most reckless, unjustifiable attempt that no sane man could, for one moment, sympathize with, and it may lead to more unhappy circumstances than even his death, but I trust not. We shall await, with exceeding interest, the *denouement.*

Yours with esteem,

D. McBride

COMMENT.

This letter was found among the private papers and correspondence of the late Ex-Senator James Rood Doolittle, for twelve years, from 1857 to 1869, a United States Senator from the State of Wisconsin.

The letter gives some interesting first-hand information about the hero and martyr of Harper's Ferry. The document will no doubt be regarded as merely corroborative evidence of the facts and statements therein contained.

It gives, in some detail, instances of the peculiarities and idiosyncrasies of John Brown of Harper's Ferry. It shows him to have been both a fanatic and to have pursued a foolhardy policy, one which was certain to lead to ultimate defeat and disaster for those who participated in the undertaking. It hardly adds anything to the name or fame of Brown. Perhaps, it clarifies and emphasizes some dark historical spots. If so, to that extent, the letter is of some historical significance.

The author of the letter, David McBride, was, for many years, a well known and esteemed editor and publisher of a country newspaper at Sparta, Wis., at which place he died in 1884. His son still conducts the *Sparta Herald* at that place.

No reference is made to the "investigation," as it is assumed that original information is accessible to all those who desire to prosecute original researches.—D. M.

GOVERNMENT PURCHASE OF THE DANISH WEST INDIES

Contributed by Duane Mowry

The following correspondence, admittedly incomplete, and the unsigned note of instructions will be interesting reading, in spite of the fact that Secretary Seward's activity in the matter failed to consummate negotiations. The documents were discovered by the contributor among the private papers of the late ex-Senator Doolittle.

Confidential DEPARTMENT OF STATE

Washington, April 30th, 1867.

To the Honorable
James R. Doolittle,
Washington.

Sir:

As it is understood that you are about to visit St. Petersburg on business of the Western Union Telegraph Company, it has occurred to me that you may pass through or near Copenhagen on your way thither. If you do, I will thank you to call on Mr. Yeaman, the United States Minister, and on General Raasloff, formerly Danish Minister here and now Secretary of War of Denmark. From the accompanying copy of a communication from this Department to the General, you will notice that negotiations for the purchase of St. Thomas by the United States, have been for some time pending. Little progress in the business has yet been made, but the Department does not clearly understand the obstacles to its conclusion. It is hoped that it may be in your power to

obtain correct information upon this point, which, if you do, I will thank you to communicate to the Department on your return.

I have the honor to be, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
WILLIAM H. SEWARD

Confidential DEPARTMENT OF STATE

Washington, July 17th, 1866.

His Excellency
General Raasloff
&c, &c, &c.

Sir:

I have the honor to propose to you that the United States will negotiate with the King of Denmark for the purchase of the Danish Islands in the West Indies, namely, St. Thomas and the adjacent islets, Santa Cruz, and St. Jan. The United States would be willing to pay for the same five millions of dollars of gold, payable in this country—negotiation to be by Treaty, which you will of course understand will require the constitutional ratification of the Senate.

Insomuch as you propose to visit Copenhagen, the United States Minister at that place will be instructed to converse with you, or with your government on the subject, but should your government conclude to negotiate, the proceeding will be expected to be concluded here, and not elsewhere.

Accept, sir, the renewed assurances of my high consideration.

WILLIAM H. SEWARD

The following advice, marked "confidential", was no doubt handed Judge Doolittle at the time of giving him the letter and the copy of letter above noted.—D. M.

See the President.

Tell him I propose that you informally stop at Copenhagen and see if you can hurry up the purchase of the Danish West Indies Islands (including St. Thomas and Santa Cruz). The price offered is five millions which we always stood ready to advance to ten millions. With a view to be able to do this we have, as the President knows, stopped upon Samana and St. Domingo. If you find that you can succeed for ten millions and no less, say so to Danish Government. If you find you cannot, then say nothing about it.

The following letter from the American Minister at Copenhagen admirably supplements what appears in the foregoing. It all refers to the same transaction.—D. M.

Copenhagen, 8. August, 1867.

Dear Sir:

About the time you left here American papers reached this country containing unexpected statements of the object of your visit to Copenhagen, and which made it impracticable and improper for me to comply with my promise to telegraph you at Saint Petersburg to return this way in a certain contingency, which contingency happened soon after the date of my letter addressed to you at Saint Petersburg. Now other statements have very recently appeared in European papers which set diplomatic colleagues at this Court on the inquiry, both with me and at the foreign office, and which require me to say that your appearance here, if known, would render any further progress in the business difficult if not impossible.

Very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,

Hon. James R. Doolittle,
Paris.

GEORGE H. YEAMAN

A treaty for the cession of the islands of St. Thomas and St. John was concluded with the King of Denmark and reported to the Senate for consideration by President Johnson in his annual message to Congress in December, 1867. In this message is found these significant passages. "I agree with our early statesmen that the West Indies naturally gravitate to, and may be expected ultimately to be absorbed by, the continental States, including our own. I agree with them also that it is wise to leave the question of such absorption to this process of natural gravitation."

Although the Johnson Administration was friendly to the acquisition of these islands, it seems that the Senate was not so. After being made the subject of recommendation for favorable action in the President's annual message in 1868 to the Senate, it was allowed to sleep the easy sleep of a quiet death. It is said that the volcanic formations in these islands had much to do in determining the unfriendly action of Congress.—D. M.

Note. This letter undoubtedly relates to the purchase of the Danish West Indies by Secretary Seward although there is no direct reference to it in the letter. Mr. Yeaman was the representative of this government at Copenhagen. Miss Seward was the adopted daughter of William H. Seward and an author as well. She was the editor of Seward's "Travels Around the World," and the author of "Around the World Stories" (1889). The letter was among the Doolittle correspondence in the contributor's possession.

DUANE MOWRY

Washington, Nov. 9, '82.

Dear Mr. Doolittle.

Many thanks for your kind note just received. I was on my way home from the north, & my mail accumulated here.

I have also received the Chicago *Tribune*, with the notice of the article, and calling attention to the subject, which is what I wanted. The *Tribune* article tells the whole story, only in fewer words than mine.

I am getting letters from different parts of the country, all expressing surprise that there ever *was*, or could have been such a strange story to tell. All who *know* about it, and there are not many, are *glad* to have it on record. I have sent a copy of the magazine to your address, with my best thanks for all your assistance. I have had a letter from Mr. Yeaman whom, I think, fancies that I have given you more credit than him.

Believe me, Very sincerely yours,

OLIVE RISLEY SEWARD

VOL. XXI NOS. 5-6

THE

MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

WITH

NOTES AND QUERIES

Americanus sum: Americani nihil a me alienum puto

NOVEMBER-DECEMBER, 1915

WILLIAM ABBATT
20 LIBERTY ST., POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.
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THE MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

WITH NOTES AND QUERIES

VOL. XXI NOVEMBER-DECEMBER, 1915 Nos. 5-6

SOME MEDICAL MEN IN THE REVOLUTION

IN a tiny, home-made diary of 1769, a little lad of Providence, R. I., was wont to jot down his mental development.

In 1770, under the date of June 30, one may read, "Examined by Rev. Mr. Manning and Mr. David Howell to see if I was fit to enter Brown College, in these books,—Greek Testament, Cicero's Orations and Vol. I. of Virgil." Then he quaintly adds, "Was said to be fit."

This young fellow became, later, known to two worlds; his name, Solomon Drowne, was familiar to the sick and wounded in the military hospitals of the Revolutionary Army.

His friendship with Washington, Franklin, Count de Rochambeau and La Fayette, as well as with other men of prominence, places a high mark of appreciation for his rare and versatile mind.

To few among us today is time permitted in which to tread the many avenues of learning. It is an era of Specialization.

Where the physician of a century-and-a-half ago browsed over the "Adventures of Count Albertus," "All for Love or the World Well Lost," "Clare on Fluids," "Cheselden's Anatomy," "Devil on Crutches in England," "Martius' Philosophy," "Witches and Wizards," "Salmon's Geography," and kindred standard literature of that period, we find today that the Specialist devotes his entire energy to one sub-division of the great whole,—and considers himself fortunate indeed if he may glance at one daily paper!

Formerly, there was not that liberality of thought and action in connection with scientific research with which we are so familiar.

—Read before the Sons of the Revolution, New York City.

It was only twenty-five years before the outbreak of the War of the Revolution, that two of New York's great men, Drs. Middleton and Bard, made what is said to have been the first injection of the blood-vessels of the human body in this country.

Today, the latest research in Physiology, Chemistry, Surgery, Psychology and Bacteriology and the other departments of learning, finds its way into the homes of millions, through the modern newspaper, which often, in a single Sunday edition, contains more scientific information than was to be acquired in the entire library of the Revolutionary practitioner.

Dr. Jones, of this city, who was, as you remember, physician to Washington and Franklin, said that, among the requirements essential for a surgeon, "he ought to have firm, steady hands; be able to use both alike; a strong, clear sight, and above all, a mind calm and intrepid, yet humane and compassionate, avoiding every appearance of terror and cruelty to his patients amidst the most severe operations."

Dr. Jones did not mention any details of the tragic battle-fields; the noise and confusion; the air heavy with dust and the fumes of exploded powder; nor of the personal danger to those of the medical staff who, although non-combatants, were always shining marks for their foes—seven being killed at one operating-table, one after another, while doing all in their skill to mitigate the ghastly results of so-called civilization.

No,—it was taken for granted that "While Speculative Philosophers were disputing about the origin of Evil and foundation of Morals, and furious bigots were contending for different modes of faith,—that the practical good man would endeavor to employ himself in alleviating those evils which he found incident to human nature,"—and thus would give their skill and their lives readily, gladly, for their fellow-men and their native land.

Imbued with such high ideals, we can readily understand how Drs. Jones, Samuel Bard and their colleagues were chiefly instrumental in starting, in 1771, the New York Hospital.

It should not be forgotten that in 1688 a hospital existed here in New Amsterdam, established through the labors of Dr. Hendricksen, Varrevanger and Kierstede, of which institution Hilletje Wilburch was

matron. But as a rule, those ill with contagious diseases had to rely on the tender care of nurses, noble women, who gave up their lives to this work. One of these women, during twenty-one years, devoted herself to the care of smallpox cases, and finally had to petition the Assembly, in 1745 for remuneration.

In the year prior to the outbreak of the War, the Physicians in Ordinary at the New York Hospital, the cellar of which, by-the-way, was reserved for insane patients,—were Drs. Peter Middleton, John Jones, Samuel Bard and Malachi Treat.

Dr. Malachi Treat was Professor of Medicine in King's College, our present Columbia, in 1775, and he was also surgeon of a company of militia called the German Fusiliers. To him the New York Provincial Council turned when, in 1776, advice was needed as to the selection of a site for a suitable soldiers' hospital. The following year, Dr. Treat was appointed Physician General of the hospitals for the Northern Department, and in 1780, upon the reorganization of the Hospital Department, he was made Chief Hospital Physician. He died in 1795, having contracted yellow fever while serving as health officer of this port.

The company of militia with which Dr. Treat was identified, was but one of the several in the First New York Battalion, under Colonel John Lasher, some of the company names being "The Prussian Blues," "Oswego Rangers," "Hearts of Oak," "Grenadiers," "Light Infantry," "Sportsmen," etc., etc.

While King's College was disorganized by the presence of the English troops, there were no degrees conferred and, in their place, certificates were given to those qualified in medical learning, similar to the following:

"New York, August 5, 1776.

These are to certify that I have carefully examined Mr. Henry White, both in Physick and Surgery, and have the pleasure to inform all whom it may concern that he is well acquainted with the Principles and Practice of both, and qualified for discharging his duty in either.

MALACHI TREAT."

That patriotic enthusiasm fired the souls of practically all the profession, need hardly be questioned.

From the first news of the proposed march on Concord, obtained by Dr. Joseph Warren, and which he deliverd to Dr. Samuel Prescott,

Dawes and Revere, for them to ride and alarm those unprepared for the British,—on through the years of struggle,—the medical profession enjoyed a most distinguished part, in the field and in the Halls of Congress.

Nine physicians are mentioned as participating in the battle, whose anniversary we celebrate this evening, while in the Massachusetts Provincial Congress, 1774-1775, were some twenty-five physicians, conspicuous among whom were Dr. Joseph Warren, who is said to have been the most active man on the Lexington field, "Animating everywhere by his presence and example, his countrymen to avenge their wrongs on that memorable occasion."

"Dr. Warren was chosen by the Massachusetts Provincial Congress, June 14th, 1775, the Second Major-General of their own forces, just two days prior to the election of Washington by the General Congress as Commander-in-Chief."

"Dr. Warren went from Cambridge as a volunteer, in throwing up intrenchments by a detachment of 1,000 men, under Colonel Prescott, on Bunker's Hill, where, on the 17th of June, he met his death. The historian Ramsay said of him: "To the purest patriotism and most undaunted bravery, he added the virtues of domestic life, the eloquence of an accomplished orator, the wisdom of an able statesman . . . . Like Hampden he lived, like Hampden he died, universally beloved and universally regretted. His many virtues were celebrated in an eloquent eulogium written by Dr. Rush, in language equal to the illustrious subject."

And yet Dr. Warren was but one among thirty other physicians who participated in the Battle of Bunker Hill, among whom was Dr. John Brooks, later Governor of the State for whose existence he fought. Each one of them risked his all, and, be it said to the everlasting glory of American ideas of chivalrous warfare, the American physician and surgeon has always given the same skilled attention to the adversary as to his fellow-in-arms. On this memorable occasion, England's wounded received prompt, tender and skilled attention by Dr. Minot and Dr. John Cummings, the latter having had great experience in the French and Indian War and during which he was, for a time, a prisoner of the Indians.

One month after the battle of Bunker Hill, sixteen physicians ap-

peared before a Board of Examiners, the first of its kind in America, to pass an examination for admission in the Regular Army as surgeons. They were examined in anatomy, physiology, surgery and medicine. Six of them being found unqualified, were privately rejected.

Possibly these rejections were the first cause of the subsequent dissatisfaction expressed towards some medical officers at the head of the Medical Corps, which corps, as a whole, was practically united during the entire war. Jealousy of the individual man, not of the Corps, was not unknown in those day, as in our own time—indeed, murmurs and grumblings as to food supplied, both in quantity and quality, existed then, as in our recent Spanish annoyance. But, on the whole, America had become, as stated in a letter from Quebec, "the Nursery of Heroes," while in a letter from Montreal, date of December, 16, 1775, is this appreciation of our soldiers' valor:

"Our brother soldiers before Quebec have thrown up batteries of ice and snow which experience has proved to be sufficient. Who put *Yankoos* would have dreamed of such a contrivance, and who but enthusiasts for Liberty would carry on a siege at such a season of the year!"

Even a Loyalist physician wrote to a ministerial officer a few weeks after the Battle of June 17:

"Eighteen thousand men, brave and determined, with Washington and Lee at their head, are no contemptible enemy. For the sake of the miserable Convulsed Empire, solicit Peace, repeal the Act, or Britain is undone!"

With the transference of the seat of war to the southward, came the order for Dr. Morgan to move the Military Hospital to New York, which he immediately accomplished, reporting to the Commander-in-Chief in person, on April 22, 1776.

The population of the city being thus largely augmented by the various military organizations, there arose need for increased and suitable military hospitals. The Committee of Safety had tried to anticipate this necessity, when, on April 6, they notified the Treasurer of King's College that that building be prepared for the reception of sick soldiers.

The College was prepared, but lost much valuable material as a result, including books given by the Earl of Bute, as well as copies of every book from Oxford University press, which had been presented by that University. Thirty years later, some six hundred books were discovered in a room in St. Paul's Chapel on Broadway, but the major part of the material was lost.

Several private residences were taken for hospitals, among others, those of Messrs. Apthorpe and Oliver Delancey; Robert Bayard's, at Bloomingdale, and William Bayard's, at Greenwich. Subsequently the British used the Brick Church, then on Beekman Street, for a hospital, converting the First Presbyterian Church, on Wall Street, into barracks for the soldiers.

Dr. Jones gave valuable suggestions as to the arrangement of the hospitals. He knew from personal observation the Hotel Dieu, in Paris, which received over 20,000 patients each year, one-fifth of whom died in the hospital. He remembered its triple rows of beds, each bed containing four to six patients, and that when he went the morning rounds, he had seen the dead lying in the beds with the living.

He believed that the architects held radically different views from physicians as to room and air space, and we note with satisfaction the step taken here in New York to have what was then considered a most commodious and well-ventilated hospital. The wards were to be 36 feet in length, 24 feet wide and 18 feet in height, each ward to contain only 8 beds.

We can barely form an estimate as to the value of these hospital arrangements, inasmuch as our troops were unable to hold New York, and, in consequence, after the British entered the city, the wounded Americans, together with the British and Hessian prisoners, were sent to Albany, where a hospital accommodating 500 men was located.

Dr. Solomon Drowne, of Providence, R. I., had become a member of the Medical Staff of the General Hospital, located in King's College, which he considered "a very elegant building, and its situation pleasant and salubrious." The doctor, however, objected to the excessive cost of clothes, a pair of drab trousers having the enormous price of twelve dollars! Possibly it would have been more economical for him had he done, as did the Commander-in-Chief, General Washington,

who, in a letter dated at Newburgh, November 5, 1782, wrote to John Mitchell:

"Dear Sir:—

By Doctr. Craik I send you four half Joes—~~£6—9s—3d~~—, which appears to be the ball^{e} due you allowing the Penn State Paper (in y^{r} hands) at one for four.

I pray you to get me made by the measure inclosed a pair of the neatest and best Leather Breeches—I know not at this time who is esteemed the most celebrated workman, or I would not trouble you in so trifling a matter. Formerly there used to be a skin called, I think, the Carabous, of which very neat Breeches were made.

Whether they are yet to be had, I know not, nor do I know the price of Leather Breeches at this day; but if the money sent is insufficient, the deficiency shall be paid on dem^{d}. I would beg to have them sent to me as soon as possible and I shall thank you for reiterating my request that they may be made roomy in the Seat and not tight in the thighs. They generally make them so *strait* that it is with difficulty they can be drawn on, to which I have an utter aversion.

The measure gives the size I would have them, not what they can be brought to by stretching. My complimts to Mrs Mitchell.

I am, D^{r} Sir
Your most Obed^{t} Serv^{t}

G°. WASHINGTON"

Dr. Drowne did not at this time complain of his surroundings. He says, "The Quartermaster of ye Hospital and his wife reached here a few days past (June, 1776), from Boston, since which we live in a very elegant manner, compared with what we did."

Later, when the streets were reeking with foul odors and even the hospital became a "baleful place," he and five other doctors had to "victual and live" outside it, but he was still cheerful, and although called the "walking ghost" (his appearance having been so changed by an attack of dysentery), he read in a later letter, "We have things pretty clever, except a plentiful scarcity of fleas; so if you have any to spare in Providence, beg you would send down a few by the first conveyance."

Then we must not overlook the fact that the Doctor was enjoying the life of a great metropolitan city, both professionally and socially, the streets filled with generals, aides-de-camp, and the more gaudy French *Kickerees;* and many novel sights were bursting on his view—one of which he alluded to in a letter: "There has lately been a good deal of attention paid the Tories in this city; some of the worst of them have been carried thro' the streets at noon-day—on rails."

In a letter of June 24, 1776, he briefly describes "the Hellish Plot," in which "three of General Washington's Life Guards, ye Mayor of ye

City and a number of tories," were participants, the plan being to kill General Washington, General Putnam, and as many commanding officers as possible, first having set the City on fire in nine several places; to spike the cannon and blow up the magazines—all of which was discovered by the Sergeant of the Guards. The Drummer of the Guards was to have stabbed the General." The Doctor concludes: "The Pretty Fellows are in safe custody and I hope I shall be able to give you a better account of them in my next."

Under date of "New York Gen[l] Hospital, July 13, 1776," he says, in a letter to his brother:

"Dear Billy:—

I received yours by Mr. Arnold, sometime since and about a week after that by Mr. Greene, tho' of an earlier date than ye others. I was glad to hear all friends were well, both in Town and Country.

It is now about midnight, and but a little while since I returned to my chamber from carrying medicine to one of ye wards. I have ye care of and applying Poultice to a man's foot over which a gun-carriage ran yesterday in the battle with ye ships (For further account see Sally's letter). So you may judge how much time I have to write * * * I have as good a Birth as I desired. Our pay is twenty dollars per month and 2 rations a day. We expect it will be raised soon in consequence of a Petition to Congress for yt. purpose. I heartily congratulate you, my dear Brother, on being an Inhabitant of ye Free and Independent State of America. I herewith send you a Gazette which contains ye Declaration and also an extract of a letter from Philadelphia, which if you have not had yet, should be glad if you would show Tommy Russell.

The Declaration was read agreeable to General Orders, at ye Head of ye Brigade, etc., this week, and loud huzzas expressed the approbation of ye Freeborn Bands. The night following, the famous, gilded equestrian statue of ye British King in this City, was levelled with ye Dust, his head taken off and next morning in a wheelbarrow carried to His Excellency's Quarters. I was told there is a large quantity of lead about it which is to be run into Bullets to destroy his Myrmidons.

I suppose you have heard of ye execution of one of the General's Guards concerned in ye Hellish Plot discovered here sometime past. There was a vast concourse of people to see ye poor Fellow. I heard this evening that Lord Howe had sent a Flag with a letter directed to '*George Washington, Esq.*,' and that it was returned unopened because he gave him not his proper title. Ye Captain that brought it said its Contents were of the utmost importance and that Lord Howe was very sorry he had not arrived a few days sooner (Perhaps before Independence was declared for 'tis said he is invested with unlimited Power). This may learn him a little manners!"

After the famous gilded statue had been demolished, the two tons of lead being taken to Litchfield, Conn., and there moulded into bullets, the stone base of the statue was, for many years, employed as the tomb-

stone of an Englishman, with the following inscription cut on the stone:

In Memory of
Major John Smith
of 42 Royal Highland Reg[t]
who died 28th July 1783
In the 48th year of his age.
This Stone is erected
by the Officers of that Regiment.
His
Bravery, Generosity and Humanity
During an honored Service
of 29 years
Endeared him to the Soldiers
To his acquaintances and Friends.

Subsequently this stone was used as door-step at the house of Mr. Van Vorst. Those members of this Society interested in historic relics, can see this base, now in the possession of the New York Historical Society.

Soldiers were classed as "foul feeders," and all acute disorders were given the routine treatment. "Their stomachs to be cleansed by a puke," and "bleeding." If troubled with pain in the bowels, a brass syringe with an elastic pipe and bellows attached to inject tobacco smoke, could be used, if the practitioner had the £2 3*s*. 0*d*. to pay for this apparatus.

A medical observer of that day earnestly advised that any regimental doctor who heard any soldier in the ranks or elsewhere cough violently and frequently, to at once take away from 10 to 12 ounces of blood, and feed on boiled water-gruel for 24 hours, and keep warm.

There was, for a time, every opportunity for the spread of disease, especially small-pox and dysentery. The bedding used by the men was of straw or corn husks, which, becoming foul, soon paved the way for the spread of contagion. Drainage of the camp was not always rigidly enforced. There was either improper or no clothing and warmth. Can we wonder that Dr. Rush spoke of the early Military Hospitals as "Sinks of Human Life?" and that "more citizens were lost therein than by the sword?"

He it was who, whenever practicable, had his patients carried in

to apple orchards, where, beneath the trees, they could have fresh air, and sunlight sifting through the protecting branches above them.

The following certificate, issued in connection with Dr. Drowne's exposure to small-pox when his brother Billy was ill with that malady, and one as to his personal ability, give an idea of the regulations then in force.

"August 6, 1776.

"These certify that *Mr.* Drowne has been so *smoaked* and cleansed as that in our opinion, he may be permitted to pass into the Country without danger of communicating small-pox to any one.

JOHN SCOLLAY
JNO PITTS,
Selectmen of Boston."

While on November 21, 1776, Dr. Morgan gave him this certificate:

"To all whom it may concern:

This is to certify that Mr. Solomon Drowne hath served as a mate in the General Hospital, the past Campaign, with general acceptance and hath performed the Duties of his Station with fidelity,—and is recommended at his quitting the hospital to the Public, as a young gentleman of assiduity and merit, by

JOHN MORGAN,
Director General of the Hospital."

Dr. Drowne was associated with various military hospitals up to 1780, when he became surgeon of the private sloop "Hope," his very interesting journal of his experiences therein having been printed.

His professional and social merits endeared him to his fellow-men. He became Vice-President of the Medical Society of Rhode Island. His scientific and other literary contributions to the press of the period, including his superb Eulogy on Washington, ought to be read before this Society. Time alone forbids more than this brief mention of this gifted gentleman, whose papers and letters have been graciously placed at my disposal by his great-grandson, Mr. Henry R. Drowne, of this Society.

The man is yet to be born who will invent a register showing the *degrees* of Pain. Think of the sufferings of our Revolutionary Sires! There were no rubber-tired ambulances to convey weary and wounded feet from Valley Forge (the biting frosts wounding and maiming the feet, improperly shod, if shod at all!), or trains of cars to speed northward, where brave, plucky wives and sweethearts, in quiet garb re-

lieved by snowy kerchief and sprigged muslin aprons, attended to the domestic duties, outwardly placid, but inwardly giving their hearts and nerves a strain only equalled by those in actual conflict with the foe, and who longed to do something to mitigate the sufferings of their dear ones at the front.

It is true that, once having reached Philadelphia, invalids could, for 21 shillings each, take passage in "The Flying Machine," which set out early every Monday and Thursday morning from the "Sign of the Cross," on Third and Chestnut Streets, exchanging passengers the same night at Princeton, where a similar "Flying Machine," which had left Pawles-Hook Ferry, opposite New York, the same morning, conveyed them to that city.

As a rule, medical and surgical treatment was given on the spot. In amputations of the thigh, the patient was seated in a chair, as more commodious for both patient and operator!

As mentioned a moment ago, the soldiers' feet were often frozen or frost-bitten; mortification would set in, and as a result, removal of the metatarsal bones of the foot was of frequent occurrence. There was no laughing gas, ether or chloroform, none of the local anaesthetics so familiar to us. Prior to the time of Ambrose Paré, of France, irons at white heat were employed to stop hemorrhage from bleeding vessels.

Paré gave to the world, anew, the ligature for securing bleeding vessels, but it is in our own day that antiseptically prepared silk and gut ligatures, and the hemostatic forceps, which clamp at once each large or small vessel, have come. In the Revolutionary surgeon's kit, the ligatures were made of shoemaker's thread, well waxed.

If fracture of the skull necessitated the operation of trephining, the patient was "conveniently seated in a chair, his head firmly held by the assistant!" The steel trephines cost, at that time, £1 11*s.* 6*d.*, when used in a set of two sizes and a perforator in a handle and centre-pin key.

Here is a circular piece of bone, loaned me by our fellow-member, Mr. Henry R. Drowne. This was removed from the head of a sergeant in the Continental forces by Dr. Drowne. At the time of this operation, the Doctor was a very young man, and was standing near the

operating tent, when the unconscious sergeant was brought in for examination by the attending surgeons.

One and all pronounced his condition absolutely hopeless, and the man was about to be carried away from the tent,—to die,—when Dr. Drowne asked, and received permission, to operate. He cut down, removed this piece of bone, raised the depressed fractured bone, relieved the pressure on the brain and instantly the sergeant called out the concluding portion of the order he had been giving when struck down by the enemy.. The sergeant lived for thirty-five years after this episode in his life, and enjoyed perfect health.

Gentlemen, this is but one of thousands of instances where mankind has been served by the conscientious practitioner.

"Ask yon happy little lad,
Whose legs were crooked and whose back was bad,
'Who made him straight and put his back at rest?'
Ask of some mother, at whose happy breast
A new born babe is held with joy and pride,
Who sat beside her and to whom she cried
For help and comfort in her hour of pain,
And ask her if she ever cried in vain?
Ask of the soldier, back from some campaign,
To whom he owes it that he is home again?
Ask him who ran to help him when he fell,
And snatched him from the very jaws of hell,
Where bullets rained and shells were bursting round,
And dead and dying cumbered all the ground;
Where pestilence and plague, with horrid breath,
Are stalking through the land, and dealing death,
Who faces them without a thought of fear?
Whose is the voice the sufferer longs to hear?
All these the doctor does, has done, will ever do.
These are his duties, and his pleasures, too—
Not that he loves to see and hear the pain,
But loves to make the sufferer smile again."

As nearly 4,000 physicians participated in the War for American Independence, it can be easily understood how impossible the task of speaking of them at this time other than in a general way.

Dr. Josiah Bartlett, Dr. Benjamin Rush, Dr. Matthew Thornton, Dr. Oliver Wolcott and Dr. Lyman Hall were members of the Congress that declared the Independence of America.

Among the original members of the Society of the Cincinnati in Connecticut, were 16 physicians; in Massachusetts, 22; in Maryland, 16; in New York, 18; in Pennsylvania, 18, and so the numbers might be called, and called again.

It is sufficient to note that many doctors in the Continental Army became captains, majors, colonels, and generals.

What a commentary on the appreciation of the general public of the life work of such gifted men as Dr. Benj. Rush and Dr. Wm. Shippen, of Philadelphia; Dr. Arthur Lee, and Dr. Hugh Mercer, a general as well, of Virginia; Dr. Brevard, of North Carolina; that "mighty writer," Dr. David Ramsay, and Dr. Olyphant, of South Carolina; Dr. and Gov. Lyman Hall, Dr. and Gov. Brownson, and Dr. N. W. Jones, of Georgia, not to mention the celebrities of our own and other States. What a commentary, I repeat, it is on the appreciation by the general public, of the life work of such men when among some 37,000 names sent by the general public to a newspaper as deemed worthy of being inscribed on the walls of a so-called Hall of Fame, there is said to have been not *one* medical man! And every man whose name is therein inscribed owed his life to a physician!

Among the eighteen original members of the Society of the Cincinnati in New York, the name of Dr. John Cochran is familiar to us, as one of General Washington's dear friends, as well as one of his medical advisers.

Dr. Cochran was but two years older than General Washington, and he survived his illustrious Commander by eight years, having seen service as Physician and Surgeon-General of the Middle Department in 1777; Chief Physician and Surgeon, 1780, and Director-General of the Military Hospitals of the Army, 1781, serving until the cessation of the War.

The following letter written by General Washington to Dr. Cochran shows that, despite the impression of severity which many associate with Washington's character, he possessed a keen sense of humor:

West Point, August 16, 1779.

"Dear Doctor:—

I have asked Mrs. Cochran and Mrs. Livingston to dine with me tomorrow, but ought I not to apprize them of their fare?

As I hate deception, even where the imagination is concerned, I will.

It is needless to promise that my table is large enough to hold the ladies,—of this they had

ocular proof yesterday. To say how it is usually covered is rather more essential, and this shall be the purport of my letter.

Since our arrival at this happy spot, we have had a ham (sometimes a shoulder), of Bacon, to grace the head of the table; a piece of roast Beef adorns the foot,—and,—a small dish of greens or Beans (almost imperceptible) decorates the centre.

When the Cook has a mind to cut a figure (and this, I presume, he will attempt to do to-morrow), we have two *Beef-stake-Pyes*, or dishes of crabs in addition, dividing the space, and reducing the distance between dish and dish to about six feet, which, without them, would be near twelve feet apart.

Of late, he has had the surprising luck to discover that apples will make *Pies:* and its a question if, amidst the violence of his efforts, we do not get one of apples instead of having both of Beef.

If the ladies can put up with such entertainment and will submit to partake of it on plates, —once tin, but now iron (not become so by the labor of scouring), I shall be happy to see them.

I am, Dr. Doctor,
Yr. Most Obed. Ser'.
G° WASHINGTON."

With the agreeable memory of that dinner, we may take leave of the medical men in the Revolution named this evening, confident that if their names are not inscribed in Halls of Fame, their faithful work has always been honored and cherished in the hearts of those who are thoughtful and considerate, and *they* still participate, though sleeping, in building the proudest monument on the face of the earth today, the *Independent United States of America.*

NEW YORK SYDNEY H. CARNEY, JR., M.D.

A THANKSGIVING SERMON OF 1779

DELIVERED IN THE PRESENT FIRST REFORMED CHURCH, EASTON, PA. OCTOBER 17, 1779

By Rev. Israel Evans, Chaplain of the New Hampshire Brigade of the Continental Army, Upon the Return of the Troops of Sullivan's Expedition

During the darkest days of the American Revolution, when the success of the Colonists was far from promising, an additional menace toward success arose in the ambush warfare which was being carried on by the Indians against the patriotic settlers on the northern frontiers of Pennsylvania and extending into New York State, and the allegiance of the powerful Iroquois or Six Nations of Indians with the British. The year 1778 was marked with bloodshed all along these frontiers and the "Massacre of Wyoming" has no equal for the barbarous atrocities which were committed there. This condition of affairs was receiving attention on the part of the authorities and on February 27, 1779, Congress passed a resolution authorizing General Washington to take the most effectual measures for protecting the inhabitants of the States and chastising the Indians. The Commander-in-chief thereupon consulted with various officers familiar with the country and a campaign was contemplated that would completely destroy everything upon which the Indians depended for food and shelter.

The invading army was to consist of three divisions under Major General John Sullivan, one from the east, one from the south and one from the west, which were planned to meet at some convenient point and there begin their work of destruction. The main or southern division rendezvoused at Easton, Pa., and consisted of the New Jersey brigade, the New Hampshire brigade, a brigade of Light Troops and Proctor's Artillery of the Continental Army, in all about 3,500 men. The troops began to arrive at Easton early in May, 1779, and two regiments acting as pioneers at once began the construction of a road suitable for the passage of the army between Easton and Wyoming. A part of this road still known as Sullivan's road, extends from the Bushkill Creek across the Lafayette College campus to the crest of Chestnut Hill, and whilst officially known as Sullivan *street*, should be changed to Sullivan's *road*.

The troops left Easton on June 18 and the accounts of their movements through the wilderness of Pennsylvania as contained in various diaries kept of the expedition are most interesting. The army reached the enemies' country early in August and the work of devastation was begun at once and carried on all of September and the first part of October and so complete was it that the power of the Iroquois was broken and that great confederation whose influence had once been so potent, crumbled under the iron heel of the invader and the nation which had made so much trouble itself quailed before the white man's steel.

Early in October, General Sullivan, with such of his command as returned with him, reached Wyoming and proceeded thence to Easton, where they arrived on the 15th, and on the 17th thanksgiving services were held in the German Church, now the First Reformed Church on Third street, where the following sermon was preached by the Rev. Israel Evans, Chaplain to General Poor's New Hampshire Brigade. Rev. Israel Evans was the chaplain in the ex-

—A fine portrait of Mr. Evans is in EXTRA NUMBER No. 1 of the MAGAZINE.

pedition and faithfully performed his duties to the close of the war. He was from Pennsylvania, a graduate of Princeton College and ordained chaplain of the army in 1776 at Philadelphia. Upon the appointment of Colonel Poor as a brigadier in 1777, Mr. Evans became chaplain of his brigade and so continued until the close of the war. He pronounced the eulogy at the funeral of General Poor in 1780. Being a popular preacher, he settled in Concord, N. H., as successor to the Rev. Mr. Walker, July 1, 1789. He died in Concord, March 9, 1807, in the sixtieth year of his age.

By October 27, the last of the troops had departed from Easton to join the Continental Army under Washington on the Hudson.

ETHAN ALLEN WEAVER

GERMANTOWN, PA.

THE SERMON

Text, II Samuel xxii: 40, 50: "For thou has girded me with strength unto the battle: them that rose up against me hast thou subdued under me. Therefore, I will give thanks unto thee, O Lord, among the heathen; and I will sing praises unto thy name."

To a noble and enterprising mind, that part of history is most pleasing and useful, which records the benevolent and heroic actions of good and great men. Virtuous and shining examples make the road of true glory bright before the generous and brave youth, and while they shine, like the fire of heaven, with the beams of an enlightened zeal, communicate the heat and ardor of a daring and invincible courage. Happily, for this important purpose of teaching us to do good unto mankind, the instructive and sublime writings of ancient days are handed down to us; and those men will improve them most honorably, who, in imitation of the heroes that have served God and their country, offer themselves champions, in defence of virtue, liberty and justice. In order that I may be able to introduce an example, altogether worthy of your notice and imitation, I have made application to the history of the sacred writings; and, I have been induced to make choice of a passage of those writings, rather than of any other, because no other can be a rational foundation of your devotion. Many writings there are which may indeed teach you some excellent lessons of heroism and the love of freedom; but they cannot, like the sacred Scriptures, point out both the pure and divine duty we owe to God, and that generous and disinterested love and service, which we should cheerfully render to our fellow men. The best profane writings can not inform you who is the author of all the blessings of life, nor who it is that superintends the whole universe, and governs the actions of mankind. They may teach

you the necessity of having some religion, but they can not inform you who is the proper object of worship. This knowledge can be derived only from the sacred fountains of divine inspiration.

From thence I draw the words of my text. They are the words of a conqueror, and the praises of a saint, equally brave, pious and successful. He never drew his sword, but when the safety and honor of his country made it necessary; and never fought a battle without asking the direction and assistance of that Almighty Being, in whose hand is the fate of nations, and who gives or withholds success, according as it is most consistent with infinite wisdom and goodness.

The character I have been drawing must be well known to you all. It is the character of David, the warrior of the Jewish nation. And I cannot but think his history as worthy the perusal of the young soldier as that of Alexander or Julius Caesar, or any of the renowned tyrants and successful murderers of mankind. Nay it is much more worthy and useful, as David was the shepherd of his people, and the guardian of their rights; and possessed power only, that he might be more extensively useful and benevolent. I need not enumerate the many nations which rose up against this divine hero: I need not mention all the battles he was called to fight, and the hundreds of thousands he was obliged to destroy, in order to preserve the liberties of the people Let it suffice, that only within the compass of the second book of Samuel, we are informed of thirteen bloody and important battles, which were fought by the armies of David, and that success crowned his arms, and victory followed him in all his wars. After such uninterrupted glory and conquest, it is always to be feared that men will think themselves independent of the supreme Disposer of all events, and vaunt themselves against God; saying, mine own hand hath saved me. But happily this man was superior to that presumptuous pride and vanity; his heart indeed was lifted up; but not by the pomp and triumph of victory, but with praise and gratitude to the Lord of Hosts and the God of battle. So far was he from counting the spoils and riches of great and numerous nations, his security and happiness, that he devoutly surrenders them to the sanctuary of the Most High God. Instead of confiding alone in the valour of his troops, and the experience of his generals or his own courage and sagacity in war, he ascribes all his happy success to the over-ruling hand of God. When he was skillful in war, he says, "Thou hast taught my hands to war, and my fingers to

fight." When he was strong and victorious in battle, he acknowledged God as the author of his prowess and success. For, says he, in the words of the text, "Thou hast girded me with strength unto the battle: Them that rose up against me hast thou subdued under me." And then follows that rational and grateful tribute of thanks and praise, which so far from degrading the hero or lessening the esteem and good opinion of mankind, is the very way to acquire the most dignified character, and the only sure method to promise future success. "Therefore, because thou has prospered me, I will give thanks unto thee, O Lord, among the heathen; and I will sing praises unto thy name!"

In strong and metaphorical language the divine Hero describes the aid which was afforded him when in the field of war. "As the warrior," might he have said, "girds on the sword, and puts on the coat of mail, so hast thou not only infused vigour into my heart, but also covered me with strength and made me mighty unto the battle."

The words thus introduced and explained, we may turn our attention to the two following positions, which are naturally derived from the text:

In the first place, that God is the author of military skill and strength: And secondly, that he ought to be praised for victory and success in war.

In the first place, that God is the author of military skill and strength.

It is perfectly consistent with reason, to suppose that the all-wise and powerful God, who gave existence to this great globe and all the surrounding worlds, will also take the care of them which is necessary to preserve good order and harmony among them. Nor can we conceive that it any way lessens the dignity and wisdom of the great Creator, to govern the universe which he has made. Obedient to His will, creation at first rose out of nothing; and having passed the all comprehensive view of the eternal mind, was pronounced very good. With the same comprehension and particular notice in every part of the universe now viewed, that it was when it was said, Let it exist. So that from the consideration of His own omnipresence, we may easily see the absurdity of that objection, to the doctrine of his particular and constant providence, that it requires a laborious attention unworthy the notice of so great a Being. To suppose that God does not take notice

of every thing, is to suppose Him absent from some place, and therefore not possessed of infinite power and universal knowledge. But to imagine that He is not possessed of infinite power and universal knowledge, is to represent Him as an imperfect Being, which would be most impious and absurd. Therefore, as God is all wise, and his knowledge is infinite, He must be everywhere present; and if everywhere present, must have all His works under the particular view and direction, and thus He governs the world. And since He governs the inanimate parts of creation, much more will He govern the animate, and especially the rational world, which is the noblest and most important part of this lower creation. Under this wise government of the Creator, mankind are treated and governed as rational creatures. The Supreme Being, who is a spirit, and has immediate and constant access to the mind of man, proposes motives and objects to influence their judgments and direct their wills; and all this perfectly consistent with the free exercise of reason. Thus, in the sacred Scripture it is said, that "The King's heart is in the hand of the Lord, as the rivers of water, he turneth it whithersoever he will. A man's heart deviseth his way; but the Lord directeth his steps."

From what has been offered it will appear, that the Creator of the world governs the works of His hands, not only by established laws, but also by checking, altering, or suspending those laws, according as it is most agreeable to His infinite goodness and wisdom; and all this without introducing any disorder into the system of creation. So that He who made the sun, could arrest him in his rapid career, without introducing any disorder into the planetary system. With the greatest ease can He govern the elements and control the raging of the sea, the fury of the winds, the fiery bolts of the lightning, and hold the tempestuous rain and storm in His hands: And when we might expect to feel the effects of these elements in their season, and according to the established laws of nature, we have been constrained to acknowledge an immediate and powerful interposition of Providence in restraining them, or mitigating their violence. And were I, in support of what I have advanced, to adduce all the passages of sacred Scriptures, which speak the same language, I should transcribe a very considerable part. It being therefore proved, that God governs the world by a general and particular providence; and that mankind are more particularly the subjects of His government, and that this world and all the things in it, are made subordinate to the advantage of men, it will then plainly appear, that

God influences the minds of men in the important affairs of a national defence. War, on which the fate of nations depends, is often determined by very small circumstances, which it was not in the power of man to foresee or to guard against. We observe that one man possesses that wisdom, prudence, and sagacity, which are denied to another. That ready thought and serene composure of mind in the greatest danger, and ofttimes in the midst of the greatest confusion, may be considered more than human. I cannot help calling it the providential inspiration of the God of battle. It is He that inspires the warrior with that invincible courage at one time, which he does not possess at another. It is the God of battle who can wither your strength and unman your souls. It is He who bestows that patience, fortitude, and perseverance, under the most complicated toils and hardships, which is so astonishing to every person of consideration, and which is so necessary to constitute the good soldier. The importance also of this event will justify the position that God is the author of military skill and courage. On the skill and bravery of an army the rights and privileges of a people seem oftentimes to be suspended, and if success is denied, the ruin of the nation is the next miserable consequence. Nothing therefore can be more worthy the divine direction than the happiness of a people, whose liberty is unjustly invaded by a cruel and desolating war. And nothing is more certain than His promise and His justice to the oppressed.

Having offered thus much on a subject, which, no doubt, gains your approbation and belief, as much as it does mine; it being so nearly connected with that interposition of Providence, which has been so universally acknowledged in this army I shall drop the farther prosecution of it, except in that way which will tend to the illustration of it, and have a particular reference to the design of this day's assembly.

And here I find it much more easy to conceive of the many instances wherein this army has been girded with strength, to perform the hard duties of a campaign, than to give them a just and particular relation. However let me attempt this duty, that by recollecting the goodness and providential care of Heaven, our gratitude may be excited, and we may with the warmth and sincerity of our hearts offer that tribute of thanksgiving and praise, which is so justly due to our divine Benefactor and powerful Guardian, who has girded us with strength unto the battle, and made us superior to all the unavoidable

toils, hardships, and dangers of a wilderness unknown and unexplored, unless by the wild beasts and the savages.

When the tyrant of Britain, not contented to expend his malignant wrath on our sea coasts, sent his emissaries to raise the savages of the wilderness to war, and to provoke them to break their faith with the United States of America; then our defenceless frontiers became the seat of savage fury, and hundreds of our countrymen bled, and hundreds of them suffered more than the tender ear can hear related, or the compassionate heart can endure. Then the expectations of our enemies were high and joyful, that half our country would fall by the hands of tories and savages, or be forced to flee from their habitations with scarcely a mouthful of bread to eat, or a garment to cover them. And indeed the prospect was full of horror to every compassionate friend of his country and mankind, and called, mercifully called, for the aid of an army, to save so large a part of the United States.

But this was a war, from which the boldest and bravest were ready to shrink, and they who had fought an army of regular veterans, dreaded the sudden and hidden attacks of the subtle and bloody savages. The demand then became serious, who will undertake the hazardous, the laborious, and perhaps impracticable expedition? Who has resolution enough to expose himself to the secret ambuscade, and risk the unhappy fate of a General Braddock? But is there no relief, is there no help? Must the country be pressed on both sides by the raging fury of war, until it perish? No, replied the man who was equal to the arduous and dangerous task, and who chose this army to chastise savage rage, and to save the bleeding country, be the hazard what it would. Happy is that military genius which collects strength at the approach of dangers, and becomes invincible in proportion as the obstacles he is to encounter appear unsurmountable. Happy the hero, who can by an intuitive glance, distinguish between what is only difficult, and what is absolutely impossible. Shall I make application of this character? Delicacy forbids me: I leave you to apply it in silence to the hero who deserves it.

And now my brave fellow soldiers, shall I call upon you to relate the toils, the dangers and disappointments through which you passed, or shall I attempt to enumerate the hardships and dangers, which, if particularly recounted, would spend the most of this day? Who in this army does not know that this most important expedition was a long

time held in suspense, for the want of necessary supplies of provisions, and a return from that expedition was much more probable and rational than a march of some hundreds of miles into the heart of the wilderness, and the very jaws of the savages. And when your march commenced, which, pardon the expression, was rather the effect of a happy rashness of daring courage and fortitude, than the result of cool and cautious reasoning; had you not hills and mountains to cross? Had you not pathless forests to encounter, and rapid waters to stem? Had you not rivers to ford, wide, deep and impetuous? Was your united strength more than sufficient to save you from being swept down the angry floods, and made the sport of their fury? Shall I pass over in silence many difficulties scarcely credible to the hearer who did not behold them? Shall I forget the unspeakable trials and perplexities, which attended the transportation of the necessary stores and artillery of the army, over steep hills and lofty mountains, over deep morasses and through narrow defiles, where the feet of men had scarcely ever reached before. I will admire the patience of those men who undertook the laborious drudgery, persuaded as I am, that nothing but the welfare of the army and the honor of their country could have urged them to so painful a task; but inspired with those glorious motives, like true patriots and brave soldiers, they can cheerfully undertake any enterprise, and indefatigably support any labor. Let me remind you of the twenty-ninth of August, honorable to the troops commanded by our brave and enterprising general. Then you defeated the savage army and conquered those barbarians who had long been the dread of four frontiers. That happy victory so impressed the terror of your prowess upon their hearts, that they durst not a second time oppose your march into the very bosom of their country. Led by the consideration of our just and complete conquest, of so fertile a part of the western world, I will venture to look a few years into futurity. Methinks I see the rich lands from the Teaoga* river to the banks of the Seneca and Cayuga lakes, and from thence to the most fruitful lands on the Chenesses† to the great lakes, Ontario, Erie, and Huron, and from these to Michigan and Superior. Methinks I see all these lands inhabited by the independent citizens of America. I congratulate posterity on this addition of immense wealth and extensive territory to the United States. I see some patriotic youth, whose father fought the savage enemy at Newtown, and

*Tioga.
†Genesee.

endured all the hardships of this campaign, and hear him say, triumphing in the honor of his father's courage and love of freedom, here my brave father defeated the savage and tory bands. From that mountain they fled with the greatest battle, and saved their lives by speed, when a part of our army had nearly surrounded them, and was prepared to cut them off. And then will he recollect the numbers of the enemy that were slain, then will he say, my brave aged parent led me to that place where the enemy had raised their strong works, which this army, by the sagacity and military caution of the commander so happily avoided. The generous youth, as he proceeds in his relation of the exploits of this army, catches a part of their patriotic zeal and enterprising spirit, and in a noble transport of heroic joy points to the ground on which this army stood, when they shouted their assent to subsist on less than half the usual quantity of their daily provision, and this they did, that the expedition might not fail, and the country be disappointed and exposed to the redoubled rage of the enemy. This heroic action, says the noble youth, shall be notable, while there is a patriot in America, and remembered, while there lives a man who loves his country and mankind. The future inhabitants and friends of liberty on the pleasant banks of the lakes and rivers which are now made known, at ease in their elegant seats, and in the possession of luxuriant lands, shall talk of the mountains, before deemed impassable to which you have extended your conquest, and where you hewed out your way by dint of invincible perseverance. They shall enumerate the many towns you destroyed, and the necessity of destroying unknown quantities of corn and fruits of the land, and of laying the country waste for an extent of near two hundred miles. All these achievements shall be hereafter related, and give immortality to the army that first conquered the five Nations of hostile Indians. I might expatiate in the praises of this army, without exceeding the bounds of justice, did not my connection with it subject me to the charge of partial attachment; I therefore check my zeal and leave it to others, to describe your patience under hardships, your fortitude, your obstinate perseverance, and your military obedience. These are the qualifications of good soldiers, and these, without flattery, you possess. May you always be upon your guard to support the distinguished character you have acquired, and may you teach those who have not had the like experience, nor obtained an equal degree of fame, what will constitute the best of soldiers. You have now a good character to support, you can easily do it, by observing the same

worthy conduct by which you at first procured it. Let none go before you in reputation and military glory. I will venture to say, did the citizens of America serve their country with half the zeal and public spirit that the army has served them, we should have seen an honorable conclusion to the toils and horrors of war. Alas! the spirit of liberty is now rather struggling with the vicious manners and the selfish principles of the times, than with the tyrant of Britain. The love of wealth and the pursuit of pleasure have almost extinguished that flame of patriotism, which blazed forth with such ardor, at the beginning of this war. Virtue and patriotism, the guardians of liberty, are in many places and by many men made the subjects of scorn and contempt, and that by those who would be esteemed wise politicians and friends to their country; but I think with very little justice; for the wise politician must know, that moral and political virtue are the bulwarks of a republic, and that a republic without virtue, is an absurdity in politics, and can no more stand than a building, when the foundation is removed. The fashionable gentleman thinks it an affront to delicacy and refinement of taste to observe the day set apart, both by the laws of God and man, for religious worship. The sublime truths of Christianity, the pure and simple manners of the gospel, are despised and insulted, even where decency and policy, reason and virtue apart, ought to hold them in the most profound veneration. How then can liberty exist, when neither supported by purity of manners, the principles of honor, nor the influence of religion? From this unhappy prospect I am led in imagination, to sympathize with America drowned in tears, and overwhelmed with distress. Methinks I hear her pathetically addressing her sons, and venting the anguish of her heart in this mournful language. Am I not the only friend of liberty on all this peopled globe? And have I not, when she was excluded from every other region of the earth opened the arms of my protection, and received the persecuted stranger to my friendly and virtuous shores? But when the tyrant of Britain, not satisfied with expelling her from his domain, pursued her with hostile rage even to these very shores, did I not rouse you, my sons, in her defence, and make you the honorable protectors of insulted liberty? Enflamed with the love of this friend of mankind, you armed in her defense, you made a brave and successful opposition to her persecutors, and have rescued her from the vindictive malice of all her foreign enemies. Thus far have you merited the title of guardians of liberty, and deserve to be enrolled the heroes of the present age. But ah, my

sons and citizens of the United States, whither fled that patriotic zeal which first warmed your disinterested breasts? Whither that public spirit, which made you willing to sacrifice not only your fortune but also your lives in defense of liberty? Whither is fled that happy union of sentiment in the great service of your country? And whither is fled that honorable love and practice of virtue, and that divine and generous religion, which cherishes the spirit of liberty and elevates it to an immortal height? She paused and wept, nor gained an answer: And then in a suppliant posture again renewed her address: I entreat you to rekindle that public and generous zeal which first blazed forth in defence of that liberty which you have now too long slighted. I beseech you to banish from your breasts that lust of gain, which is the baneful murderer of a generous and a public spirit. I entreat you to silence the demons of discord and animosity, and to banish them from the States of America, and let them find no place to set their feet, but in the assemblies of the enemies of this country. I conjure you by the spirit of heaven-born liberty, that you invite her to your bosom, and kindle your love for her to a never dying flame. By the blessing of posterity I conjure you, by the precious blood of the heroes who have nobly shed it in the cause of their country, I conjure you, to practice and encourage that private and public virtue, which ennobles the soul and erects the temples of liberty on an everlasting foundation, not to be shaken by the threatening storms of war, nor the impotent rage of tyrants. I conjure you by the toils and dangers, by the sufferings and poverty of my brave armies now in the field, not to desert them in their defence of freedom, but to support them with that assistance which will save both you and them from internal and public ruin. Serve your country according to your abilities, with the same zeal and perseverance with which my persevering soldiery serve you, and then will a happy conclusion crown the war, and your independence be established immovable, as the everlasting mountains.

But whither have I been transported, from paying that particular attention to you, my friends and fellow soldiers, which you are justly entitled to, especially on this day of public gratitude and praise? I return to you, who possess the greatest share of public virtue; would to God, your private virtues were as great and as conspicuous! I have taken notice of your honorable conduct, as far as my time and a discourse of this nature would admit, without descending too minutely

into particulars. The design of this was, not only to remind you, that to overcome difficulties and dangers, is an evidence of fortitude and perseverance and is victory; and that we may be encouraged to encounter any future dangers and toils. For dangers and toils being now familiar to you, they cannot terrify you, knowing that you have been superior to them, you may well expect, that with like strength and assistance you shall again be conquerors.

But I say, there is a further design in recollecting what you have been the means of performing, even praise to that God, who has girded you with strength unto the battle. And how muchsoever men are to be applauded for their heroic actions, yet both reason and revelation assure us, that the Supreme Being is the first cause of all success, and that as the moral Governor of the world, he demands our acknowledgments of his mercies and favors; and that without this acknowledgment, neither we nor any other people, can expect to prosper. This brings me to the second thing proposed, which was to shew that God is to be praised for success in war.

Public mercies demand public acknowledgments, and therefore our worthy general has seized this first opportunity for calling us together, to return our most grateful thanks to Almighty God, for the very signal support and success He has been pleased to grant us, during the expedition we have just finished. This indicates a noble persuasion of the superintending providence of that Being, who has remarkably girded us not only with strength unto the battle, but also with patience and fortitude, to endure the toils of the wilderness. Methinks not to have raised the voice of praise, on this happy occasion of our return, to declare the gratitude of our hearts, would have indicated a very great insensibility of the mercies bestowed upon us, and afforded a melancholy proof of want of love and reverence to that God, who has so often interposed between us and danger, sickness and death. So rational is the duty of praise, so certainly due to the author of all good, and at the same time so pleasing, that if we were not justified by the examples of all nations, in humbly offering up our praise and thanksgivings after successful events; yet would it be laudable in us to set the example, and declare to the world, that we confide in the Lord of Hosts and the God of battle; for this is perfectly consistent with the most vigorous exertions of our own strength and abilities, while we ask superior aid and assistance. And, indeed, I do not know any employment, which is at the

same time so pleasing and so profitable, as the employment of giving thanks and praising God for His goodness, in granting relief to a suffering and oppressed people. While the generous friend to the happiness of mankind and his country, with a cheerful, a firm and a humble heart, celebrates the praises of the eternally good and merciful God, he not only does that which is pleasing in the sight of his kind Benefactor, and performs that duty and pays that homage, which the Creator of the Universe has a just right to demand; but he draws down blessings for time to come. Therefore, the improvement of all success and every mercy, ought to be praise to the Author and Giver of them.

This was the improvement which the great author, of the words of my text, made of all his illustrious victories, the glory of God, and the advantage of the people. Therefore, says he: "I will give thanks unto thee, O Lord," "and I will sing praise unto thy name." Give thanks therefore to that good God, who girded you with unusual strength, and preserved your health in a manner almost miraculous.

Can you be thankful enough for the blessing of uninterrupted health, amidst all the violence which that expedition offered to your constitutions? Can you, I say, be thankful enough, when you consider how miserable and deplorable your situation must have been, had sickness fallen upon you in the wilderness, and at such a great distance from any place of relief, and without the smallest comforts of life. Surely under these circumstances, death must have been your unalterable portion. I again say, praise the Lord for that universal health, which prevailed in this army; for sickness and health are His servants, and they come or withdraw, according to His pleasure. He can suppress the seeds of diseases, and when sickness might be apprehended, according to the laws of nature, He bestows health. Praise the Lord, for withholding those storms of rain, in the season when they might have been most reasonably expected, and when the lower parts of the country experienced an unusual abundance.

Who can paint the distresses of our army in the midst of deep morasses, filled and overflowed with tempestuous rains; morasses, which were scarcely passable, though the rains had been withheld for so unusual a length of time. Not a man but had reason to dread the consequences of heavy rains, and not a man who had not reason to expect them in their usual season. How unpassable had been the rivers,

and thus retarded or totally stopped, the loss of time and the consumption of our provisions in the enemies country, would doubtless have given them heart to attack us on our retreat, and to hang on our rear, and that perhaps with too much success.

These things, however small they may appear to men at home, and at ease in the lap of luxury, yet have been considered by many of this army, and mentioned as signs of a particular guardian Providence in our behalf. Let these considerations excite our gratitude and engage our love and affection to that best of Beings. We ought moreover to be thankful, that so few have fallen in battle, and so few died of sickness or by accidents. The fallen in battle; few indeed in number, but brave in action. Let us not pass over in silence the brave M'Calla and the gallant Boyd, with the valiant soldiers . who have thus fallen. Let their names be held in precious remembrance by us, and every friend to freedom, for they fell in defence of the liberties of our country, and claim an honorable and lasting memorial.

Let me now, my dear fellow soldiers, beseech you, when you silently in your minds run over all the toils and dangers of the campaign, which you have experienced, and no doubt, they are more and greater than I may be aware of; let me beseech you to acknowledge and say, "it was the Lord who girded me with strength unto the battle," and has restored me in health to an inhabited part of my country; therefore, may you add, "I will give thanks to Thee, O Lord, and I will sing praises unto Thy name." And if you should be called yet this year, to enter upon new toils and dangers in the defense of our country, let this be your consolation and solid support, that the same good God, who has so evidently and wonderfully preserved you hitherto, is still ready to afford you the same necessary assistance, and to "gird you with strength," as in times past. The commander-in-chief calls for your assistance in an expedition of the highest consequence.

The pleasure that we shall meet with, when we once more see the illustrious chief of the armies of the United States, and obtain his approbation, for he knows your worth, will make you forget all your past dangers and toils, and make you pant for an opportunity to distinguish yourselves in his presence. And as it is more than probable that you will have the honor of serving in two expeditions in one campaign; let me entreat you, to maintain the character of patient, obedient, persevering and brave soldiers. Think of the dignity, if it shall please

God to succeed the united arms, of striking one capital blow, which shall astonish the world, and finish the American war. If I could think it necessary I should remind you, that as your reputation is higher than that of many others, you ought not to content yourselves with the same degree of merit and renown, but strive to maintain and perpetuate your present superiority and glory. May that Almighty Being, who has hitherto so carefully preserved you, still continue his goodness unto you, and keep you as in the hollow of His hand! And may such a sense of gratitude for past mercies, be impressed upon our hearts, that we may be constrained to forsake every sin, and fear nothing so much as to offend Him, and regard nothing so much as His divine approbation!

Before I close this discourse, suffer me to remind you of other happy consequences of your success. You have opened a passage into the wilderness, where the Gospel has never yet been received. That extensive region, which was never before traversed, except by wild beasts, and men as wild as they shall yet have the Gospel preached in it. Churches shall rise there, and flourish, when perhaps the truths of the Gospel shall be neglected on these eastern shores. For it cannot be supposed that so large a part of this continent shall forever continue the haunt of savages, and the dreary abodes of superstition and idolatry. As the Gospel, or Sun of Righteousness has only glanced on the shores of this western world, and it is predicted of it, that it shall be universally propagated, it will, probably like the Sun, travel to the western extremities of this continent. And when men from other nations, prompted by liberty and a love of the pure Gospel of truth, shall cross the ocean to this extensive empire, they will here find a safe asylum from persecution and tyranny. How honorable then must your employment appear, when considered in all these points of view. How happy to have been the instruments in the hand of God, for accomplishing so great a revolution, and extending the kingdom of His Son so far. Liberty and religion shall have their wide dominion from the Atlantic through the great continent to the western ocean. May you all, not only be the honorable instruments of promoting the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ, but may you more especially be the partakers of all the benefits and happiness, with which Christ will crown his faithful and dutiful subjects!

WHERE IS NEW HAMPSHIRE?

WHERE is New Hampshire? Answer: Nobody knows. The old geographies told us that it was bounded on the west by the State of Vermont. But where the State of New Hampshire leaves off and Vermont begins is a matter that has been in dispute since 1792. Now an attempt is to be made to settle the question for all time. No State can sue another without the permission of the United States Supreme Court. That tribunal has recently granted Vermont the right to sue New Hampshire to settle this boundary controversy. The State of New Hampshire, at the meeting of the governor and council this week will decide whether to accept service or wait for a subpoena. In either case the matter will come before the United States Supreme Court for adjudication.

Some years ago a workman, engaged in building a bridge across the Connecticut River at Bellows Falls, fell from the structure to the rocks below, and was killed at a point where the waters met the west bank. In an action for damages the question arose (because the personal liability laws of Vermont and New Hampshire were different) whether the man fell into Vermont or New Hampshire. There was a prospect that the century-old boundary dispute might thus come before the Supreme Court of the United States. The point was a ticklish one for the lawyers and the suit was settled, leaving the boundary issue undetermined. But the case brought the attention of the authorities of both States to the old dispute, and it was taken up by commissioners appointed in New Hampshire and Vermont. Vermont claimed to own to the thread of the channel; New Hampshire to the top of the west bank. Between these boundaries claimed exists a no-man's land, on which factories and mills have been built. Vermont assessors went after the taxes from this property; so did the New Hampshire assessors. As a result the International Paper Company has deposited a considerable sum of money in the bank at Bellows Falls to pay its taxes, the sum being held in escrow until the company finds out to whom it should be paid.

Thus it will be seen that the matter is one of considerable importance to the States, and is becoming increasingly important as new mills are building by the large corporations on the west bank of the Con-

necticut River. For nearly a year the legal representatives of the two States have been preparing for the coming struggle, and the suit will be one of the most important to come before the United States Supreme Court in many years, as suits between two States of the Union are of the most unusual character.

In 1912 Vermont appointed its commission to deal with a similar one from New Hampshire. New Hampshire named its commissioners April 30, 1913. Many meetings were held and there was much talk, many documents and suggestions of compromise. On September 22, 1914, the negotiations between the two commissions were terminated by an agreement to disagree. At these conferences the Vermont commissioners were willing to relinquish their claim to the thread or centre channel of the river as the boundary, but insisted on low-water mark. The New Hampshire commissioners were unwilling to consider any line east of the high-water mark, which is the defined line where non-aquatic vegetation grows as one passes up the west bank of the river. Each body reported to its Legislature the failure to agree.

The claim of the State of Vermont is based upon the allegation that when the King of Great Britain, acting through Benning Wentworth, provincial governor of New Hampshire, before January 15, 1777, granted one hundred and twenty-six townships lying on the west bank of the Connecticut, with the land lying on the east bank, the grantees were allowed to own the land and exercise government on each side to the centre of the river. It must be remembered that at this time there was no Vermont, but the provincial governor of New York granted lands in that province which already had been granted to the State of New Hampshire. The grantees under each government began settlement, resulting in fierce quarrels, which came to such a serious state that the matter was called to the King's attention. In 1767 the King issued an order restraining the provincial governor of New York from interfering with the New Hampshire grants. This order was not obeyed, however, and armed conflicts arose between the contending settlers. In Westminster, one of the New Hampshire grants west of the river on March 13 and 14, 1775, the New Hampshire government sent an armed force to protect the New Hampshire grantees—"the Westminster War." The New Hampshire grantees sent delegates to a convention at Dorset, west of the river, in September, 1776, to take steps to declare the New Hampshire Grants a "free and separate district." At an adjourned

convention in January, 1777, at Westminster these delegates declared in favor of a "free and independent jurisdiction, or State" to be known as New-Connecticut, or Vermont. This convention sent an address to the Continental Congress, asking to be recognized as a State, and at Windsor, Vermont, on July 2, 1777, adopted a constitution which is that of the present State of Vermont.

But Vermont's troubles had only begun. Congress adopted a resolution on August 20, 1781, requiring as an indispensable preliminary "to the recognition of Vermont and its admission to the Federal Union that they explicitly relinquish all demands of lands or jurisdiction on the east side of the west bank of the Connecticut River." The Legislature of Vermont, on February 23, 1782, accepted the west bank as its eastern boundary, but all negotiations and propositions came to nothing. Congress refused to further consider the petition of Vermont, and it was never admitted to the Federal Union. It maintained its organization and separate existence, however, until after the adoption of the Constitution of the United States of America. It organized postal service, coined money, treated with other States and countries and acted under its own constitution as a free and independent nation.

After the Constitution of the United States was adopted, the Vermont Legislature, on October 27, 1789, passed an act for commissioners to treat for admission to the Union. Their memorial was presented on February 7, 1791. In a remonstrance reference was made to the demand of Congress in 1781 that the boundary dispute be settled, and it is added:

Confiding in the faith and honor of Congress in the foregoing resolutions, and in consequence of advice received in a letter from His Excellency General Washington dated the 1st of January, 1782, which was publicly read and on which great confidence was placed, in which he says, "It is not my business, neither do I think it necessary, now to discuss the origin of the right of a number of inhabitants to that tract of country, formerly distinguished by the name of the New-Hampshire Grants, and now known by that of Vermont. I will take it for granted, that their right was good, because Congress by their resolve of the 7th of August implies it, and by that of the 21st are willing fully to confirm it, provided the new State is confined to certain described bounds. It appears therefore to me, that the dispute of boundary is the only one that exists, and that, that being removed, all further difficulties would

be removed also, and the matter terminated to the satisfaction of all parties." His Excellency the General further observes: "You have nothing to do, but withdraw your jurisdiction to the confines of your old limits, and obtain an acknowledgment of independence and sovereignty, under the resolve of the 21st of August, for so much territory as does not interfere with the ancient established bounds of New York, New Hampshire, and Massachusetts. I persuade myself, you will see and acquiesce in the reason, the justice, and indeed the necessity of such a decision."

By the act of Congress, February 18, 1791, Vermont was admitted to the Union, it being decreed that "the boundaries, according to which such grants from the Government of the late Colony of New Hampshire have been held or possessed, shall be deemed to be the true boundaries." On this claim that the eastern boundaries of the towns was the thread of the river, Vermont now rests.

So far as the official records go, there can be little dispute between the two States, but in the interpretation of these records the Supreme Court of the United States must be the final arbiter. The New Hampshire commissioners quote Williams's "History of Vermont," published in 1794, as authoritative in stating: "The eastern boundary of Vermont is formed by the west bank of the Connecticut River. This line, following the course of the river, is about 200 miles, and is derived from the decree of George the Third" (1764). The first communication between the States on the subject of the boundary was in 1830, but this was dropped by the State of Vermont, and for more than sixty years the question was not formally raised again. In 1893-1900 the legislatures of the two States appointed commissions, and a stone bound was found, on the line between Massachusetts and New Hampshire, embedded in the sand near the top of the west bank of the Connecticut River. How or when it was placed there nobody knew but the commissioners put a stone corner bound with its apex at the surface of the river bank at a point where vegetation ceases to grow. The claim of New Hampshire that the high-water mark is the natural bound is fortific . by decisions in a similar case between Maryland and West Virginia, and two other cases. In the three decisions of the United States Supreme Court touching upon this point it has been ruled tha t the high-water mark of a river is the true boundary line.

But New Hampshire goes farther and claims that the top of the west bank of the Connecticut is its western boundary. The Court must decide whether "bank" means the top or bottom or any particular part of the bank. Furthermore, it is claimed that the old monument found on the Massachusetts line might have been merely a marker for the actual corner bound. In the Georgia-Alabama case the United States Supreme Court held that "Both banks and bed are to be ascertained by inspection, and the line is where the action of the water has permanently marked itself upon the soil." In this case this is of particular interest, because the disputed territory varies from a few feet to several rods in width, and in one of many large and valuable manufacturing plants lying partly within this territory the rocks forming the west side of the basement of a mill show plainly the marks of erosion. The manufacturing company has erected two mills to the east of this basement, filling in the land on the west bank of the river and actually changing its course. This filled-in land is naturally occupied by valuable taxable property. Since 1909 New Hampshire has claimed the right to tax property so located, and as the determination of the boundary line will be for all time, the amount involved will reach millions.

BOSTON GEORGE H. SARGENT

WAR-TIME RECOLLECTIONS

(Eleventh Paper)

STANTON AND A RISING IN LIBBY

IT was my intention to end the articles on Libby Prison with this, but when I come to think over my last weeks in that building I find it impossible to do so without leaving unsaid much that is necessary to complete the picture, the studies for which were indelibly burned into my memory during those most trying days.

While I have not been so vain as to imagine that these reminiscences have an actual historical value, I have been comforted with the belief that they were substantially accurate, and that they would serve to convey a more vivid conception of life in Southern military prisons than some of the many other and more ambitious productions of my fellow-prisoners. Last week I attempted to give a description of the excitement and intense anxiety in Libby Prison at the time of the famous Kilpatrick raid, which I believed, as did every man in prison with whom I talked at the time, was undertaken for the sole purpose of our release.

Since my last article I have been shown a letter written by Dr. T. S. Verdi of Washington, to the *Star* of that city, in the Summer of 1889, which is historically valuable and which contains information on this subject as new and surprising to me as it must prove to a majority of my surviving Libby associates. Dr. Verdi's character for professional ability, patriotism, and veracity is second to that of no man in the city where he has so long lived, so that on the face of it his account of that most thrilling episode of the war, the plan to release the Union prisoners held in Richmond in the early months of 1864, must be accepted as substantially correct. In a letter which has just reached me, Gen. Di Cesnola corroborates Dr. Verdi, and referring to the account of this enterprise which I gave last week, he says:

"The writer of the Libby Prison articles will, perhaps, be surprised to find that the plan (for the release of our prisoners) was somewhat different from the one he gives in *The Times*, and in which he says I was elected to lead the assault. The plan submitted to the Secretary of War was kept so secret that only three or four officers knew about it in Libby Prison. Had the plan been sanctioned by Stanton, the officers in Libby would have been at the proper time acquainted with it and with the part each of them had to play."

Dr. Verdi, one of those distinguished Italians who reflect honor alike on the land of their birth and the country of their adoption, was before the war and has been since a warm personal friend of Gen. Di Cesnola. Without doubt he speaks with a full knowledge of the facts, and his story is so surprising that no apology is necessary for giving a resumé of his statements, for they contain one of the most valuable chapters I have yet seen of the inside history of the late war.

Dr. Verdi says that in the early part of 1864 a person to him unknown left a letter at his house signed by L. P. Di Cesnola, Colonel of the Fourth New-York Cavalry, who was then a prisoner in Libby. On the face of it this letter requested that the doctor should write to the Colonel's wife for certain articles of clothing. The next day another envelope was left at the house by an incognito; this contained "a sheet of paper into which holes and slits were cut of different sizes and lengths and at irregular intervals." The sheet was of the exact size of the one received the day before. After puzzling over the matter for some time, Dr. Verdi laid the last sheet over the first, and read "a plan for the escape of 20,000 Union prisoners from the jails of Richmond!" Not only that, but a plan for the taking of Richmond by the same prisoners, for the capture of Davis, his cabinet, and many other important persons who were to be held as hostages. "That," writes Dr. Verdi, "is what I read through those cuts, slits, and holes. My brain whirled and my heart swelled in reading the plan of this daring attempt. I read it over many a time, and each time more and more analytically, and the more I studied it the more convinced I became that the execution of it was possible."

After consulting his friend Montgomery Blair, then Postmaster General, Dr. Verdi called on Mr. Stanton. That great but unamiable man grew angry and indignant when the letter was explained to him. "I will take no part in such foolhardiness!" he exclaimed. "That's murder! Thousands of our prisoners will be slaughtered in the streets of Richmond! Only a few weeks ago Col. Dahlgren lost his life in a foolish attempt to surprise Richmond. It will be the same with this —nay a thousand times worse." The allusion to Dahlgren is clearly a mistake on the doctor's part, for a few weeks after the raid, on which that gallant but unfortunate young soldier lost his life, "Col. Cesnola," as he was always called in prison, was exchanged. The doctor's letter must have been received *before* the Kilpatrick raid. But this does not at all weaken the force nor lessen the importance of his statement.

After the close of the war Dr. Verdi's interest in this matter did not cease. It is safe to assume that he learned much about the plan of escape from Gen. Di Cesnola, but here it is in his own words:

"In March, 1864, about 20,000 Union prisoners were held in various places in the city of Richmond, 1,200 of whom, all commissioned officers, occupied the building notoriously known as Libby Prison, a small number occupied Castle Thunder, and about 17,000 an intrenched camp at Belle Isle.

Among the prisoners in the 'Libby Prison' was Col. L. P. Di Cesnola. This bold young officer conceived the idea of a possible rise and escape of these 20,000 prisoners. His idea soon took the shape of a project, which he communicated to four other brave and intelligent officers, co-prisoners of his. They discussed the matter, and finally resolved that each should prepare and submit a comprehensive plan for the escape from the Libby, for the rescue of the other prisoners in other localities in the city, &c. When these plans were prepared, read, and discussed Cesnola's was accepted as the most practical and comprehensive. This plan provided for all organization among the prisoners that should represent the three arms of service, viz., artillery, cavalry, infantry. These were to be divided in detachments properly officered, each detachment to have a prescribed duty to perform. One was to take possession of armories, one to seize steamers on the James, one to cut telegraph lines, another railroads and bridges, another to capture President Davis, others Cabinet officers and important personages. The artillery detachment was to seize and man cannon, cavalry seize horses, and a large force of infantry was to concentrate at the rendezvous of local militia who guarded the city during the absence of Lee's army, held at some distance from Richmond by the iron grasp of Gen. Grant. Everything was thought of and provided for, and, if assisted by a body of our cavalry, which Cesnola had reason to expect would make a dash into Richmond, would liberate the prisoners therein inclosed, who constituted an army in itself.

Magnificent! But how to get out of the Libby Prison? In the first place, Cesnola, to obtain much information that he needed, selected from the negroes who did the menial services of the prison two of the most intelligent and willing; these proved invaluable, for they kept him informed of the movements of troops, of localities where arms were stored, of the residences of important persons, and of many other things

necessary for him to know. Fortunately, at that time, he was selected by the Richmond authorities to distribute among our poor naked prisoners at Belle Isle the clothing forwarded to them by the United States Sanitary Commission. These daily excursions through the city enabled him to observe many things, learn the topography of the whole place, and particularly of the most important localities. For two months he thus walked daily the streets of Richmond, observing and reflecting. Little did his guard know as they walked side by side with the chatty, humorous Colonel what was brewing in his mind.

During the distribution of clothing he became acquainted with most of our prisoners, and many a hopeful word did he whisper in their ears. The plan was thus fast maturing in his mind, and many dispositions he had opportunities to make. He felt now sure that if only 1,000 Union cavalry would make a dash into the city he could liberate all the prisoners and take the rebel capital. For this purpose he wrote to Gen. Kilpatrick, Col. Devin, Col. Custer, Col. Dahlgren, and Col. McIntosh, (all cavalry,) and selected me to communicate with the War Department at Washington. It needed but the auxiliary assistance for the successful execution of his plan. Everything was ready, but he never heard a word from any of those officers or from the War Department, though he learned afterward that they all received his letters conveying the intelligence. There is hardly any doubt that the idea of delivering the prisoners by a cavalry raid in Richmond, credited to Kilpatrick by his biographer, was suggested to him by Cesnola's letter, although it would have been a great imprudence for Gen. Kilpatrick to make the attempt without a preconcerted plan of action with the prisoners themselves.

The plan for the escape of the officer prisoners from the Libby was as clever as interesting. They organized all sorts of amusements, among which were minstrel exhibitions, which gave them a great latitude for applause and for noises of every kind. There was a very serious object in these exhibitions of fun and frolic which the guard in attendance was not acquainted with. They drew largely, they were so funny. The personnel of the guard off duty found pleasure in attending them; everybody was in good humor. But the sphinx was there watching and waiting to turn the humorous into a tragic scene. Cesnola was the sphinx, who only wanted a word of encouragement from Washington to give the word that was to bring about the metamorphosis.

But no word came, and Cesnola, night after night, retired to his prison couch disappointed if not disheartened. A word from him while the play and shouting were going on, and the doors would have been closed, the Confederate guards mixed with the audience seized and gagged, their uniforms taken and put on the chosen braves, who, thus disguised, were to descend and seize the remaining guards on duty down stairs and at the gates.

This first step successful, it would have been easy to accomplish the rest. One thousand Union cavalry dashing into Richmond at that moment and 20,000 desperate, well-organized men liberated in less than an hour would have taken possession of Richmond. But, alas! not a word came from outside and time was passing, and even ambition was taking possession of some of the officers. Who should command was a question. Gen. Neal Dow was the senior officer and would have been entitled by the United States military regulations to the command, but he was not competent for such a work.

Vanity and ambition unfortunately reigned even within those walls of squalor and death. Col. Cesnola was next in rank, and, moreover, he had conceived the plan; but he was a foreigner, and that he should become the hero of this daring deed was repulsive to national vanity. And so the matter was whispered, and even too loudly, for one morning they found that new precautions had been taken and that the guarding force was more than trebled. The secret was out. Who betrayed? One Union officer was suspected, but Col. Cesnola as well as others in the secret would not believe that person guilty of so much treason. But the fact remains that the indifference to the appeal of Col. Cesnola to cavalry officers and, through me, to the War Department at Washington delayed the matter until the Confederates got hold of the secret that was to liberate our prisoners and lay the city of Richmond at their mercy. Thus this daring conception and plan of Gen. Cesnola aborted and Mr. Stanton was saved from the ignominy of refusing to assist our prisoners in their attempt to escape and probably to capture the rebel capital."

It is not my purpose to start a discussion on this subject, but it is very evident that Col. Cesnola's letter was sent to Dr. Verdi in the latter part of January or the beginning of February, 1864. My reasons for believing so are first, that the Sanitary Commission goods received under flag of truce were exhausted in January; and second, after the tunnel

escape in early February the amateur minstrels were no longer permitted to use the cookroom for a place of entertainment after dark.

Again it would seem that the War Department did act on Col Cesnola's suggestion, else why were Kilpatrick and Dahlgren dispatched in early March to make their raid? If the release of the Union prisoners in Richmond was not the primary purpose of that raid, then it should be ranked with the foremost of the ill-advised and wretchedly-executed projects of the war. But the prisoners captured from Kilpatrick's command, the Richmond papers, and the weak assault on the intrenchments of the Confederate capital, go to prove the purpose of the expedition. We certainly had no doubt about it in Libby. Being a line officer and twenty-one years of age, I was not taken into the councils of the gentlemen who were to lead, but I do know, without doubt, that we were organized for 'a break' that night, when we lay awake, listening to the roar of the guns, and that if our cavalry had entered Richmond, they would have found the men in Libby not only ready but terrbly eager to carry out the programme outlined in Dr.Verdi's communication, and hinted at in my preceding article.

As to "national vanity's" making any officer jealous of Col. Cesnola because of his being a foreigner by birth. I very much doubt. Gen. Neal Dow and Gen. Scammon, and, I think, Col. Powell of West Virginia, outranked the Colonel of the Fourth New York Cavalry; and although these were brave and patriotic officers, the question of their rank or birthplace was not considered by the men who, so far as I know, were unanimous that the junior officer, Cesnola, should lead that night. So long as we were prisoners the question of rank, which would have weight when we had established our liberty, did not enter into the consideration of leadership, though I will not affirm that it was ignored. Cesnola was young, popular, and eager to help and cheer his associates; and then the men who had served with him in the cavalry branch of the Army of the Potomac were loud in their praises of his gallantry. His part in the plan of escape may have influenced the few men who were in the secret. I am very sure that more than 1,200 men who knew nothing about it accepted Cesnola's leadership as a matter of course.

The officer, a staff officer of high rank, by the way, who was suspected of betraying our secret to the Confederates was very unpopular in prison. Soon after the war he went abroad and remained there till he died. He seems to have been well aware that his loyalty was doubted.

I met him at the Langham Hotel in London some twenty years ago, and, with tears in his eyes, he indignantly denied that he had ever violated his oath as a soldier of the Union. He assured me that he knew all about the tunnel weeks before our escape, and asked if he would not have revealed that if he had been a traitor. I did not tell him that I doubted his knowledge of the tunnel before its existence became generally known, for that secret was well guarded. Yet I am willing, as I am sure others will be, to give him the benefit of the doubt. No man in his senses could be a party to an *exposé* that resulted in the mining of the prison, and might have ended in blowing to death so many gallant men who wore the same uniform as himself.

And now, to return to my direct narrative. My experience in Southern war prisons convinced me that poverty and hunger make men either cunning and desperate or helpless and despondent. Through the prison bars to the south, I could see the shores of the James and the banks of the canal growing greener every day, and the trees, visible in that direction, filled out their skeleton limbs and took on the emerald garments of Spring. One afternoon, a yellow butterfly flew into the upper Chickamauga Room, and I recall the delight with which we watched it as it fluttered about and finally vanished in the direction of the river. One of our number, either more poetic or more superstitious than the rest, pointed to the course the butterfly had taken, and said with a sad shake of his head:

"Boys, we must take that as a sign."

"A sign of what?" asked one.

"A sign of the direction in which we must all soon go."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that before many days the campaign will open, and we'll be sent South to make room for other poor fellows who must inevitably be captured."

The speaker was Capt. Maginnis of Fort Wayne, Ind., who still limped from a wound received at Chickamauga. The result showed that he was right. Poor fellow, he was destined to go down, but never to return, for he died that summer, in Charleston, S. C., to which point 600 Union prisoners had been sent and placed under the fire of our own guns, then shelling the city.

"If a man is too sick to move will they carry him South, keep him in Richmond, or specially exchange him?" This is what flashed through my mind when I realized the full force of what Maginnis said. Then cunning and desperation came to my aid, and I resolved to play on the Confederates what we called in active service 'the old soldier dodge.' I would be sick.

It required no skill in acting to carry out this resolution. My hair was long and unkempt, there was a dirty fuzz on my long, ashy face, and the blue rags hung from my lean shoulders as if they had been pegs. Then there was the never-ceasing burning of that awful hunger, and the maddening memory of the meat and better fare I had received in the hospital before, so it required no simulation to lie on the floor and to tell the guard, who lifted the dirty blanket from my form with his bayonet at roll call next morning, that I could not rise.

"Rheumatiz?" he asked sympathetically.

Up to that moment I had not decided what particular form my malady should take, but had a vague notion that I could successfully plead a feeling strongly expressed by one of my East Tennessee friends as "kind of general goneness," but the guard gave me a hint, and I acted on it.

"Rheumatism of the worst kind," I replied.

"Well, that's regilar old h—l when hit gets a lock grip and a under holt on a feller. I had hit myself down Fredericksburg way, more'n a year ago, an' the tetch of a blanket nigh druv me wild. But, I'll report you," and the guard went off and consulted with Black George and Little Ross.

Soon after this a doctor—it was not Sabal, for whom I had a great liking—came and felt me over, and asked me questions, and then sent me down to the hospital. As there was a guard kept constantly in this room since the tunnel, I thought it prudent to lie perfectly still, and now and then to emphasize my sufferings with a groan.

Three days before the fighting in the Wilderness began, a number of doctors and other uniformed officers came into the hospital, and made examination of the invalids and took down the names of some twenty, whom it was decided to send away under flag of truce as wrecks who

could not help the Yankees and whose retention would inconvenience the Confederates.

"Yes," said one of the doctors in response to my eager question. "You will be sent North tomorrow."

This glad news thrilled me so that I could not sleep that night. It was the last night in Libby for me, but not the last, alas! that I was destined to spend as a prisoner of war.

ASA N. HAYS

(To be continued)

TO NEW ENGLAND

(*Apologia*)

MUCH have I loved the wider West
And loved with passion Italy,
And as the bird fledged from the nest
Goes winging on an endless quest
And long forgets the earliest tree,

So I—the narrow land that gave
My people all their full lives knew,
And gave to me the will to crave
Sky-spaces, and the wing that flew;

Proud of them to be born and bred,
And though I held them reverend still,
Yet lightly have I thought and said
That, vastly honored, safely dead,
To live with, they were something ill.

But now today my heart goes back
In penitence and shame confessed;
Aye, the bird flies upon the track
And, for whate'er the tree may lack.
Seeks humbly its ancestral nest.

Better than all the rest of earth
That, which they wrote into our Past;
For here the human heart gave birth
Through stern souls to the hope of earth;
Here the Soul shook its chains at last!

Narrow and hard they may have been
Who sowed—and gay our harvesting;
But what *our* sowing, shall be seen
When the far Future's children glean
What children's children home shall bring.

Narrow!—whose vision saw so clear
Across an ocean, Liberty;
Hard!—who went calling softly here
Unwelcoming rocks and soil, by dear
Remembered names from oversea.

Better such hardness—than so soft;
Their warlike readiness to smite,
Bearing their iron God aloft,
Than know no God—no will to fight—
Nor any wrong, nor any right.

New England!—little land and cold,
Ungenial, rockribbed, grim and rude,
Today my heart can hardly hold
The measure of your magnitude;

Today my soul can hardly bear
The burden of your mighty past;
Today your altars know my prayer;
I own myself your child, at last.

Here deeds were done—here words made whole
In action vast as life can reach;
O kindle in our blood one coal
Of that old flame of speech!

Send through the living land you gave
Yourself to build—some ancient fire!
The grass breaks from her earthy grave,
Why not the soul from its desire

Of less than noble—less than here
Was set for measure of a State?
Make it a treason we should fear
This land can ever be less great!

Removed from all that hurts and tires,
My spirit bathes at the old springs;
April's same bird comes back and sings,
The lilac shakes her purple spires,

Faint on brown hills shows Spring's green stain.
God would not let all else remain
So poignantly the same and fair,
Yet quench the life within the vein
By some slow worm's corruption there!

New England!—God be with you still,
And still with us your earliest hours!
Sown in your weakness—now in power,
The calm, the high, the purposed will
You gave shall keep our Country, still.
And keep our Country ours!

TRANSCRIPT, *Boston* GRACE ELLERY CHANNING

A PRISONER OF WAR'S ESCAPE.

We regret that we have not been able to find any continuation of Mr. Browne's story, which originally appeared in the N. Y. *Evening Post*.—[ED.]

ALTHOUGH it at first seemed as if there would be but few prisoners taken in the war with Spain, the destruction of Cervera's fleet and the fall of Santiago gave the government many captives to transport and take care of. The accounts of the stockades on Seavey's Island, too, recalled to many a veteran of the civil war bitter experiences in Southern and Northern prisons, and doubtless have brought back vividly the indescribably happy moments when the hour of release from detention arrived.

My confinement in seven different prisons of the South during the progress of our civil war; my final escape from Salisbury, N. C., with several companions, one my colleague on the *Tribune*, the late Albert D. Richardson; our march in midwinter over the mountains, a distance of nearly four hundred miles, and our arrival at last within our lines at Strawberry Plains, Tenn., are still among my most vivid and grateful memories. Having been captured as a war correspondent of the *Tribune*, with two others,* after the total defeat of our blockade-running expedition at Vicksburg, I would have remained a prisoner till the end of the struggle had I not been lucky enough to liberate myself, for it was very hard for the Confederates to forget or forgive any man or men who had been, as they put it, Abolitionists before the firing on Sumter.

No one who has not been in prison for a good while, under exceptionally adverse circumstances, can appreciate the intense satisfaction of getting out by one's own efforts. After losing my liberty I had no hope of exchange or of regaining it in any regular way. This made me naturally, all the more desirous of recovering it, and the question of escape became my constant thought and my dominating desire, that grew more intense as month after month and season after season crept away, and found me still in the enemy's hands. When almost twenty months had dragged along I began to have a morbid fear that I should not live to recover my freedom, and the idea was terrible, for I was abnormally anxious to die free.

*His companions when captured were Albert D. Richardson, of the *Tribune* and Richard T. Colburn of the *World*.

In Libby, in Castle Thunder, and in Salisbury prison I was ever planning, scheming, and trying to get beyond the jail and my jailers' restraint. But, despite watchfulness and determination, I had never passed the walls that shut me in as if by a decree of fate. I had again and again been on the eve of escape. Everything was ready; in another hour or two, hard fortune would change; I should be delivered unquestionably. But at the critical moment the wholly improbable, the impossible would occur; and I would be doomed to the bitterest disappointment. I was forced at last to the conclusion that I thought too much and acted too little.

When some one of the guards of a prison had been bribed, he would suddenly lose heart, get drunk, and be removed. Just as a tunnel was about to be tapped—all prisoners have placed great dependence on tunnels—it would be exposed abruptly, and our new-born hopes once more were crushed.

Salisbury had been at first employed as a kind of military prison, in which malefactors generally, the worst characters in the Northern and Southern armies, thieves, forgers, desperadoes, ruffians of all kinds, were confined, and such it continued to be. These rascals preyed upon one another, and upon any honest luckless fellows who chanced to be thrust into their company. Constant robberies and occasional murders were committed there at night; men were continually beaten and maimed; but the perpetrators were never discovered. Indeed, little if any effort was made to discover them by the authorities, particularly when the wronged or injured happened to be from the North.

Salisbury penitentiary bore an odious reputation throughout the South, and it was considered particularly unfortunate for any one to be sent there, as he was likely to suffer shameful treatment at the hands of the unscrupulous inmates, without prospect of redress. Its name was never worse than when Richardson and I were committed there, early in February, '64, from Castle Thunder, Richmond, by the Confederate Secretary of War, because, as I supposed, we had had the audacity to ask to have the faith of our violated paroles preserved. Then there were only about twelve hundred men, from both sections, at Salisbury, all confined in the main building, in which we were also placed. We knew the danger we were in, but we prepared ourselves for it, and took pains to make our preparations known. By sleeping with one eye open,

and by readiness each night with heavy clubs in easy reach, we secured ourselves from molestation.

As the months advanced, and as the South began to be pressed backward on itself by the advancing Union forces, more and more Union prisoners, sent to Salisbury, had to be provided for. The number of prisoners rapidly increased, officers as well as enlisted men, until there were some eleven or twelve thousand within the prison bounds. With the Union officers, many of whom we personally knew, we began to see good prospects of breaking out. While the scheme was maturing, the Southern commandant suddenly got the scent, and packed off the Union officers to another post. And thus were we again balked of what promised to be a good prospect for escape.

Richardson and myself were soon removed from the main building to the upper part of a log cabin, on the other side of the main enclosure, where we tried to keep a record of the names, regiments, and dates of all who died. We were only partially successful; but we brought away the sole list there was of the dreadful mortality. We furnished, so far as possible, to the surviving kindred and friends all that they ever learned of the fate of the unfortunate soldiers shut up at Salisbury.

The prison at Salisbury had been used before the war as a cotton factory, and occupied a space of six or seven acres, in which were a large three-story brick building, a two-story building, also of brick; a number of small brick buildings, and several log cabins for the operatives. The space was enclosed by a stockade, some eighteen feet high; near the top was a wooden parapet, on which guards were kept night and day, the stockade rising to their waist. They paced up and down about twenty feet apart, with full permission to shoot the prisoners inside at their own discretion. There was another stockade, also guarded, at right angles to this, skirting the adjoining lot, in which the hospital and several outbuildings stood, and running to a high fence (bordering a road), where it stopped.

In this fence, as I had learned, was a door or gate, sometimes locked from the outside and sometimes not. The door opened into the road, and as the high fence bounding it was unguarded, it seemed to me that, if I could once get out into the road, I should be comparatively safe. All would depend on the locking or unlocking of the door, which appeared to be purely accidental. I must take the chances for that, which I was most willing to do.

Finally a day came on which I was made the assistant of a Confederate surgeon, who, I had reason to believe, was secretly loyal. He voluntarily appointed me because I had some knowledge of medicine and could be of service to him in getting drugs from the hospital, and procured a pass for me from the commandant of the prison, by which I could have access at any time to the hospital by showing it to the guard at the gate. It seemed with this as if my emancipation had begun, and I once more breathed the air outside of the prison boundaries. The feeling, the consciousness of non-confinement, however brief, was more than delicious. It was with the greatest difficulty that I compelled myself to return to the bounds.

No sooner had I passed through the gate the first time than I turned my attention to the chances for freedom. They appeared to me very favorable, and by a new way. I was surprised that I had never heard of it before from some of the Southerners who seemed to me to be in sympathy with our side.

It immediately occurred to me that if my friend Richardson, who had run the batteries and shared the fortunes of war with me, could also elude the sentry, we might compass our self-liberation. My plan was to loiter around the hospital till early dusk, get by the guard unsuspected into the road, and then strike out as best we might for freedom. But this was all theory: we could tell nothing of the result until we had actually tried it. That evening, after going back to our quarters, I communicated my ideas to my friend, who regarded them as feasible.

It was then early in December (1864), when the days were of the shortest. We decided to wait for a lowering evening, and I at once forged a pass for my colleague—an excellent counterfeit, I thought—but he preferred mine, if I could manage to dispense with it. We chose the 18th, when the weather was propitious. That afternoon, which was misty, obscure, rainy, not very far from dusk at five o'clock, I went out some twenty times on pretended errands, until the guard no longer cared to see my pass. I handed it over to Richardson, and went through the gate without it, telling him we would meet at a small outhouse, particularizing it, near the hospital. He took a wooden box, containing bottles, which I usually carried, presented the pass with an indifferent air to the guard, who pronounced it "all right." He stepped out unconcernedly, deposited the box in the hospital, and loitered

along to the rendezvous. We spoke there in low tones, agreeing that we would walk by the guard one at a time, lest we might both be shot. What the guard might do we must leave to fate. I was to go first. If Richardson should hear a gun, he must not come. If he did not hear a gun, he should soon start and join me at an appointed place in the outskirts of the town.

I stepped forth, never glancing at the stockade, assuming as far as I could an air and attitude of perfect indifference. I knew that to show the least anxiety or uneasiness might prove disastrous. Perhaps I was more solicitous than I affected to be. Certainly the seconds seemed laggard minutes. I expected, with my heart in my ears, to hear the click of a gun-lock. But I heard none, and reached the door of the fence. It was a most wistful second. I pulled at the iron bar and the door swung open. I was in the road.

Fortune had at last declared for me, and hope made me strong. I felt capable of anything. The long, bitter past was falling away.

I wondered that I had not been fired on. Had the guards not noticed me in the gloaming? That was scarcely possible. At any rate, I was in the road, beyond the sentry. How was it to be with Richardson? Was he to share my extraordinary luck? A few minutes would determine. I walked very slowly, straining my ears. But all was quiet. Soon I heard a footfall behind me and recognized it as my friend's. I never turned my head; I betrayed no curiosity, but slackened my pace until he was at my side. We exchanged congratulations in suppressed tones. We were now at the appointed spot, outside the town, waiting for increased darkness, to creep into a barn for the night. We had merely began our enterprise. We had yet three or four hundred miles to make to reach our lines, and the chances were greatly against us. But our hopes were high, and we were convinced that what we had done was the beginning of the end of our stay in the Confederacy.

JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE

NAPOLEON'S NEPHEW IN AMERICA

TALLAHASSEE, the capital of Florida, was for some years the home of Prinçe Napoleon Achille Murat, son of Joachim Murat, whom Napoleon made King of Naples. The Prince and his wife were buried in the Episcopal cemetery of the town, and visitors to Tallahassee may still see their graves and also the house in which the Princess lived before her marriage, with her parents, Col. and Mrs. Byrd Willis. The plantation of Prince Achille is near by, a portrait of the Prince and a photograph of the Princess are in the public library, and many white haired men and women are still living who remember the interesting strangely assorted but devoted couple.

Among those who remember the Princess with peculiar affection is Fanny Taylor, a very old negro woman, the daughter of Patsy Lee, who was the personal maid of Katherine Willis in Virginia before she went to Florida and was still her maid after her marriage.

Patsy, with several other former slaves, was remembered in the will of the Princess, and Patsy's daughter still lives in a cabin near Bellevue, which was the last home of the Princess. The cabin is new, but is on the site of the former cottage, in which were recently burned many historic and beautiful pieces of Murat furniture, because, as Fanny expressed it, "there was no mankind about to put out the fire." The cabin is as clean as a pin, in honor perhaps of the fact that in it are gifts from royalty.

Fanny showed a recent visitor with modest but evident pride two silver teaspoons, three forks and an old fashioned twisted gold brooch given to her mother by Princess Murat. From a wash cloth of finest birdseye linen hemmed with almost invisible stitches, and the last one ever used by the Princess, Fanny unfolded two locks of gray hair, one of the mistress and one of the maid. The last and most cherished possession displayed was a small photograph of the Princess taken during the latter years of her life.

Of both the Prince and Princess their former slave remembers many interesting incidents. One of these was the well known anecdote of how during an absence of the Princess the Prince dyed all the household linen, the lingerie of the Princess and every dress that the servants did not hide from him a vivid pink. The dye used, tradition says, was pokeberry juice.

On another occasion he invited a Tallahassee friend to stay for dinner, urging the fact that he had killed a "turkey buzzard" and was having it cooked. A sawdust pudding was another of the odd culinary conceits remembered against him.

Nothing could have been more royally brilliant than the Prince's first twenty years nor more democratically dull than the last twenty years of his life.

He was six years old when Napoleon made Joachim Murat King of Naples; and as the heir to the throne little Achille was known as the Prince Royal of the Two Sicilies and with his younger brother, Lucien, spent a pampered childhood at the court which his father and mother established.

When Achille was fourteen years old his father and Napoleon became estranged, and at this most inopportune time the King of Naples also lost the loyalty of his Italian subjects. In an effort to regain his power by force he was captured and executed, and his wife and sons were sent as prisoners to Austria.

It was after several years of wanderings over Europe that Prince Murat drifted to America at the age of twenty, and it was in Florida that he spent most of the remainder of his short life. When Col. Murat, as he was called by most of his American friends, arrived in Tallahassee the belle of Florida was Katherine Willis Gray, a young widow who lived with her father, Col. Byrd Willis, who had sought and made his fortune in the new territory of Florida.

Mrs. Gray had married a Scotsman at the age of fifteen and was left a widow at sixteen, and as her child also died she returned to live with her parents at Willis Hall, near Fredericksburg, Va., and accompanied them when they moved to Florida. The Willis home in Tallahassee on South Monroe Street, near the Capitol, was a center of the social life of the State.

The beauty and charm of the young Virginia widow, who was then only twenty-two years old, immediately captivated the son of Caroline Bonaparte, and his courtship seems to have been as ardent as might be expected from a temperamental Frenchman. However, the young woman was not only beautiful and wealthy, but her mother was Mary Lewis, a niece of George Washington, and not even the dazzling fact

that Col. Murat's mother was a sister of Napoleon could blind the eyes of the blue blood of Virginia to the knowledge that his father, Joachim Murat, was the son of an obscure innkeeper.

Beside which the Prince was eccentric to a degree that was almost ill bred. He spoke a burlesque of the English language and was perhaps easily affected, but certainly often affected, by wine. He was, however, an intensely interesting companion, and was eagerly sought socially and valued as a sincere and unchanging friend.

The courtship of the greatest belle and the only prince in Tallahassee was watched with interest by the friends of the couple and with approval by the parents of the young woman; and when the devotion and undisguised admiration of the Prince finally won there were hearty congratulations and good wishes for them from many parts of the United States as well as their adopted State.

Mrs. Gray and Col. Murat were married July 30, 1826, and went to live at Lipona, his large plantation in Jefferson county, the name of which was transposed from Napoli, the city with which he had so many associations. It was one of the most beautiful estates in Florida and near the township in the same county which was given to Lafayette by the United States Government on his visit in 1824.

The Prince becoming restless on his Florida plantation, he and his American Princess went abroad, and being forbidden to enter France and Italy they went to "Little Paris," as Brussels is called, where they spent two delightful years. The Prince, who was a close personal friend of King Leopold, was made a Colonel in the Belgian army and had command of a regiment of lancers. Both he and the Princess were immensely popular, too popular, in fact, for the fine Bonaparte face of Prince Achille was so much like that of his uncle the great Napoleon that he was often stopped on the street and embraced by old soldiers who fell on their knees before him.

The Powers saw and trembled for fear that he might be able to enlist soldiers enough to restore his family to their former thrones, and his regiment was disbanded. Prince Achille made a memorable address to his men, speaking to them in seven different languages, one after another, and then returned with his wife to his American freedom.

During a year's stay in London the beauty and the charming per-

sonality of the Princess made a great impression among English nobility, and they were of real financial assistance to members of the exiled Bonaparte family, especially Louis Napoleon, the cousin of Prince Achille. The following year Prince Louis Napoleon came to America expecting to visit his "Cousin Kate" and "Cousin Achille" at their Southern home, but he was recalled from New York by the illness of his mother.

The Prince with his active mind, became at one time very much interested in the study of law, to which he devoted his entire time and quickly mastered it. He was admitted to the bar in New Orleans and formed a partnership with Mr. Garnier, and for several years made his home in the congenial French city, where he divided his time between his beautiful town house and a large sugar plantation which he bought on the Mississippi River. Not understanding the culture of cane, he lost a great deal of money, but learned at the same time a great deal about the people and their life, which he recalls in his books on America.

Returning to the ever cherished neighborhood of Tallahassee the Prince and Princess spent a number of years at Econchattie, another of their plantations, and it was then that the fighting blood of the Bonapartes was aroused by the continuous outrages of the Indians, and the Prince in command of a regiment fought with Americans for American rights.

The Prince was a brave and daring soldier, quick, firm and resourceful, but his wife proved herself a mate worthy of a Bonaparte by following him through every peril of the campaign, nursing him through an almost fatal case of fever and remaining with him until the bloody little war was over.

At lovely Econchattie, with its giant live oak trees hung with long gray moss and the whole world about it fragrant with flowers, Prince Achille Murat died April 15, 1847, and it was at Econchattie that his widow spent the summers during the twenty years she survived him. She died August 6, 1867.

Bellevue, just two miles from Tallahassee, is more closely associated with the Princess after the death of Prince Murat. She bought the place and with her favorite slaves settled there to spend the remainder of her life. It is a pretty white cottage of four immense high pitched

rooms, set on a beautiful hill overlooking Tallahassee to the east. An oleander-lined walk leads from the road to the doorway, and all about the house are enormous magnolia trees covered most of the year with big white blossoms, red-berried holly trees and grapefruit trees which at all seasons are beauitful with either fragrant waxy blossoms or pale yellow fruit.

The entertainments given by the Princess at Bellevue were noted all over the South for their lavish hospitality, and were enhanced perhaps in interest by the service of solid gold and the imperial livery of the Bonapartes. The privilege of using the red and gold livery was bestowed with $40,000 on his "Cousin Kate" by Louis Napoleon after he had become Emperor.

In the cottage were also a marble bust of Caroline Bonaparte, many exquisite pieces of French furniture and other handsome gifts presented to her by Napoleon when, with the other members of the Bonaparte family, she went to Paris for his coronation. On many occasions she was selected by him for especial honors and welcomed as a Princess of France.

On one occasion she was invited to a court function at the Tuileries and was told that she would know her position at table by the rank of the person with whom she went in to dinner. As one after the other of the dignitaries present passed out before her to dinner her heart sank at the sight of the few nonentities left. Her unaffected surprise and delight greatly pleased the Emperor when he himself came quickly in, offered her his arm, and seated her beside him at the table.

Another story she told was of Eugénie and Louis Napoleon, with whom Mme. Murat was spending a quiet evening at the Tuileries. It was a custom at the palace to serve ices and pastry during the evening and when the liveried attendants had come in and placed the refreshments and withdrawn, Eugénie, although ill and forbidden to eat sweetmeats, ran to the table and helped herself lavishly. The Emperor protested and reminded her that the doctor's orders must be obeyed. The Empress laughingly heaped a plate and sat down gayly on the arm of his chair and fed him one spoonful and ate the next herself, saying:

"I'm not a bit afraid of you, Louis; you must think I'm one of your Generals."

The Emperor was never tired of listening to the animated stories of his American cousin and he and Eugénie begged her to make her home in France, but Mme. Murat could not forget the friends left in Florida and that many plantations and slaves needed her personal attention, so she returned to America and to Bellevue.

When the close of the war left Mme. Murat penniless, although possessed of thousands of acres of fertile farm lands, and she and her several hundred slaves faced starvation, the Emperor came to her assistance and gave her a large yearly income, on which she not only lived in great comfort but with which she did a vast deal of charity, helping many stricken families and friends in Florida and Virginia.

Mme. Murat made another visit to Paris in 1866, where she spent a year in an effort to regain her failing health. She became seriously ill on her return and after a long illness at Bellevue she went to Econchattie, where she died.

MINOR TOPICS

AN EARLY TRUST

Trusts are not by any means a modern invention, nor is the trust confined to America; practically the same thing exists in Europe, though known under the name of "ring," "syndicate" or "knock-out"—the latter being possibly the most appropriate, a practical part of the scheme being to knock out competitors by any and every means. It is uncertain when the trust first made its appearance in America, but that it existed during Colonial times is shown by the following interesting letter, from which it is apparent that there was a distinct ring or trust in Philadelphia in 1759 to manage the purchase and sale of beaver skins, one of the principal products of the country up to the time of the Revolution and even later:

Complaint agt. Geo. Croghan for trading with the Indians. 1759.

MAY IT PLEASE THE GOVERNOR

By a Letter from our Agent at Pittsburgh dated 22 June, we are inform'd that George Croghan has assumed a power of Licensing such persons to trade with the Indians at Pittsburgh as he thinks proper, and also to fix the price Goods shall be sold at, and of the skins & furrs to be reced in Payment. We have in both respects fix'd such prices for our Agent as in our Judgment would fully Answer the Design of the Law, & Expectations of the Indians; but we are informed by the Letter Above-mentioned, that George Croghan has offer'd them 2s p. lb. more for their Beaver than we have directed our Agent to give. The Chief part of the Peltry we shall receive will pay so high a Carriage that we are of Opinion on an Average, they will not neat the first cost in Philada., and altho' beaver at this time sells at a high Price here, on Accot. of the Scarcity of that Article, we are of Opinion that the price must fall Considerably, on such Quantities being bro't to Market as we think will be reced from Pittsburgh.

We must beg leave to represent to the Governor, that if any Person is permitted to Licence Traders with the Indians, & to fix such prices for skins & peltry as he may Judge proper, we apprehend such inconveniences will arise, as our Legislature thought Necessary to remedy by the Law under which we act.

We have sent forward to Carlisle a large Quantity of Goods and provided more in expectation of the trade being Conducted according to Law; as our late advices from Pittsburgh give reason to apprehend an Obstruction thereto, we think it Necessary to lay these Matters before the Governor.

James Child.
Thos. Willing.
Amos Strettell.
John Reynell.
Jos. Richardson.
Wm. West.
Edwd. Pennington.
William Fisher.

Philadelphia, July 9, 1759.

THE EARLY "TRUST-BUSTERS"

Edward Pennington was the celebrated Quaker merchant of Philadelphia; Thomas Willing was mayor in 1763 and a member of the Continental Congress of 1774-78, a judge, the partner of Robert Morris and founder of the first Pennsylvania Bank; William Fisher was mayor of Philadelphia just before the outbreak of the Revolution; Strettel was an alderman; and the others were no doubt leading merchants of the city. The petitioners were formidable and the arguments familiar to those who have participated in the present-day discussion on the trusts; a slightly advanced price producing such a glut in the market that values fall to nothing; ignoring of the eternal law of supply and demand that regulates values, etc. The trouble with these gentlemen from the argument in their own plea to Governor James Hamilton was, that having sent a large quantity of goods to Pittsburgh in expectation of exchanging them for skins and pelts with the Indians at their own rates of exchange they were confronted with a probable loss through competition. Their complaint is directed against George Croghan, but the fact seems to be that it was not Croghan who arbitrarily advanced the price but a council of commissioners.

At the beginning of July, 1759, a council was held at Pittsburgh composed of Colonel Hugh Mercer, the officers of the Garrison, the chiefs of the Six Nations, those of the Shawanese and Delawares, and representatives of all the Ohio Indians, with George Croghan as agent of the Government of Pennsylvania, to talk over various matters connected with the closing months of the French and Indian War. One of these matters was the price to be paid the Indians for beaver-skins and it is probable that the Indians themselves fixed the price. Fort Pitt, now Pittsburgh, and nearly on the site of the old Fort Duquesne, had only been completed in February, 1759. Colonel Hugh Mercer with about two hundred men being in command.

George Croghan was one of the most picturesque figures of the times and famous as a pioneer and Indian trader. He came from Ireland to America about 1743 or1744 and settled first in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. His education and manners must have been superior to most of his neighbors, for within five years after his arrival in 1749, he was appointed by the governor and council a justice of the peace for Lancaster County. His trading with the Indians must have commenc-

ed immediately on his arrival for in 1748 he founded a trading post at Logstown on the Ohio River about eighteen miles from Pittsburgh. About this time also he was appointed by the Colony of Pennsylvania as their agent to deal with the Indians and had a great council with them in April, 1748. Here he delivered presents to the Indian chiefs for their services against the French and gave them instructions that the British traders had been strictly enjoined against selling them rum or strong liquors. The Indians cordially agreed, but remarked as well "that they had now tasted French rum and would like to know what English rum tasted like." In 1750 Croghan headed an expedition against settlers who had trespassed on Indian lands on the Juniata River, drove them out and burned their cabins, thus preventing an Indian War. Five years later after Braddock's defeat, the State had to build a fort in this same neighborhood not far from the Juniata to keep back the Indians and French. This was Fort Shirley or Aughwick, and its construction was superintended by Croghan who bore much of the expense of its construction himself, although the Government finally supplied some arms and ammunition for the forty men he kept there. Fort Shirley was finally abandoned in 1756; in 1758 Croghan left his post at Logstown and went to Pittsburgh, but while he was still at Logstown he was visited by General Washington and Gist in their journey during 1753 to Venango and Le Boeuf, who stayed with him five days.

Braddock's expedition in 1755 was joined by Croghan with some Indians, the only Indians who accompanied them, but the reception they met with from the British general, who did not like the Indians, was so cool that all but eight deserted before the defeat. Croghan was given a captain's commission this year and built the stockade at Fort Shirley mentioned above. A year later on having a dispute with the State Government, he threw up his command and joined Sir William Johnson at Onondaga. Here he was well received and made agent to deal with the Indians on the New York frontier. In 1759 he accompanied Major Robert Rogers, the famous ranger, on the expedition which resulted in the capture of Detroit. In 1760 he accompanied Bouquet's expedition. Three years later Sir William Johnson sent him to England on a mission to fix an Indian boundary line, and the ship was wrecked on the French coast though Croghan escaped unharmed. in 1765 he undertook a mission to pacify the Illinois Indians, who were restless, but he was attacked, wounded and taken prisoner, though later released. After this he settled down on an estate not far from Pitts-

burgh, and on the outbreak of the Revolution he remained a Loyalist, refusing to take an active part against the British whom he had served so long. His only child, a daughter Susannah, married a British officer, and after Croghan's death about 1782, she made an unsuccessful attempt to obtain possession of his estates.

A LOCAL "TEMPLE OF HONOR"

A "temple of honor" for New England, on the lines of Westminster Abbey, within whose walls so much of the history of the British Empire is enshrined, was suggested by James Phinney Baxter, president of the Maine Historical Society and of the New England Historic Genealogical Society, at a meeting of the latter organization held at its rooms in Ashburton place this afternoon.

Mr. Baxter's subject was "Westminster Abbey, An Inspiration to New England," and his talk was illustrated. He spoke of the Abbey as standing "alone amongst the buildings of the world," and contended that New England could well afford to have a building representing the growth of the six States since the landing of the Pilgrims—a building built by New England people, of New England materials; in short, a twentieth-century summary of three centuries of achievement.

"Why should not New England have a temple of honor?" he asked "a place in which to preserve the memorials of the Pilgrims and the Puritans, and of their successors, whose achievements have contributed to the glory of New England—a memorial better even than Westminster Abbey, since it would be dedicated to those who merit honor by service to their fellow men?

This is my text. In 1620 in this then New World, inhabited by a savage people, a band of men and women, especially devoted to the establishment of a Commonwealth in which men could be free to worship God as conscience dictated, landed upon the wintry shores of Massachusetts. Before landing, with but a partial conception of the perils before them, they drew up in the cabin of the little ship in which they had been confined for nearly four months, a compact which, says Senator Hoar, was 'the beginning of a State.' Probably no band of men actuated by so high a purpose as inspired the forty-one men who signed this compact, ever associated themselves together under like conditions.

You know what these Pilgrims accomplished, for it illustrates one of the most important pages of American history. They were followed in 1622 with that memorable landing at Cape Ann, and six years later by Endicott at Salem, and his little colony, actuated by like high motives. These men prepared the way for Winthrop and his associates to establish here the Puritan Colony of Massachusetts Bay. Though the Puritans differed in essentials from their neighbors of Plymouth, they soon came together and today we recognize no differences between them, and know both as the founders of this great Commonwealth.

It is the memory of these men and their descendants that we of this society, and of all the historical and patriotic societies of New England are laboring to keep alive; indeed, this is the only warrant for our existence. How shall this best be accomplished? What shall be the form of this memorial? I have shown you the grandest that any nation has yet reared in honor of its great dead—Westminster Abbey—and while it would not be practicable for New England to adopt the plan of this splendid establishment, the consummation of the dream of a pious king, we should be able to produce one more in harmony with New England ideals, and more capable of serving the purposes of a people whose test of merit is meritorious achievement.

Permit me to call your attention to a building suggesting features which I think coincide with your ideals of what such a building should be; I mean the Rathaus of Hamburg, a structure built of native materials wholly by native workmen from corner stone to finial, and decorated wholly by native artists. When one has devoted a few hours to the study of this building, so vivid are the impressions left upon his mind, that he feels when he leaves it, that he knows more about the history of Hamburg than he could have learned from books in a month of reading. Such is the Rathaus of Hamburg, which next to Westminster Abbey is the most impressive structure that I have ever beheld.

Is not this building suggestive of what New England should erect to the memory of those who have made it what it is today? You will, I know, agree with me that it should be of the most imposing character, emphasizing the worthiest expression of strength, dignity and simplicity; that it should be built of material from New England quarries; wrought by the hands of New England people, and adorned by the skill of New England artists, and that upon its walls should be pictorially recorded

the chief events of New England history; the landing at Plymouth, at Cape Ann, at Salem, at Boston, of the genesis of Rhode Island, Vermont, New Hampshire, Connecticut and Maine; in fact, this building should not only be a memorial of New England's benefactors, it should also be a monument to the skill and art of New England in the Twentieth Century.

I am aware that many will regard what I propose as Utopian, perhaps impossible of accomplishment, but if it is so, then the conception of Westminster Abbey by Edward the Confessor, and of the Rathaus at Hamburg by one of her citizens, was Utopian. Surely I think all will agree with me that New England has a history to commemorate as worthy as they had, and that she is as financially able to create it as the people of England or Hamburg were. The objection, too, may be made that the time has not arrived for such an enterprise, and that it would be wise to leave it for future accomplishment. I should have to reply to this that it is unquestionably wise to do a good thing as soon as possible, and that our own generation should exercise the privilege and enjoy the reward of so worthy an achievement. The financial question, of course, will be raised, but no more forcibly than at any future time. This question I think should not trouble us. Surely the people of the great States that this building would represent would not fail to respond to an undertaking so patriotic in its designs as this; and if necessary, the money, I believe, could be raised in Massachusetts alone for the undertaking."

Transcript, BOSTON

ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS

LETTERS OF THOMAS JEFFERSON

NOTE.—The following series of letters from Thomas Jefferson are addressed to his attorneys and overseers. Many of them relate to his own life as a gentleman farmer. Their contents are of exceeding interest, as they portray his views on the affairs which led to the second war with Great Britain, and also give quite an interesting insight into the wild-cat banking business of the day. In them he also gives many incidents connected with his life as a farmer, and throws sidelights on his unfortunate financial entanglements, imposed upon him whistl occupying the Presidential chair, and mentions the compelled sale of his library to help to recuperate his fallen fortunes.

Washington, May 7, 1805.

Written whilst President, to Mr. Eppes.

"You will see in the papers an extra letter of Elliott's of extraordinary aspect, it contains absolute untruths, but what is most remarkable is that expressions are so put together as to be literally true when strictly considered & analyzed, & yet to convey to 99 readers out of 100, the most absolute & mischievous falsehoods. It is a most insidious attempt to cover his own opinions & passions under the mantle of the executive, and to fill with inquietude the republicans who have not the means of good information."

Washington, July 5, 1807.

Written whilst President, to Mr. Randolph.

"You have long ago heard of the insult of the Chesapeake, and been overwhelmed with reports & fables, some printed & some oral, as we had been, till we find that nothing is to be believed that comes through any body belonging to any kind of vessel. yesterday the lie of the day was that the Vice President had had 35 shots fired at him by the men of wars boats as he passed out of the Capes, & this brought by a Pilot direct to Alexandria. yet a letter I received last night from Tatham (who was volunteered as a videt) and has kept the British ships in constant view from June 24 to July 1, said they had laid quietly in Lynhaven bay the whole time, had sent out their tenders every morning, but had not molested a single vessel of many which had passed them in that time. The truest account of the original affair is still that of the Natl. Intelligencer delivered by Capt. Gordon and Dr. Bullos, a court of inquiry is ordered on Barron. we are dispatching a vessel to England to require disavowal, reparation & security for the future, & Congress

will be called about the time we allow for an answer; if no new hostilities should require an earlier call. I cannot but believe England will give us satisfaction, we act on the principles, 1st that the usage of nations requires that satisfaction should be first demanded, and if it is given we avoid war. 2 we have at least 40,000 seamen now spread over the ocean with property proportioned, which the course we take will give us time to get in, & then to use as the means of war 3. the power of declaring war being in Congress, the Ex've should do no act committing them to war, when it is very probable they may prefer a non-intercourse to war. I had fixed on, & still look to, the 20th inst. for leaving this, but this new affair renders the time very precarious."

Washington, July 20, 1807.

Written whilst President, to Mr. Randolph.

"Our advices from Lynhaven (where we keep a person as a lookout to inform us daily what passes) down to the 16th are that two of the Vessels of war were out of the capes on a cruise, and two others (two deckers) at anchor in Lynhaven bay. They had been in the habit of landing freely, and of getting water, &, as is believed, fresh provisions from secret customers, some negroes had gone off to them, however, a party of Militia, horse & foot, had gone down to the neighborhood of the Light house, and would probably oblige them to remain on board, or come out in strong parties, they had ceased firing on vessels, but sent their tenders to speak them, they would certainly about that time receive orders from Admiral Berkley, the tenor of which we shall soon know by that of their conduct. I presume they will be quiet, but the moment all our gunboats are ready (17. & a bomb vessel) we shall try wether they cannot render their quarters uneasy to them. This day Fulton's experiment of blowing up a vessel will be tried at New York. Gen'l Dearborn will return here about the 24th and if things are as quiet as at present I think I may leave this about the close of this, or the beginning of next month, we have not yet decided on the day for the meeting of Congress, it will probably be between the middle and latter part of October, every preparation is going on which could be were they here, the law for detaching 100,000 militia, and the appropriation for that, puts all military preparations in our power, war they could not declare, were they here, until there had been time for an answer from England, reparation for the past, security for the future, is demanded, and as I hardly believe they will grant them to the extent required, the probability is for war, we shall have obtained valuable time for our merchants to get in their property & our seamen."

Washington, Oct. 26, 1807.

Written whilst President, to Mr. Randolph.

"The two houses have assembled earlier than usual, there was a quorum of the H. of R. here on Saturday, Mason is sick and absent. Varnum is most talked of for the chair, a great many candidates for clerkship, the members as far as I can judge are extremely disposed for peace, and as there is no doubt Gr. Br will disavow the act of the *Leopard*, I am inclined to believe they will be more disposed to combat her practice of impression by a non-importation law than by arms, I am at the same time not without hope she may relinquish the pretension to impressment on our agreeing not to employ her seamen, which it is our interest to agree to, if we resort to non-importation, it will end in war, & give her the choice of the moment of declaring it, altho' I think it well that our constituents should know what is probable, yet I must not be quoted, you will be free however to mention these as your own opinion, or as what you collect from your correspondence."

Washington, February 22, 1808.

Written whilst President, to Thos. M. Randolph.

"The papers give you the news of the day; but as to what they say, respecting mr. Rose, altho' in putting lies into every possible form there may be here & there a fibre of truth, yet he is nearer the truth who believes nothing, than he who believes this hodge-podge of stuff, if there be danger of war, it is not immediate, and it is unwise to consider the embargo as a short lived measure. God bless you all."

Monticello, September 20, 1808.

Written whilst President, to J. W. Eppes.

"A letter from Mr. Pinckney expresses a hope that the British Government will repeal their orders on his engagement that we will repeal our embargo, he *infers* this from a conversation with Canning, but I have little faith in diplomatic *inferences*, & less in Canning's good faith. Bonaparte being absent from Paris, we can get nothing important from thence, his beginning now for the first time to condemn our vessels augurs nothing friendly, I hope Spain will give him serious employment, for altho' nothing in the newspapers, except the public documents, is at all to be believed as to details, yet the information from our Consuls shows a determined resistance."

Monticello, June 15, 1809.

An interesting letter undated to George Sullivan of Massachusetts, in which he gives his views regarding a third term:

I derive great personal consolation from the assurances in your friendly letter that the election of Massachusetts would still have viewed me with favor as a candidate for a third presidential term, but the duty of retirement is so strongly impressed on my mind that it is impossible for me to think of that. If I can carry into retirement the good will of my fellow citizens, nothing else will be wanting to my happiness. . . . I dare say you have found that the solicitations for office are the most painful incidents to which an Executive magistrate is exposed, the ordinary affairs of a nation offer little difficulty to a person of any experience, but the gift of office is that dreadful burden which oppresses him, a person who wishes to make it an engine of self-elevation may do wonders with it, but to one who wishes to use it constitutionally, for the public good, without regard to the ties of blood or friendship, it creates enmities without number, many open, but more secret, and saps the happiness and peace of his life.

Monticello, August 3, 1809.

To Jno. Barnes.

"I was so unfortunate as to lose one of my trunks of valuable effects & papers which came by water from Washington. it was stolen from the boat on James River, plundered & destroyed, and the culprit is under trial & will doubtless be hung for it. Some such example is much wanting to render property, water-borne secure."

Monticello, December 8, 1809.

To. J. W. Eppes.

"You will expect no political news hence, you are at the source from where it is to flow. I find here but one general sentiment of indignation against Mr. Jackson both as to the matter & manner of his offers. I am not disappointed as to his matter, but as to his manner I am, I expected he would be oily, wily & able. I find him rude, malignant, & muddy-hearted as to the question what is to be done, I do not puzzle myself with it, satisfied that that will be done which is wisest & best. I am predetermined to concur in it, well knowing that if we all pull together we shall be safe in whatever direction we move."

Monticello, January 17, 1810.

Speaks of his losses in Washington and his farm life.

"My present life is of action altogether & without doors, I have but one hour before breakfast for all my pen and ink work, this leaves me in long arrears with the numerous correspondencies which I have

not yet been able to withdraw from, from breakfast I am occupied on my farm & other establishments, I have 450 acres in wheat this year, all on excellent land, & the next year I shall be able to raise it to 600. acres, & to increase my tobacco crops from 40. to 60 m. in a couple of years more I shall be able to clear out all the difficulties I brought on myself in Washington. (11.000 D) from an inability to follow your good counsel. this once accomplished, I shall be in a state of perfect ease & tranquility."

Monticello, May 10, 1810.

To J. W. Eppes.

"In the present unexampled state of the world, the difficulty of deciding what is best to be done for us, has produced a general disposition to acquiesce in whatever our public councils shall decide, between the convoy system (which is war) & that which has been adopted. the opposite consideration appears so equally balanced, that the decision in favor of those which continue the state of peace will probably be approved, the republican precepts of this winter have not at all been in unison with the public sentiment as far as I could judge of it from the limited specimen under my observation, I think when peace shall be restored that the examples of the present mad epoch, will be so far from being appealed to as precedents of rights, that they will be considered as *primae faciae* proofs of whatever is wrong & condemnable among mankind."

Monticello, December 7, 1810.

To J. W. Eppes.

"Mine of the 12th I am fearful you have not received as you do not mention it, it informed you that I had inclosed to Mr. Giles for perusal my statement of the case of the *Batture*, and requested you to read it, to communicate it to Mr. Clay of Ky., and Johnson, to which I now add Mr. Burwell, and then return it to me, the object of the perusal was merely that the case might be understood in case E. Livingston should attempt to procure any measure from Congress on the subject; otherwise I desired its contents might not be spoken of so far as to let our adversary know beforehand the topics of our defense. . . . We have not yet rec'd the President's Message, I suppose you will have to decide the important question whether we are ever to go to war for Commerce. I have no doubt England will single herself as our enemy, if we chuse to fight her."

Monticello, January 24, 1811.

To J. W. Eppes.

"The chronological appendix to the paper I sent you on the subject of Louisiana have been retained, as I conjectured, in the Secretary of State's office, from which I have since received it, & now inclose it to you, it is an indispensable companion to the other as referring to the authorities for the several facts stated in that, the subject of your closed doors is perfectly secret there. I congratulate and hope it is on taking possession of E. Florida: it would end in your paying at the conclusion of peace the price we were disposed to give for it (seven millions) deducting three millions due us from Spain for spoliations, and this I would do, whether required or not. . . . I have just read your Orleans act, you should have limited that state westwardly by the Sabine river & thence north to its northern boundary, it would give no discontent now, but may be difficult if not impracticable hereafter. This would not have relinquished your claim further westwardly more than the limitation to the Iberville relinquishes our claim further eastw'd."

Monticello, September 6, 1811.

To J. W. Eppes.

"We expect within a few days a visit from Mr. & Mrs. Madison, the Secretaries of War & of the Navy and other families. Monroe is now at his seat, however the visit of the two Secretaries may be prevented by the insident of a British frigate and sloop of war stationing themselves in the Delaware & refusing to withdraw: a person of perfect truth direct from Washington told me he had it from the Secretary of the Navy himself who said he should remove them by force if practicable. Foster has explicitly and officially stated in writing that his government finds it necessary to take possession of the ocean, and permit no commerce on it but thro' the ports of Great Britain, unable to maintain their navy, in its present gigantic state from their own resources. I have been confident for 4 or 5 years they meant this, you will see by the papers that they are acting on this principle, in fact war seems determined on their part, & inevitable on ours if the old King lives, if he dies there is some chance that a change of administration may produce a change of disposition, and I consider the expectation of the King's death as the only circumstance which ought to delay the calling of Congress and taking immediate possession of Canada, before the Indians commence open hostilities. This will put an everlasting end to their ag-

gressions. Orleans will fall for want of force within itself capable of defending it, no militia more distant than that of the Missipi territory will ever be prevailed on to go to its defence or recovery, regular troops alone can be depended on for that & the raising a number superior to what the British may place there will be slow and difficult."

Monticello, April 26, 1812.

To Mr. Short.

In reference to an intended visit from Genl. Moreau, and referring to letters from Mr Short on the subject, he says:

"The only circumstance in those which pressed for an answer had escaped my memory, until your last reminded me of it, that is to say the visit proposed by General Moreau, and first I must set to rights the idea that a visit while at Washington could have occasioned embarrassment, not the least, I had considered the incident as a possible one, and had made up my mind on it, I should have received him with open arms, and should have frankly stated to Turreau the reason and right of my doing. I considered the General's not visiting us at Washington as an evidence of his discretion, which could not be taken amiss, because of its friendly motive, but he would have been cordially received, and I wish him to understand this as having been my purpose, with respect to the visit here, I can say with sincerity that I should receive the General with the greatest pleasure, and a due sensibility of the honor done me, the high estimation in which I held his character particularly its combination of integrity with talent could insure this, but my respect for him would shrink from a compliment which was to cost him the labour of such a journey, were indeed the visit to Monticello merely an episode to one to the Caves, or to the Natural Bridge, or a promenade of curiosity thro' this part of the country, its gratification would be pure and unalloyed, at least my silence should be considered by him, as it has been by yourself, as a proof that I was indifferent at least to his visit. I must repose myself on your friendship so far as to give him a true view of my impression on the subject, and such too as may leave him at perfect liberty to consult his own convenience as well as wishes."

To Mr. Goodman. Monticello, July 26, 1813.

In reference to a runaway slave.

"Hercules arrived here on the 22d having been discharged from Buckingham jail on the 20th, where he had been confined as a run-

away; the folly he has committed certainly justifies further punishment, and he goes in expectation of receiving it, for I have assured him that I leave it to yourself altogether and made him sensible that he deserves and ought to receive it. I believe however it is his first folly in this way, and considering his confinement as a punishment in part, I refer to yourself whether it may not be passed over for his time, only letting him receive the pardon as from yourself alone, and not by my interference, for this is what I would have none of them to suppose."

Monticello, June 14, 1817.

To Jno. Barnes.

In reference to a Runaway Slave.

"A young man, named Thurston, brother to Edy, who while I was in Washington was in the Kitchen under the instruction of Mr. Julian, has escaped from my grandson to whom I had given him; he is supposed to have gone to Washington and to be there lurking under the connivance of some of his sister's old friends; the bearer, mr Wheat, my grandson's overseer, who is acquainted in that vicinity, goes in quest of him."

Monticello, July 20, 1817.

To Mr. Goodman.

In reference to the Sale of a Negro Girl.

"With respect to the girl Sally, the fair thing is to consider the bargain as annulled, and for me to repay you the sum allowed for her. 150 D. with interest till repaid."

Monticello, October 26, 1817.

To Jno. W. Eppes.

"The Richmond watchmakers are as absolute murderers of a watch as your neighbor watchmakers. . . You ask if nothing can be done to place our militia on an efficient footing, I know nothing more supremely wise than the plan prepared by Monroe and reported to Congress by him, this classified the militia, and in time of war assessed on them by certain divisions to keep a man constantly in the field, and it is in time of peace that such a law should be passed. their minds would have been long prepared for it when occasion should arise to put it in execution, but I fear this army and navy fever, & especially the latter is

a disease which must take its course & wait, but I doubt the possibility of resisting it. yet I had thought the difficulty of getting monies the last war would have taught us to avoid extravagance in peace."

Monticello, March 7, 1818.

Refers to the sale of his flour, of which he says:

"I have no conception that the hostile vessels will continue in our bay after the equinoctial gales are over, it is too contrary to their interests & practice, for strutting the bay, nothing attempts to get out, but letting our vessels out they catch a part and the rest cary supplies to themselves in the peninsula & West Indies, their favor to the Eastern market shows their ignorance as well as wickedness, their minister did not know but that those were wheat states, the prices at N. York show that their stock is exhausted. Of course the British must open up the Delaware and Chesapeake or starve their cruisers, their islands, their armies & friends in the peninsula, and this their proclamations prove that they do not mean to do, notwithstanding newspaper paragraphs and factitious letters; it is contrary to nature that the demand at Cadiz and Lisbon should not become enormous, and all we can furnish will not be enough to feed those two cities, the country within their reach & the Armies accumulating in & near them. These considerations render it I think unwise to sell just on the moment of a shortlived blockade."

Monticello, April 19, 1821.

To Jno. Barnes.

"I am told that the busts of Mr Madison and Mr Monroe as made by Mr Cardelli an Italian sculptor, are to be had in Washington, at reasonable prices, will you be so good as to inform me if it be true that they can be had there of the size of life and at what price?"

GOLDEN ADVICE OF JEFFERSON TO THE SUPREME COURT

An important letter; refers to the sale of his library to the Government and gives his views in very forcible language of the corrupt politics of the Eastern States, the arrogance of the judiciary of the Supreme Court, and advises means for their correction.

Poplar Forest, October 23, 1821.

To Jno. W. Eppes.

"I am weaned from Politics and know so little of what passes in that field, as to be incapable of judging whether matters there are go-

ing on soundly or sorely. I hear indeed from others of things I did not expect, of the adoption by republicans of the federal doctrine that the powers of Congress go to everything which is for the *general welfare* of the states and that all the special limitations meant nothing, of banks and bankrupt laws, of a navy roaming over the ocean to pick quarrels and engender war, of ordinary expenses exceeding the ordinary revenues, and of prospect of a perpetuation of the public debt, errors however which proceed from Congress or Presidents do not alarm me much, because subject to election at short periods, when they get far enough away to arrouse the people, the floors of the Capitol and Government house will be swept as in 1800, and repeopled with other tenants, of correcter principles, it is the Judiciary I fear, independent as they feel themselves of the nation and all its authorities, they already openly avow the daring and impudent principle of consolidation & arrogate to themselves the authority of ultimately construing the constitution for all the other departments and for the nation itself, it is that body which is to sap the independence of the state, to generalize first and then to monarchize the federal authorities the Cohens decision, that insult to human reason goes fully to consolidation, let them be appointed for the Senatorial term of 6 years, reappointed by the President with the approbation of *both* houses, their official doctrines will be reviewed every six years, their conduct undergo the ordeal of debate and if they pass examination they will have heard strictures and criticism warning them to keep straight, but who are we to have next, if these things have grown up under the administration of Presidents whose every fibre was honor & republicanism what are we to expect from the selfish morals and jobrant policies of the East? for the exclusion of all South of the Potomack and Ohio was sealed by the Missouri Confederacy of which this was the real object, it was a project of federalism, which finding its resurrection with the same body desperate, devised this decoy to draw off the weak and wicked from the republican ranks, they have succeeded, the East is replaced in the saddle of government, and the Middle States are to be the cattle yoked to their car, these important states, who hold the balance of the Union, from being the head of an honest majority, make themselves the tail of a government of Egoism, of which place and plunder will be the ruling principle, my hope and confidence however is that the good sense of their people will soon perceive that they have been duped to become the catspaw of cunninger associates, and that they will retrace their steps back to those honester brethren of the South and West.

I am too old to begin any serious work. it had always been my intention to commit to writing some notes and explanations of particular and leading transactions, which history should know, but in parting with my library to Congress, I parted with my whole collection of newspapers, journals, state papers, documents, &c., without the aid of which I have been afraid to trust my memory. if you can loan me the collection mentioned in your letter for a winter or two. I will immediately proceed to do what I think most material. if you can spare them, I will send a cart for them, and return them in the same way, but with an injunction that the knowledge of this shall remain with you and myself only, not willing to be understood as writing anything."

Monticello, April 7, 1822.

To Jno. Barnes.

"Yours of March 26th is duly received and I am truly thankful to you for your kind attention to the busts, which I have no doubt I shall safely receive through the hands of Col° Peyton. I learn with pleasure the continuance of your health, that bodily activity should decline with age is a law of Nature. I am very little able to walk, but I ride daily without fatigue, and otherwise enjoy a goodly health. in one week more I enter my 80th year."

THE NEW JERSEY ARTILLERY IN THE REVOLUTION

Petition, dated Artillery Headquarters, September 16th, 1776, signed, "Daniel Neil for self & in behalf of the Genl. Officers." To Governor Livingston, the Council and Assembly of New Jersey.

"Humbly sheweth that your Memorialists exceptionally desirous of serving their Country and of rendering the Company to the Command of which they have been Honoured by the late Provincial Congress of this Province as useful as possible are under the disagreeable Necessity of acquainting your Excellency & the two Honble. Houses of Assembly of the great Disadvantage under which that Company labours for want of a proper Number of Men to man the Guns under the charge of Your Memorialists, Hoping for that Relief which is necessary to render the Company useful and Honourable. * * * * We seldom can muster more than thirty five good effective men at one Time which is just the

Complement of two Guns in action, so if ever called to Action we must be under the disagreeable Alternative of leaving four guns silent, or fighting six with the Complement of [men for] two," etc., etc.

Elizabeth-Town, September 21, 1776.

Matthias Williams to Governor Livingston.

"I have frequently been applied to by Capt. Neil [*killed at Princeton, January 3, 1777*] & his inferior Officers on the subject of a deficiency of the numbers in his Company of Artillery Men necessary for managing the Guns committed to their charge, whenever brought to action . . .should the State agree to the Augmentation of this Corps I would beg leave to recommend that the men should be enlisted for so long a time as the War continues being well convinced and certain that new raised Recruits are very destitute of that Steadiness and Solidity that we may expect of those who have been longer in Service," etc.

FULL OF THE MOST IMPORTANT AND UNPUBLISHED HISTORIC MATERIAL

Extracts from the Original MS. of John Fell's Diary, comprising the period from November 29, 1778, to the 30th of November, 1779, covering his whole career in Congress.

This delightful MS. inscribed upon the first leaf in a contemporary hand: "Journal kept by Judge John Fell, while Member of Congress for the State of New Jersey, 1778," is not only of historic but of human interest. He was by no means impressed by the majesty of his surroundings or the revealed display of the wisdom of his fellow members. He frequently comments in terse sentences on their wasting valuable time in long debates which led to nothing. Reading this faithfully kept diary to-day, it is easy to see that the fate (for a long time—for free they must have been at last) of the American people depended upon the courage, the calm cool judgment, the impassioned ardor in battle and above all the supreme honor of that great Virginian, GEORGE WASHINGTON.

An amusing instance of John Fell's opinion of Congress is seen in his comment upon the suggested printing of the Journals. Under date of Saturday, March 27, 1779, he says:

"Mr. Lovell (this was James Lovell of Massachusetts, M. C. 1777-1782) moved for Mr. Aken (*sic*) to Print the Journals, debate about the propriety of Printing—the yeas & neas & the yeas & nays called for on the Question carrd. in the affirm. I was No I think they are very often Ridicolous."

We append, without comment, a few extracts:

1778. November 29, Sunday. Left Petersfield. Dined at Acquackina. Lay at Newark.

December 1. Tuesday. Dined at Princeton. Spent the Evening with Governor Livingston at Trenton.

5th Saturday was Introduced to Congress.

23rd . . . Gen. Washington visited Congress . . . N. B. Genl. Lee and Lt. Col. Laurens fought a Duel.

29th Tuesday . . . This morning waited on General Washington about the exchange of Lashier and Brower, his answer that he had already demanded them of Sr. Henry Clinton.

1779. January 1st . . . President requested to invite Genl. Washington to dine.

4th Tuesday. 9 o'clock P. M. Dined with Genl. Washington.

February 1st Monday * * * Genl. Washington applyed for leave to return to Camp, came and took his leave of Congress.

February 5th. Letter from the Marquis Fayatt he Saild from Boston in the *Alliance* and his dispatches did not get there till the 15th. Committee appointed to write to the Marquis to acquaint him the Expidition to Canada was set aside.

February 16 . . . Congress agreed to Dine at the City Tavern being the Anniversary of the French Alliance.

February 24. Wednesday. Letters from the Commissioners at Paris to know the Colours used by the different States. Referred to the Marine Committee.*

Friday February 26. Letter from Gl. Lee to Negotiate in N. York some Bills of Exch. for Gold to purchase Negroes. Vote passed in the Negative.

March 5. A Report from a Committee to empower the Commander-in-Chief to settel a Cartel with the British General for the Exchange of Prisoners for the Convention Troops or others as he may Judge Best.

Friday, April 2. A very impertinent letter from Thos. Payne stileing himself Historian—ordered to lay on the Table. Committee appointed to Confer with a Committee of the Assembly and a C. of the Executive Council of the State of Pennsylvania, Reported that they had finished the Conferiance (Happily) and that they had 4 different charges against Major General Arnold which the Commander-in-Chief is directed to have try'd by a Court Martial viz for an abuse in ordering

* We not seen this quoted in any works on the original of the Stars and Stripes.—[Ed.]

the Shops of this City to be Shut, for sending a Malitia Sargant for a Barber for his Aid, for Employing the Public Waggons for Private use for.

Thursday, April 15. Pres. Reed sent in a letter from St. Eustatia with an Acct. that Spain had acknowledged the Independence of America.

Wednesday, April 21. Motion made by R. H. Lee & seconded by Mr. Carmichal, the doors of Congress should be open, some very severe remarks on the impropriety, of the motion, agreed to Committ it to 5 viz Mr. Lee, Mr. Adams, Mr. Lovell & Mr. Ellery. Letter from T. Payne (lay on the Table).

Thursday, 22nd April. After a long debate till past 4 the question was put whether Dr. Franklin should be Recall'd, Yeas & Nays Carried in the Negative.

Saturday, April 24th. N. B. Dr. Benj. Franklin Minister Plenoptenary first, Silas Deane, Arthur Lee Court of Madrid (Never has been there) Ralph Izard, Court of Tuscany (No use) Wm. Lee, Courts of Vienna & Berlin (No use) J. Adams. Private.

Tuesday, 27. Petition from Gen. Arnold. . . . This day, too much like many others spent in Debate to answer no valuable Purpose.

Wednesday 28. Letter from Gen. Arnold relating to Papers to be furnished him for his tryall. A Letter from Gov. Reed, complaining exceedingly of Congress, with Respect to their Ill usage, as a State and neglect shown them in the Old affair of Genl. Arnold received. A very serious Letter indeed.

Tuesday, May 4. Letter from the King of France acquainting Congress with the Birth of a Princess. A Committee of one Member from each State appointed to wait on the Minister in consequence, and a Com. of three to write a letter to the King in answer.

Tuesday, May 11. The Minister of France told the President, if Congress would write to the King for the Purpose, he would send Cloathing etc. for the Army to be paid for after a peace. A Noble, generous Offer.

Thursday, 2th. N. B. A letter was read from Leesburgh in Virginia that the Enemy had Landed there that Major————had defended Fort with 150 Men, till he oblig'd to leave it, that he Spik'd up the Guns, destroy'd all the Stores, Burnt 3 Ships on the Stocks and that a party of 30 were sent of which he Killed 14 and took 16 Prisoners.

Monday, 19th July. A number of Letters and dispatches read.

Genl. Wayne's with an account of his having surpris'd and taken the Garison at Stoney Point with 500 Men. Genl. Washington's Letter with an Acct. of the Enemy having plundered New Haven, and Burnt Fairfield, Green Farms, Norwalk and Bedford, etc.

Monday, July 26th This day the particulars of the glorious affair of the taking of the Fort & Garrison at Stoney Point by Genl. Wayne with his Letter and General Washington's on the Occasion with the Colours of the 17th Regt. were brought to Congress.

July 28th. A very disagreeable & serious Memoriall from the Minister of France complaining of Insults offered to the Consol-General.

LETTER OF CHARLES BROWNE FARRIAR (*Artemus Ward*) TO BRET HARTE

Salt Lake City, January 26, 1864.

"Thanks for the kindly manner in which you spoke of me in *The Era* . . . . .There seemed to be an unhappy impression among the Editors in the interior that I was a highway robber, and they pursued me with unpleasant energy . . . . But the respectable papers all treated me kindly except *The Bulletin* which is a good paper, its chief weakness being that it mistakes itself for the *New York Evening Post* . . . . . My march through Nebraska territory was in the main a triumphant one. The Virginia *Union* however abused me in a long editorial in which it was said I was a mercenary clown . . . I was taken very, very ill of fever upon my arrival here . . . A Mormon woman—may God in Heaven bless her—nursed me all through as tenderly and kindly as my own mother could have done. (Referring to his Pacific trip)—I made, I am sure, many excellent friends there."

NOTES BY THE WAY

AN ENGINEER'S HEROISM DURING THE WAR

Many of the heroic deeds of the Rebellion that have passed into history, like the stone covering the bones of thousands of the Union dead at Arlington, are monuments to the "unknown." It was when Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, commanding the cavalry of Gen. Lee's army, struck Tunstall's Station, on the York River line, on June 13, 1862, that an engineer, whose name has not been preserved with the record of his daring deed, proved himself to be of such stuff as heroes are made of.

Gen. Stuart conceived the idea of flanking the right wing of the Federal Army. In carrying out this plan he completely encircled the army of Gen. McClellan. On the afternoon of June 12 he left camp, ostensibly to go to northern Virginia, but really on his flanking movement. The next day he descended upon Tunstall's Station and cut the telegraph wire in order to interrupt Federal communication. While this was in progress a small body of Federal cavalry appeared, but perceiving the approach of the main Confederate force retreated. The Confederates charged the Station and captured a company of infantry. They then felled trees and placed them on the track with other obstructions. This was scarcely done when a train came thundering down from the direction of Richmond, loaded with Union troops. Then it was that the engineer proved himself the possessor of a cool head and a stout heart. Seeing the obstructions on the track and a large force of Confederate cavalry, he suspected danger, and disregarding the flying bullets that whistled about his head he put on a full head of steam. The engine struck the obstructions, knocked them out of the way, and passed on without accident, thus saving from capture and consignment to rebel prisons a train-load of Union soldiers. The Confederates threw a close fire into the passing train, killing or wounding a number of the troops.

WASHINGTON *Star*

A DARING ESCAPE

"It has been calculated that for every 800 bullets fired during the civil war a man was killed, but I saw a regiment of Mississippians who

prided themselves on their marksmanship send that many bullets after one man and fail to get him," said Maj. James Huxley to the writer. "We were at Corinth, and had captured a smooth-faced young Yankee, convicted him of being a spy, and sentenced him to be hanged. He was marched out of camp to where a rude gallows had been hastily erected, and the regiment detailed to see him well into the next world formed a hollow square. The prisoner was a slight, girlish-looking fellow with a babyish face, and I felt that he should be spared and sent home to his mother instead of being strung up as a spy. I expected to see him break down and beg for his life, and was nerving myself for it, when we were treated to a spectacle of quite a different kind. Just as he mounted the gallows with a guard on either side of him and two behind him, he slipped his small hands through his jewelry and let out right and left, knocking the first two guards sprawling. The two behind him stood two steps below him. He turned, vaulted over their heads, and before the square could come to a charge-bayonets had broken through it and was running like a scared wolf. The regiment broke into an impulsive cheer, and it was nearly a minute before the order to fire upon him was obeyed. Then a scattering volley was sent after him. I don't know how the others aimed, but I can make oath that my bullet did not come within a dozen rods of him. We gave chase, but it was like trying to run down a streak of lightning. Once the young daredevil turned and waved his handkerchief, then fled on toward the Federal lines."

ST. LOUIS *Globe-Democrat.*

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